MARVEL

DEADPOOL®

POISON
T.N.T
LARD-O BURGER
JOHNSON

THE COMPLETE COLLECTION

WAY • BARBERI • GARZA
CRYSTAL • ESPIN • ANDRADE

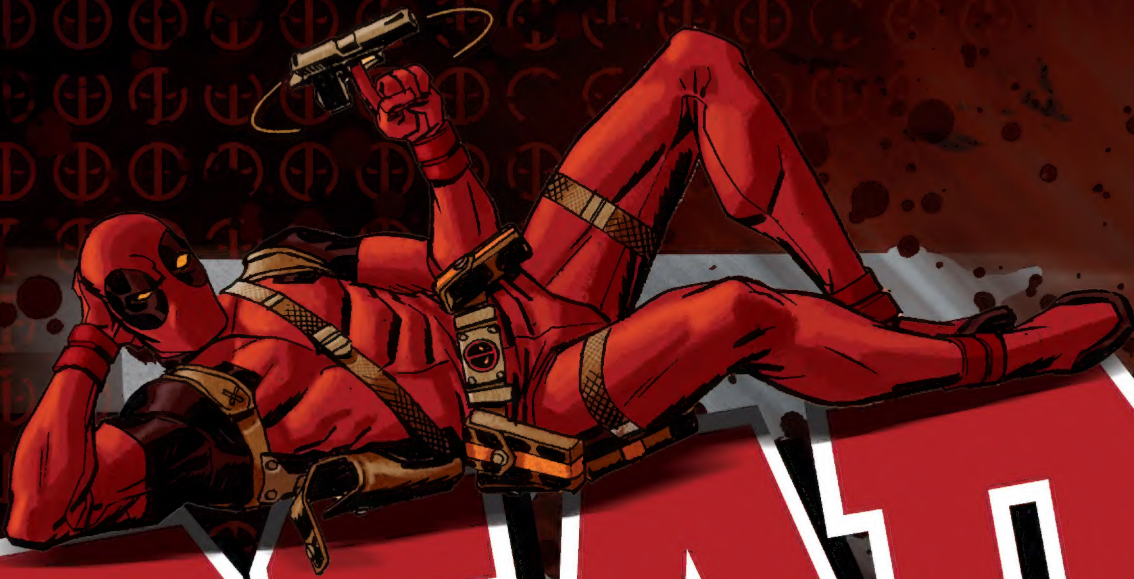
DEAD-POOL

THE COMPLETE COLLECTION

WRITER:
DANIEL WAY

PENCILS:
CARLO BARBERI (#50), **ALÉ GARZA** (#51-54 & #61-62),
SHAWN CRYSTAL (#55-57), **SALVA ESPIN** (#58-60)
& **FILIPE ANDRADE** (#63) with **MATTEO LOLLI** (#62)

INKS:
WALDEN WONG (#50), **SEAN PARSONS** (#51-54 & #61-63),
SHAWN CRYSTAL (#55-57) & **SALVA ESPIN** (#58-60)
with **DON HO** (#62) & **JEFF HUET** (#63)



DEADPOOL

COLORS:
DOMMO SANCHEZ AYMARA (#50-54 & #58-59),
JOHN RAUCH (#55-57), **GURU-eFX** (#60-63)
& **VERONICA GANDINI** (#49.1)

LETTERS:
VC'S JOE SABINO

COVER ART:
DAVE JOHNSON

EDITOR:
JORDAN D. WHITE

SENIOR EDITOR:
NICK LOWE

COLLECTION EDITOR: **MARK D. BEAZLEY**
DIGITAL TRAFFIC COORDINATOR: **JOE HOCHSTEIN**
PRODUCTION: **JOE FRONTIRRE**
ASSOCIATE MANAGING EDITOR: **ALEX STARBUCK**
EDITOR, SPECIAL PROJECTS: **JENNIFER GRÜNWALD**
SENIOR EDITOR, SPECIAL PROJECTS: **JEFF YOUNGQUIST**
SVP PRINT, SALES & MARKETING: **DAVID GABRIEL**
BOOK DESIGN: **NELSON RIBEIRO**
DIGITAL MANAGER/PRODUCTION: **TIM SMITH 3**
DIGITAL PRODUCTION: **KOU CHEN**

EDITOR IN CHIEF: **C.B. CEBULSKI** • CHIEF CREATIVE OFFICER: **JOE QUESADA**
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DEADPOOL CREATED BY ROB LIEFELD & FABIAN NICIEZA

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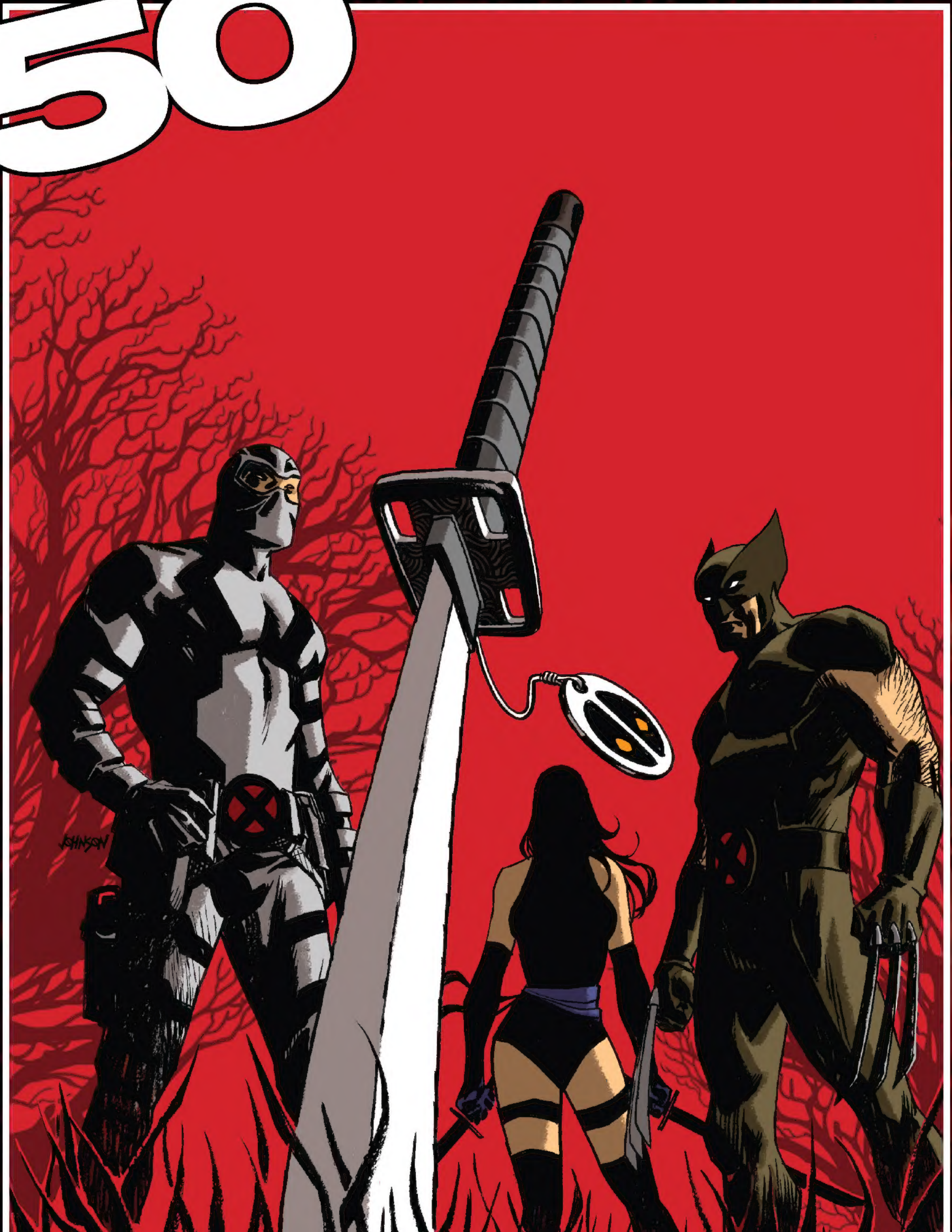
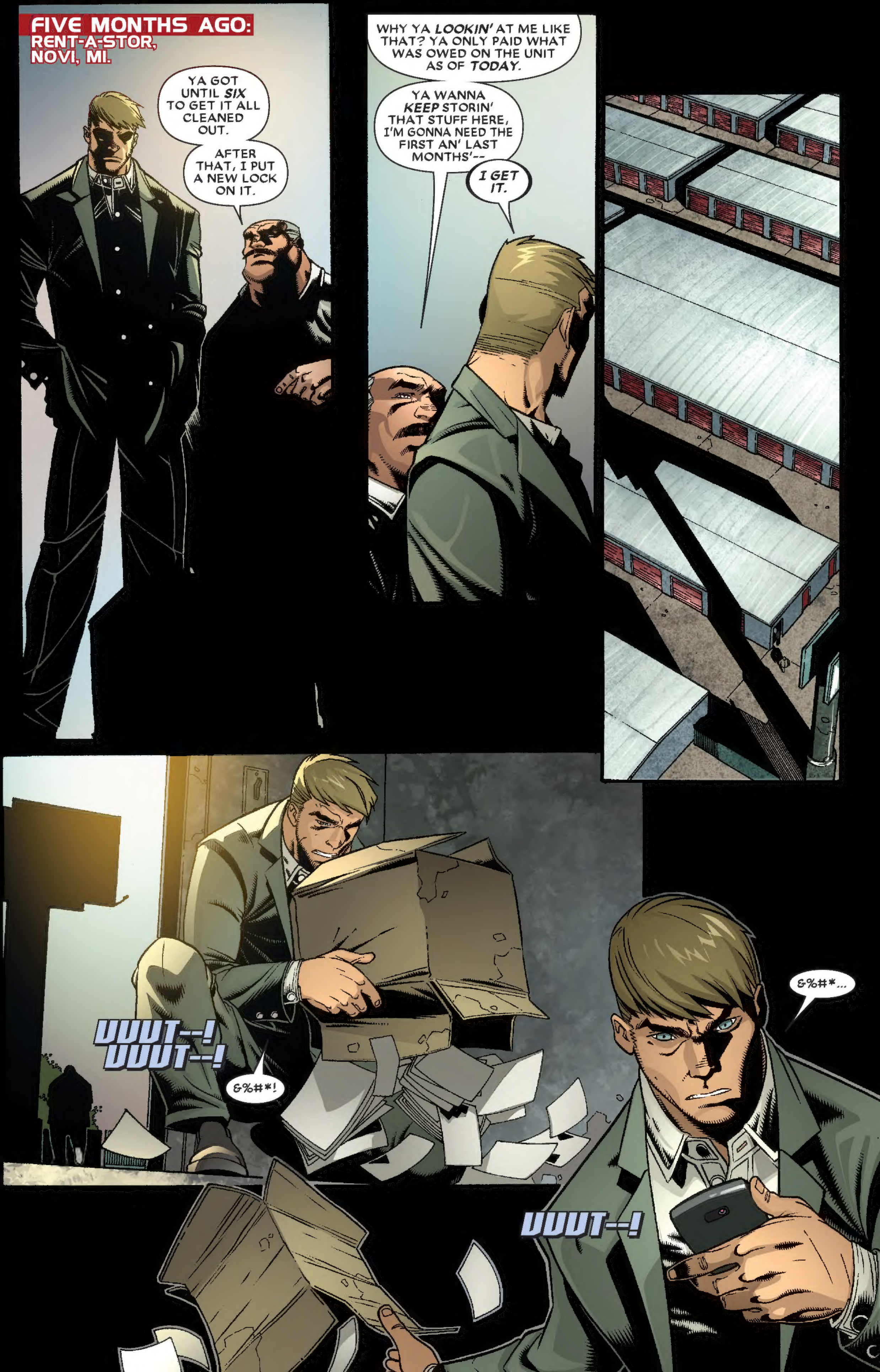
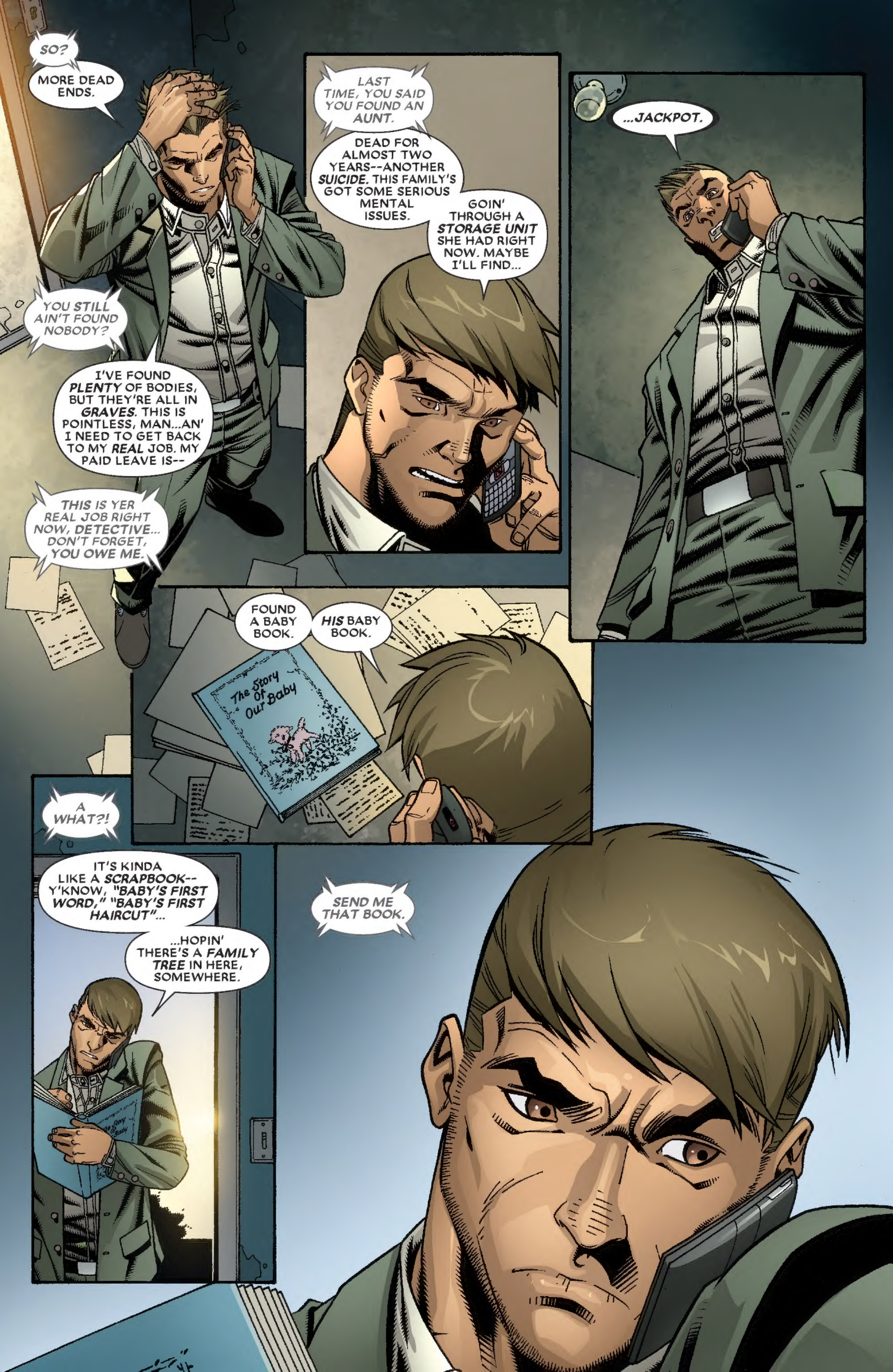
50



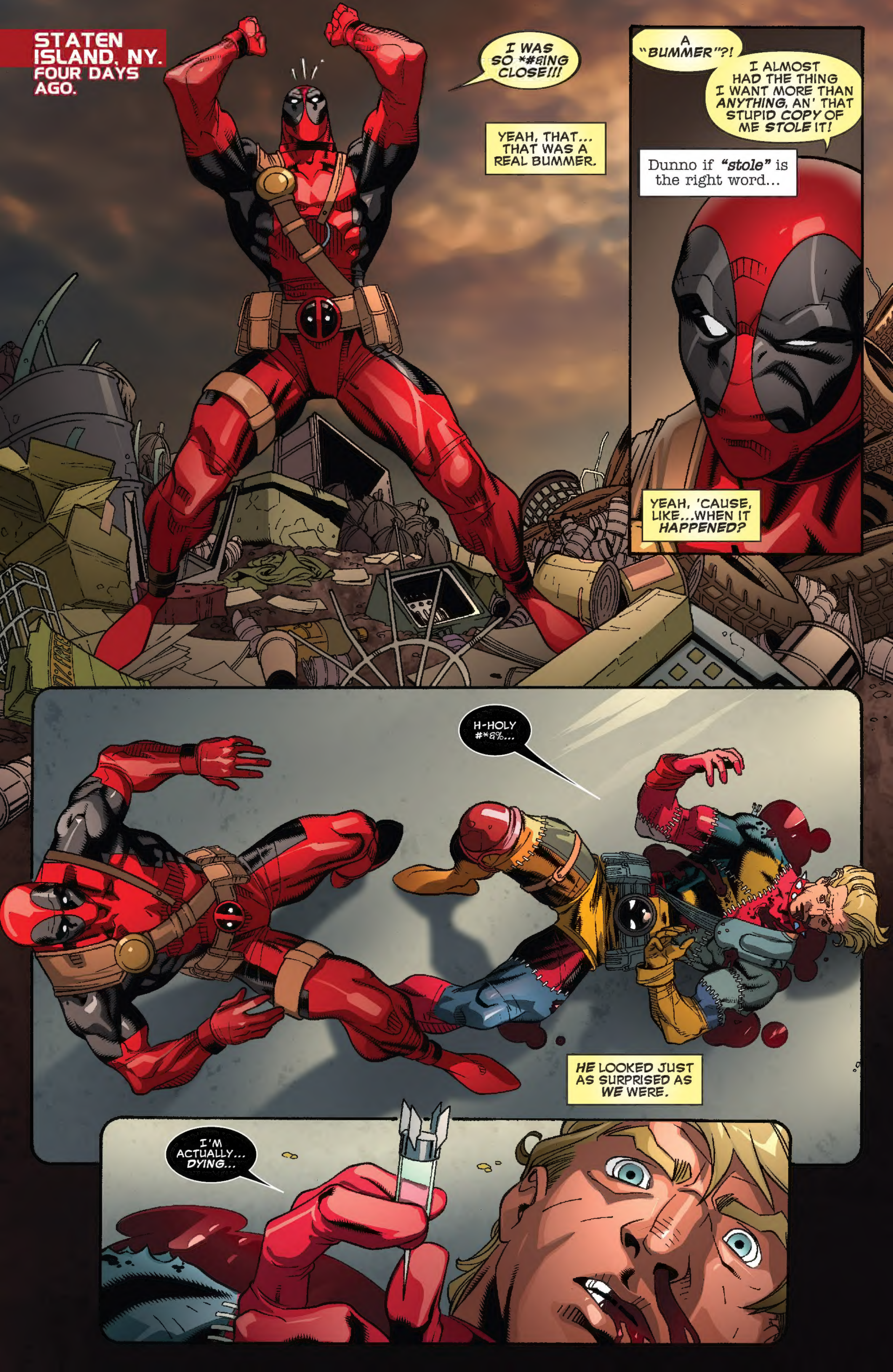

FIVE MONTHS AGO:
RENT-A-STOR, NOVI, MI.
YA GOT UNTIL *SIX* TO GET IT ALL CLEANED OUT.
AFTER THAT, I PUT A NEW LOCK ON IT.
WHY YA *LOOKIN'* AT ME LIKE THAT? YA ONLY PAID WHAT WAS OWED ON THE UNIT AS OF *TODAY*.
YA WANNA *KEEP* STORIN' THAT STUFF HERE, I'M GONNA NEED THE FIRST AN' LAST MONTHS'--
I GET IT.
VVVT--! VVVT--!
&%#*!
&%#*...
VVVT--!

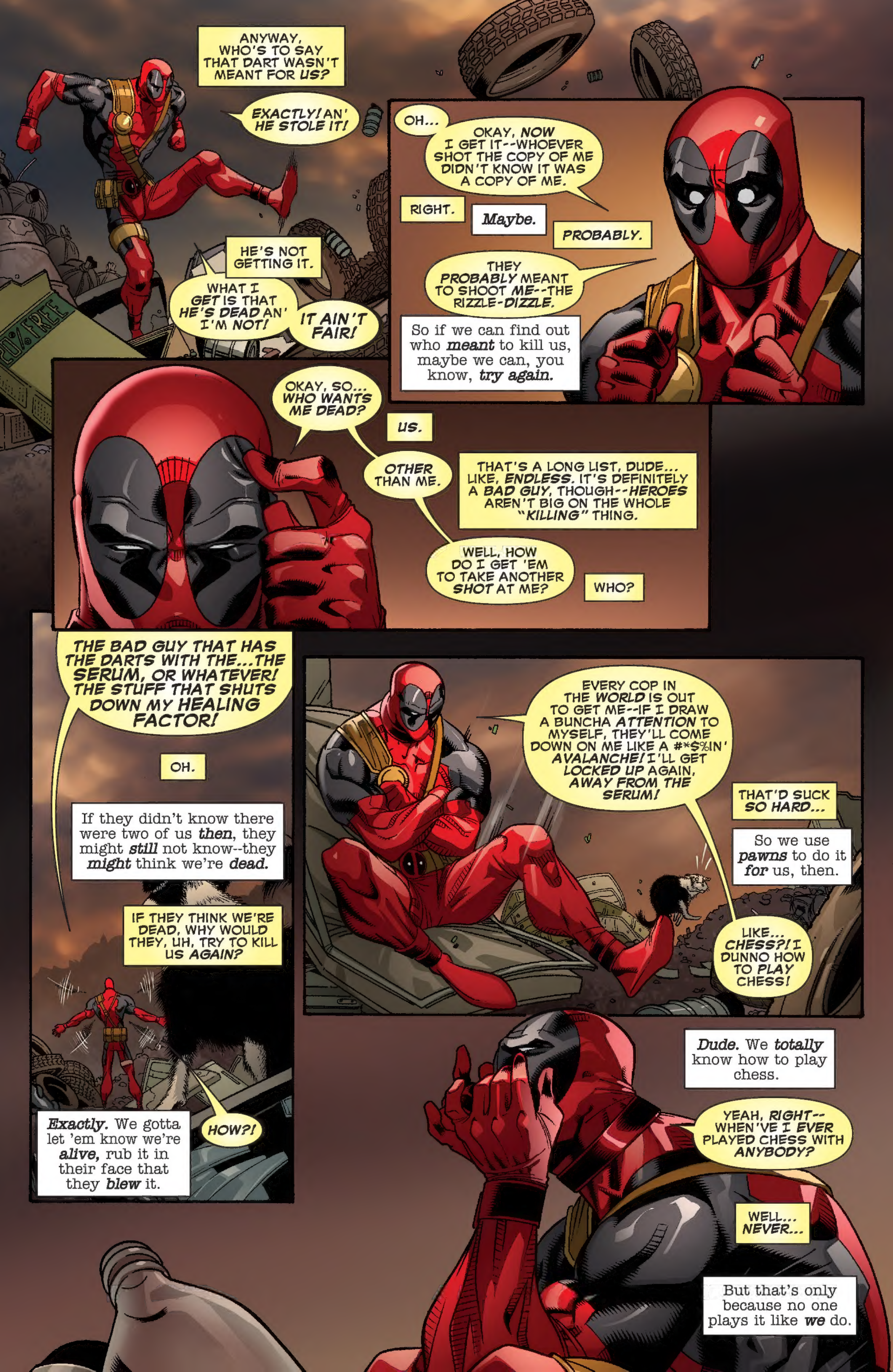

SO?
MORE DEAD ENDS.
LAST TIME, YOU SAID YOU FOUND AN AUNT.
DEAD FOR ALMOST TWO YEARS--ANOTHER SUICIDE. THIS FAMILY'S GOT SOME SERIOUS MENTAL ISSUES.
GOIN' THROUGH A STORAGE UNIT SHE HAD RIGHT NOW. MAYBE I'LL FIND...
...JACKPOT.
YOU STILL AIN'T FOUND NOBODY?
I'VE FOUND PLENTY OF BODIES, BUT THEY'RE ALL IN GRAVES. THIS IS POINTLESS, MAN...AN' I NEED TO GET BACK TO MY REAL JOB. MY PAID LEAVE IS--
THIS IS YER REAL JOB RIGHT NOW, DETECTIVE... DON'T FORGET, YOU OWE ME.
FOUND A BABY BOOK.
HIS BABY BOOK.
The Story Of Our Baby
A WHAT?!
IT'S KINDA LIKE A SCRAPBOOK-- Y'KNOW, "BABY'S FIRST WORD," "BABY'S FIRST HAIRCUT"...
...HOPIN' THERE'S A FAMILY TREE IN HERE, SOMEWHERE.
SEND ME THAT BOOK.

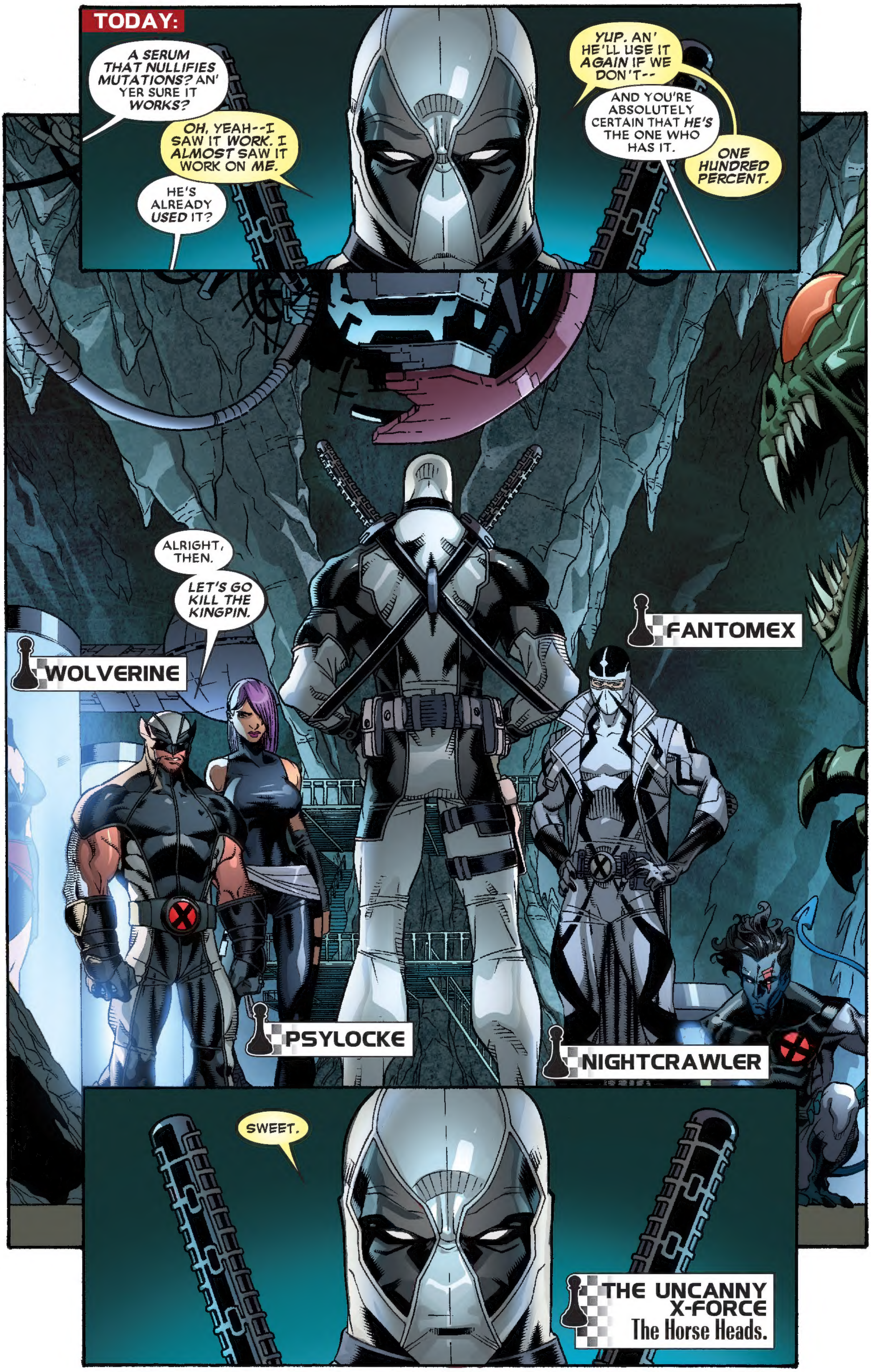
Some jobs are just too tough for your average fast-talkin' high-tech gun-for-hire. Sometimes...to get the job done right...you need someone crazier than a sack'a ferrets. You need Wade Wilson. The Crimson Comedian. The Regeneratin' Degenerate. The Merc with a Mouth…

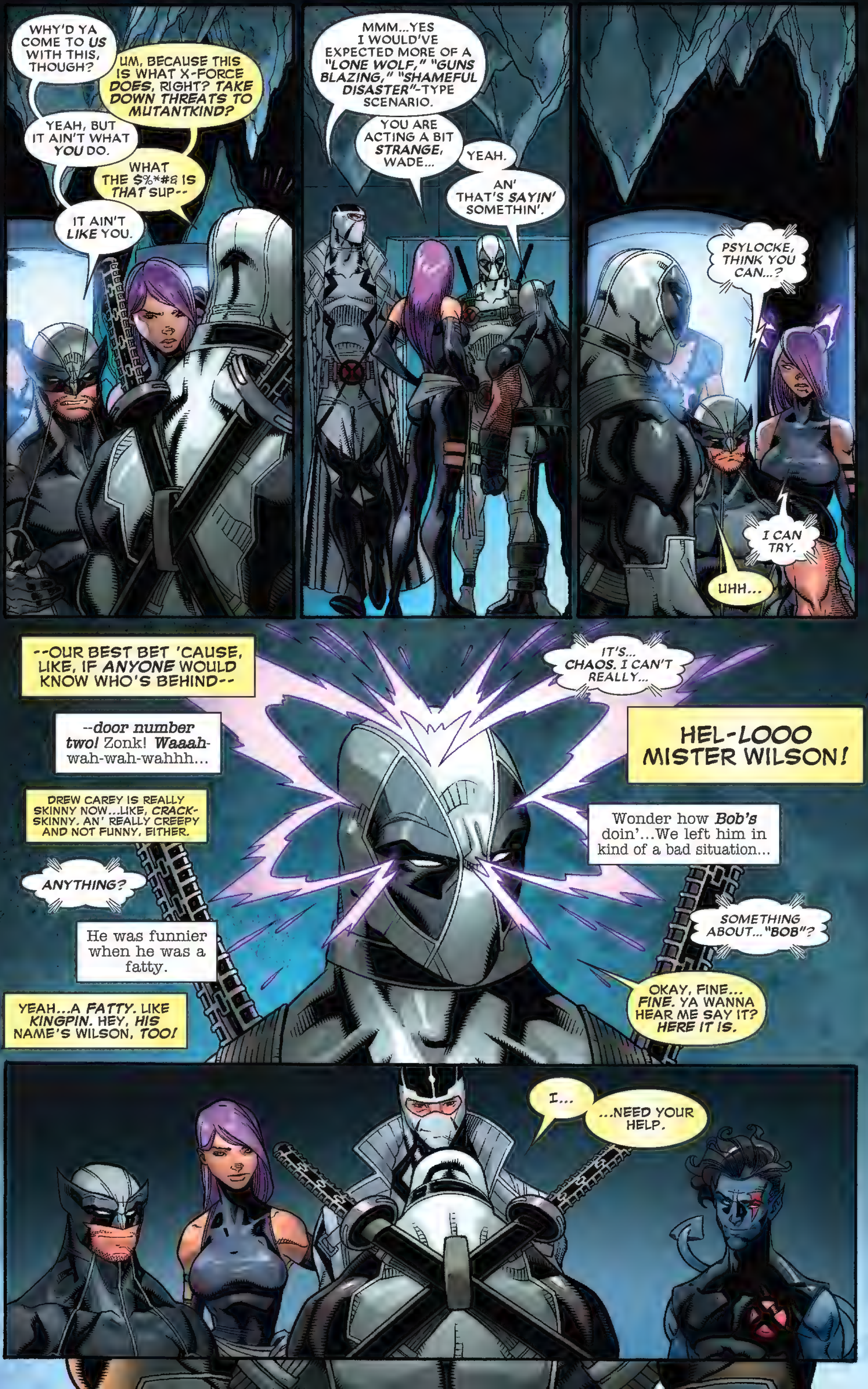
DEAD

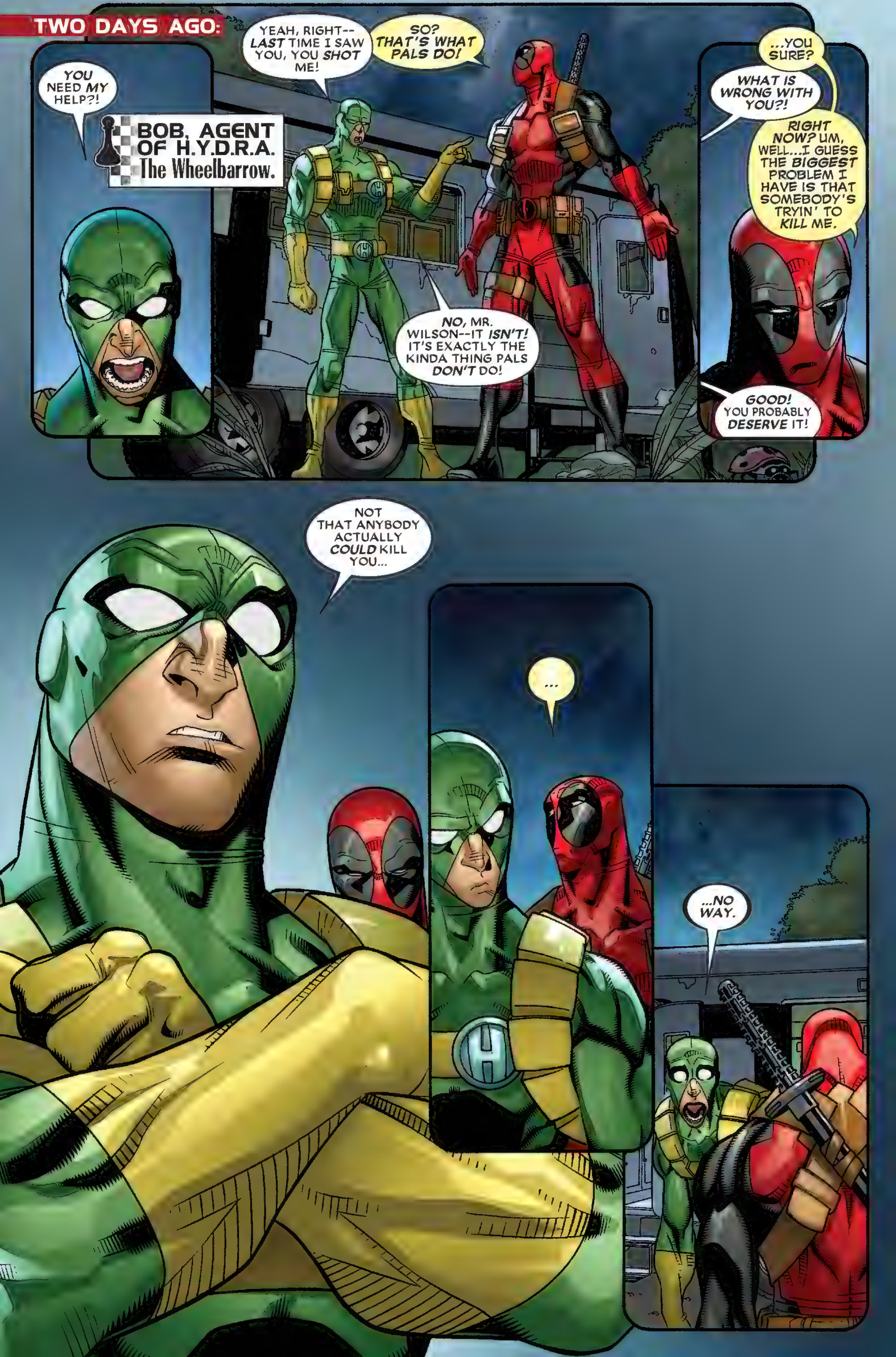
It's no secret that Deadpool has a healing factor. It's that certain special something that allows him to heal from all wounds, take any and all damage and bounce back without a scratch. It's also made it impossible for him to achieve his heart's desire—to slip off once and for all into the cold embrace of Death. But wait! Wade was recently fighting Evil Deadpool, an evil duplicate with that same power, when evil Deadpool was shot with a dart that negated his healing factor! And he died! Like, DEAD dead! So…there IS a way to kill Deadpool!

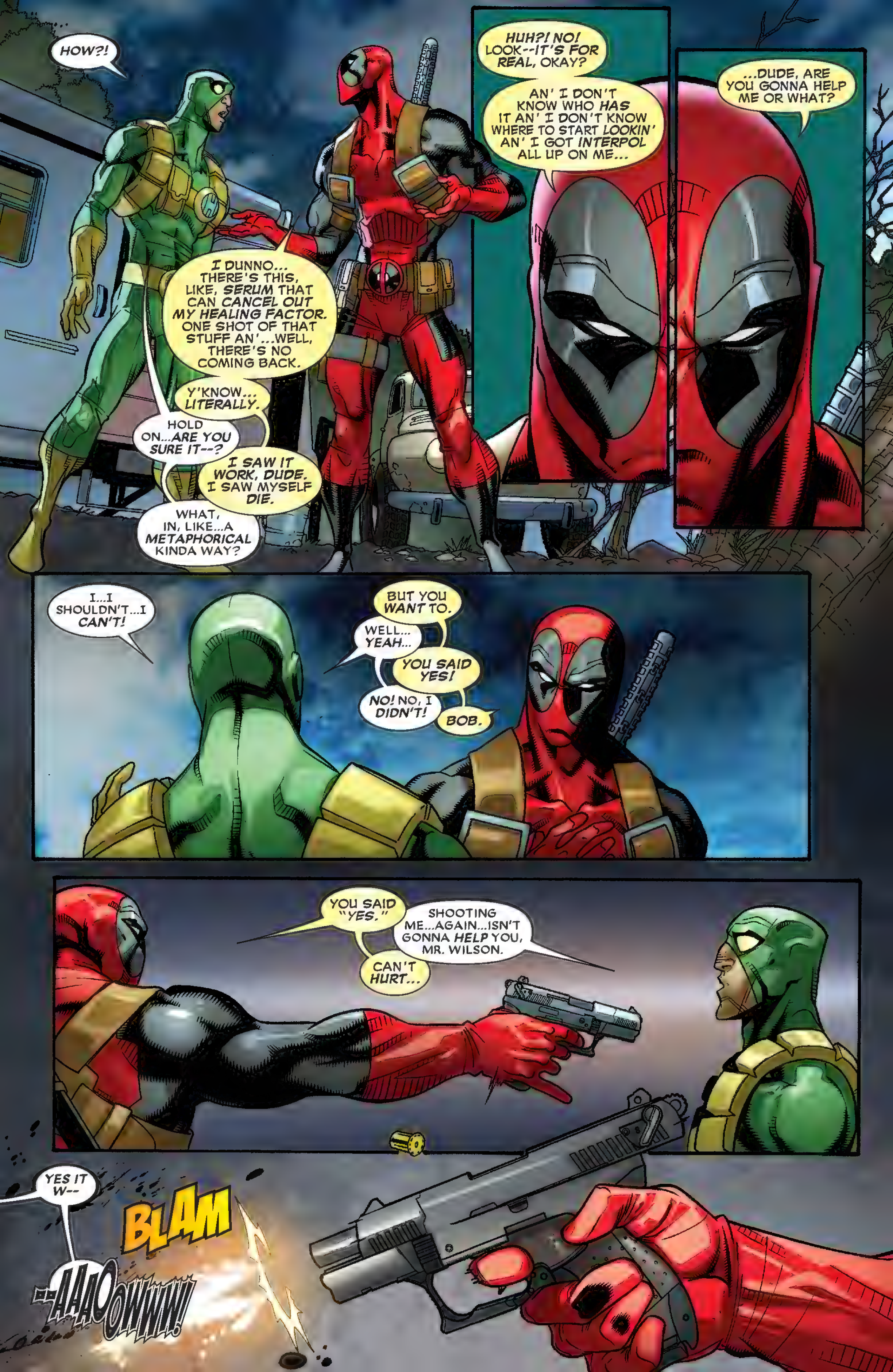

STATEN ISLAND, NY. FOUR DAYS AGO.
I WAS SO *#&ING CLOSE!!!
YEAH, THAT... THAT WAS A REAL BUMMER.
A "BUMMER"?!
I ALMOST HAD THE THING I WANT MORE THAN ANYTHING, AN' THAT STUPID COPY OF ME STOLE IT!
Dunno if "stole" is the right word...
YEAH, 'CAUSE, LIKE...WHEN IT HAPPENED?
H-HOLY #*&%...
HE LOOKED JUST AS SURPRISED AS WE WERE.
I'M ACTUALLY... DYING...

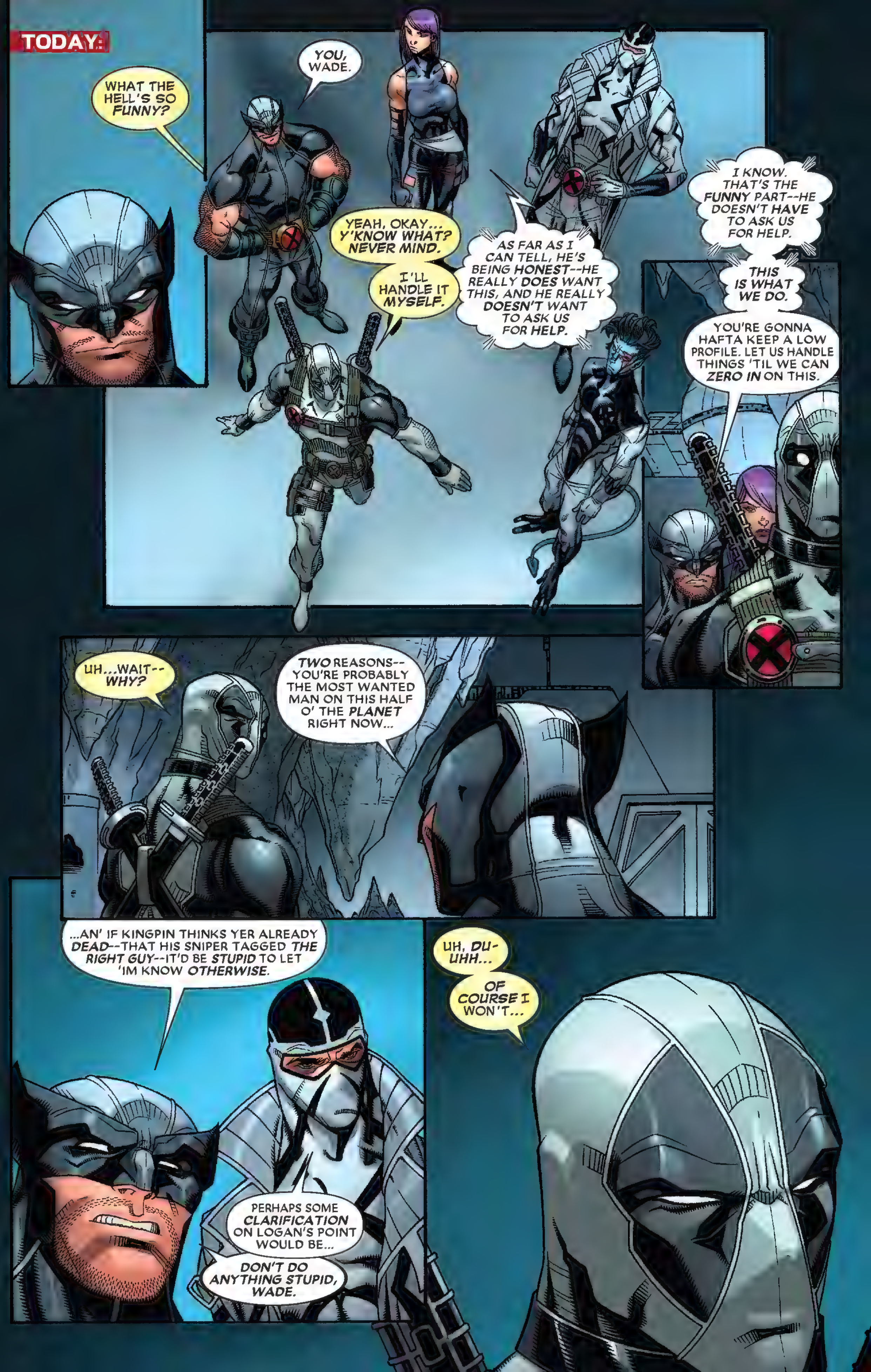

ANYWAY, WHO'S TO SAY THAT DART WASN'T MEANT FOR *US?*
EXACTLY! AN' *HE STOLE IT!*
HE'S NOT GETTING IT.
WHAT I *GET* IS THAT *HE'S DEAD* AN' I'M *NOT!*
IT AIN'T FAIR!
OH...
OKAY, *NOW* I GET IT--WHOEVER SHOT THE COPY OF ME DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS A COPY OF ME.
RIGHT.
Maybe.
PROBABLY.
THEY *PROBABLY* MEANT TO SHOOT *ME*--THE RIZZLE-*DIZZLE.*
So if we can find out who ***meant*** to kill us, maybe we can, you know, ***try again.***
OKAY, SO... WHO WANTS ME DEAD?
US.
OTHER THAN ME.
THAT'S A LONG LIST, DUDE... LIKE, *ENDLESS.* IT'S DEFINITELY A *BAD GUY,* THOUGH--*HEROES* AREN'T BIG ON THE WHOLE "*KILLING*" THING.
WELL, HOW DO I GET 'EM TO TAKE ANOTHER *SHOT* AT ME?
WHO?
THE BAD GUY THAT HAS THE DARTS WITH THE...THE SERUM, OR WHATEVER! THE STUFF THAT SHUTS DOWN MY HEALING FACTOR!
OH.
If they didn't know there were two of us ***then***, they might ***still*** not know--they ***might*** think we're ***dead.***
IF THEY THINK WE'RE DEAD, WHY WOULD THEY, UH, TRY TO KILL US *AGAIN?*
Exactly. We gotta let 'em know we're ***alive,*** rub it in their face that they ***blew*** it.
HOW?!
EVERY COP IN THE *WORLD* IS OUT TO GET ME--IF I DRAW A BUNCHA *ATTENTION* TO MYSELF, THEY'LL COME DOWN ON ME LIKE A #*$%IN' *AVALANCHE!* I'LL GET *LOCKED UP* AGAIN, *AWAY FROM THE SERUM!*
THAT'D SUCK *SO HARD...*
So we use ***pawns*** to do it ***for*** us, then.
LIKE... *CHESS?!* I DUNNO HOW TO *PLAY* CHESS!
Dude. We ***totally*** know how to play chess.
YEAH, *RIGHT*--WHEN'VE I *EVER* PLAYED CHESS WITH *ANYBODY?*
WELL... *NEVER...*
But that's only because no one plays it like ***we*** do.

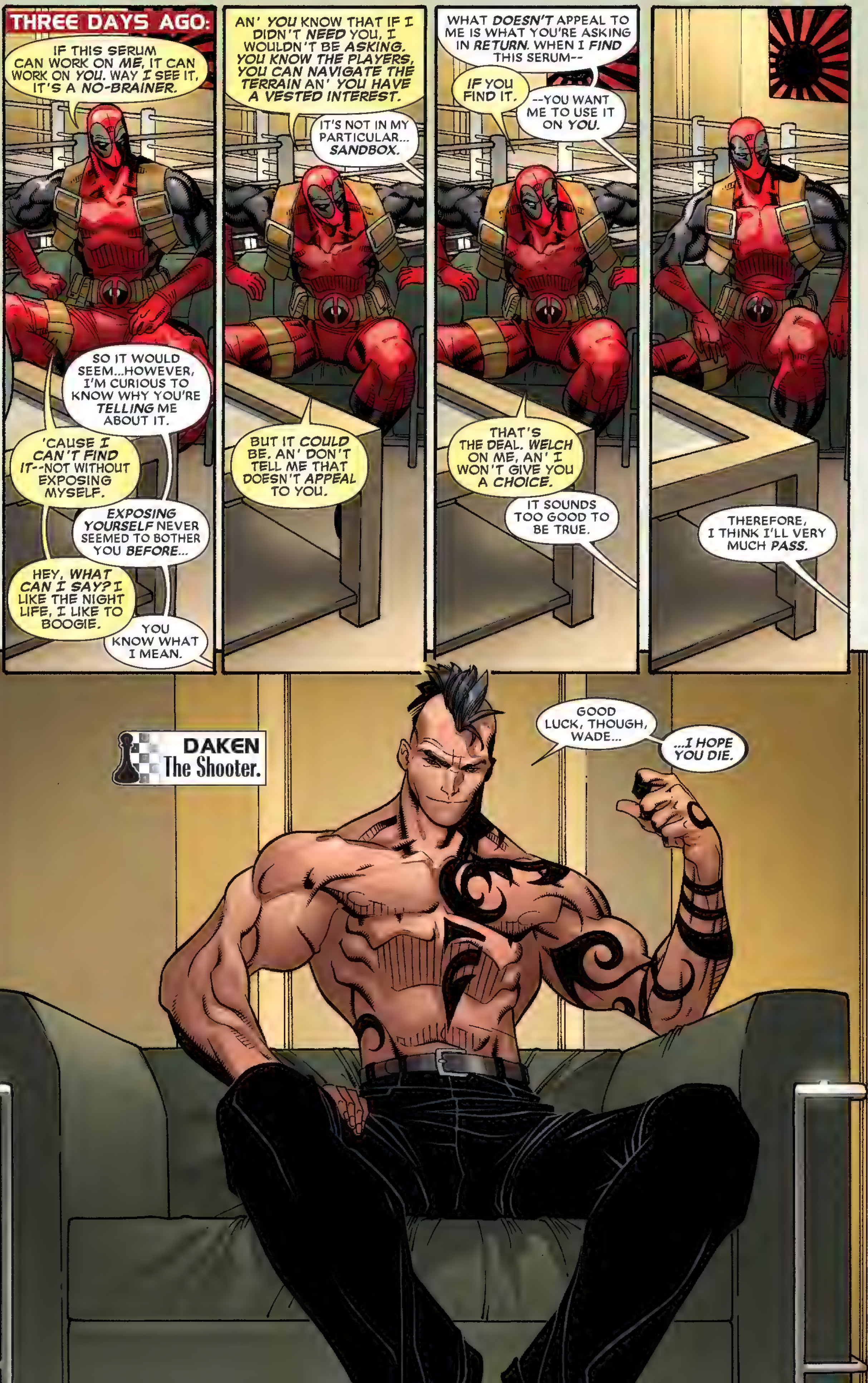

TODAY:
A SERUM THAT NULLIFIES MUTATIONS? AN' YER SURE IT WORKS?
OH, YEAH--I SAW IT WORK. I ALMOST SAW IT WORK ON ME.
HE'S ALREADY USED IT?
YUP. AN' HE'LL USE IT AGAIN IF WE DON'T--
AND YOU'RE ABSOLUTELY CERTAIN THAT HE'S THE ONE WHO HAS IT.
ONE HUNDRED PERCENT.
ALRIGHT, THEN.
LET'S GO KILL THE KINGPIN.
WOLVERINE
FANTOMEX
PSYLOCKE
NIGHTCRAWLER
SWEET.
THE UNCANNY X-FORCE
The Horse Heads.

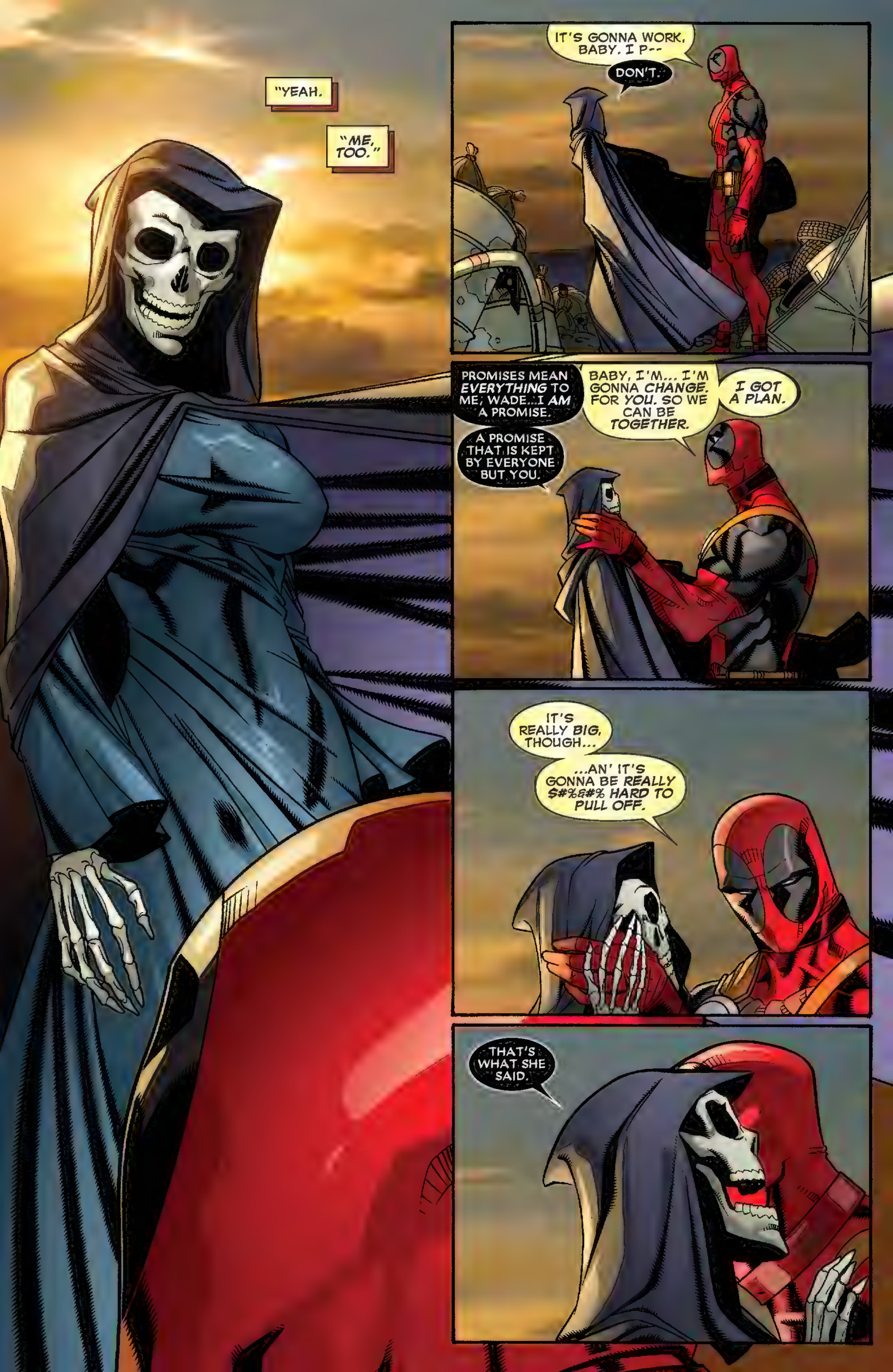

WHY'D YA COME TO *US* WITH THIS, THOUGH?
UM, BECAUSE THIS IS WHAT X-FORCE *DOES*, RIGHT? *TAKE DOWN THREATS TO MUTANTKIND?*
YEAH, BUT IT AIN'T WHAT *YOU* DO.
WHAT THE $%*#& IS *THAT* SUP--
IT AIN'T *LIKE* YOU.
MMM...YES I WOULD'VE EXPECTED MORE OF A *"LONE WOLF," "GUNS BLAZING," "SHAMEFUL DISASTER"*-TYPE SCENARIO.
YOU ARE ACTING A BIT *STRANGE*, WADE...
YEAH.
AN' THAT'S *SAYIN'* SOMETHIN'.
PSYLOCKE, THINK YOU CAN...?
I CAN TRY.
UHH...
--OUR BEST BET 'CAUSE, LIKE, IF *ANYONE* WOULD KNOW WHO'S BEHIND--
IT'S... CHAOS. I CAN'T REALLY...
--*door number two!* Zonk! *Waaah*-wah-wah-wahhh...
HEL-*LOOO* MISTER WILSON!
DREW CAREY IS REALLY SKINNY NOW...LIKE, *CRACK*-SKINNY. AN' REALLY CREEPY AND NOT FUNNY, EITHER.
Wonder how *Bob's* doin'...We left him in kind of a bad situation...
ANYTHING?
He was funnier when he was a fatty.
SOMETHING ABOUT..."BOB"?
YEAH...A *FATTY.* LIKE *KINGPIN.* HEY, *HIS* NAME'S WILSON, *TOO!*
OKAY, FINE... *FINE.* YA WANNA HEAR ME SAY IT? *HERE IT IS.*
I...
...NEED YOUR HELP.

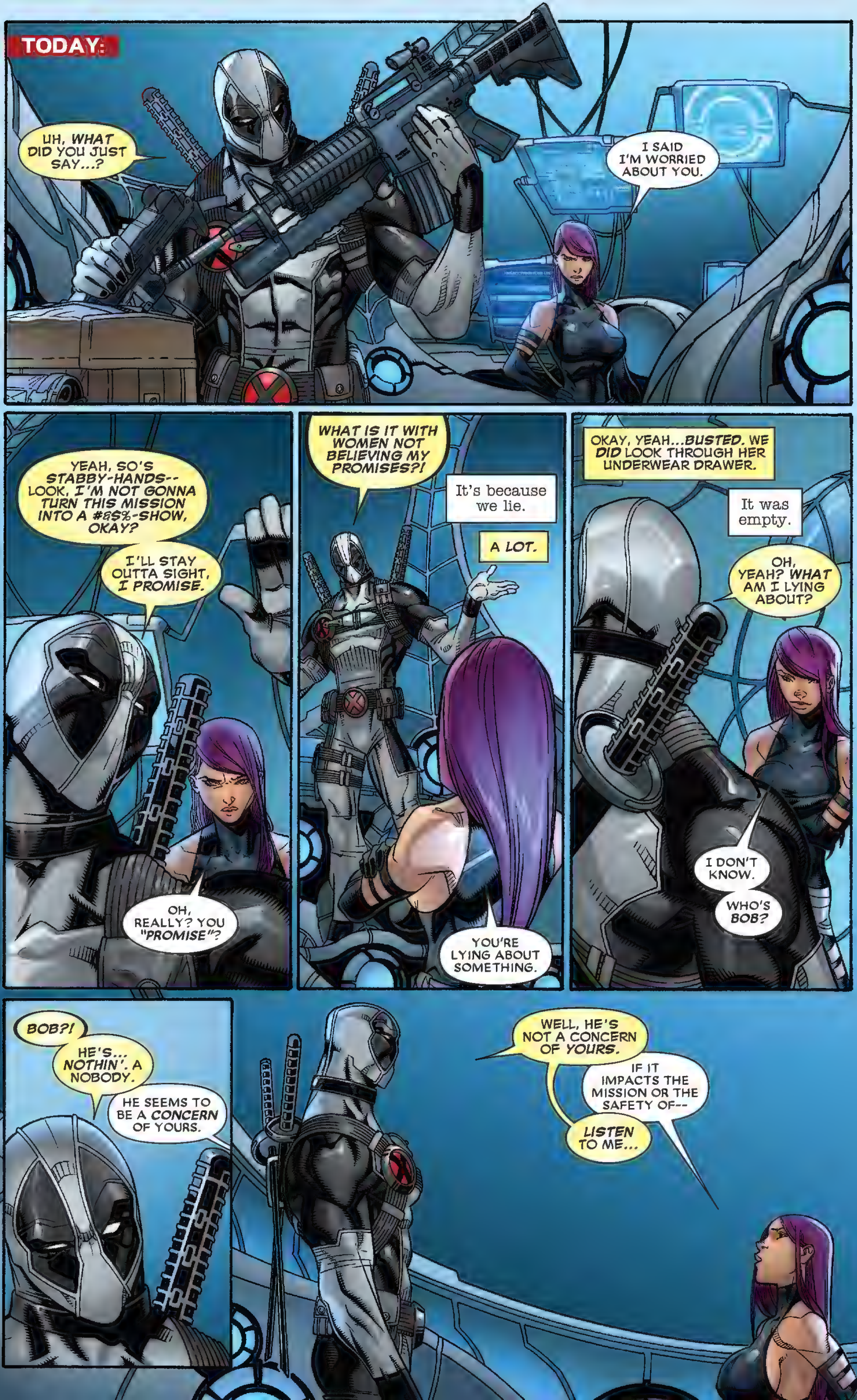

TWO DAYS AGO:
YOU NEED MY HELP?!
BOB, AGENT OF H.Y.D.R.A. The Wheelbarrow.
YEAH, RIGHT-- LAST TIME I SAW YOU, YOU SHOT ME!
SO? THAT'S WHAT PALS DO!
NO, MR. WILSON--IT ISN'T! IT'S EXACTLY THE KINDA THING PALS DON'T DO!
...YOU SURE?
WHAT IS WRONG WITH YOU?!
RIGHT NOW? UM, WELL...I GUESS THE BIGGEST PROBLEM I HAVE IS THAT SOMEBODY'S TRYIN' TO KILL ME.
GOOD! YOU PROBABLY DESERVE IT!
NOT THAT ANYBODY ACTUALLY COULD KILL YOU...
...
...NO WAY.

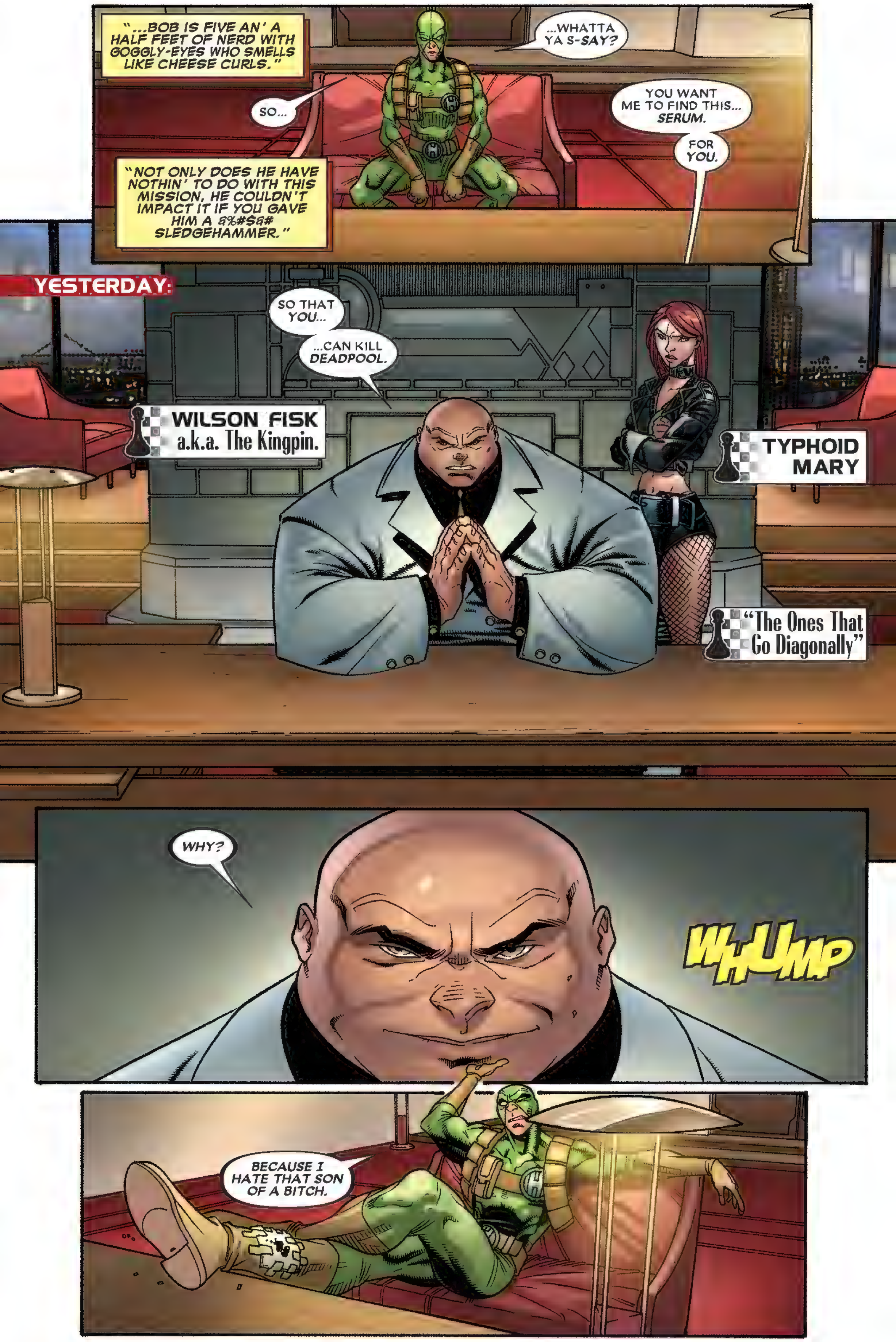

HOW?!
I DUNNO... THERE'S THIS, LIKE, SERUM THAT CAN CANCEL OUT MY HEALING FACTOR. ONE SHOT OF THAT STUFF AN'...WELL, THERE'S NO COMING BACK.
Y'KNOW... LITERALLY.
HOLD ON...ARE YOU SURE IT--?
I SAW IT WORK, DUDE. I SAW MYSELF DIE.
WHAT, IN, LIKE...A METAPHORICAL KINDA WAY?
HUH?! NO! LOOK--IT'S FOR REAL, OKAY?
AN' I DON'T KNOW WHO HAS IT AN' I DON'T KNOW WHERE TO START LOOKIN' AN' I GOT INTERPOL ALL UP ON ME...
...DUDE, ARE YOU GONNA HELP ME OR WHAT?
I...I SHOULDN'T...I CAN'T!
BUT YOU WANT TO.
WELL... YEAH...
YOU SAID YES!
NO! NO, I DIDN'T!
BOB.
YOU SAID "YES."
SHOOTING ME...AGAIN...ISN'T GONNA HELP YOU, MR. WILSON.
CAN'T HURT...
YES IT W--
BLAM
--AAAOWWW!

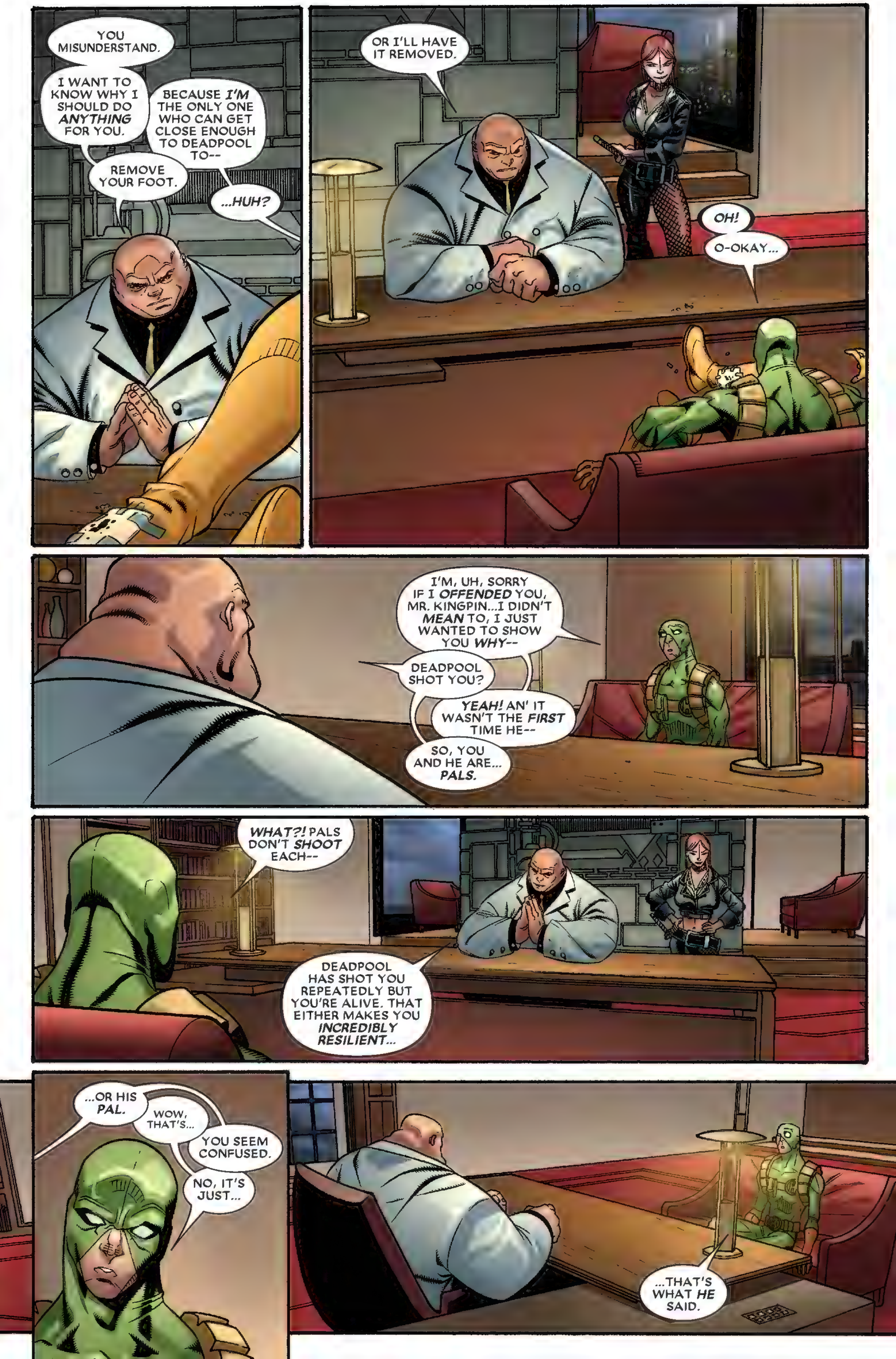

TODAY:
WHAT THE HELL'S SO FUNNY?
YOU, WADE.
YEAH, OKAY... Y'KNOW WHAT? NEVER MIND.
I'LL HANDLE IT MYSELF.
AS FAR AS I CAN TELL, HE'S BEING HONEST--HE REALLY DOES WANT THIS, AND HE REALLY DOESN'T WANT TO ASK US FOR HELP.
I KNOW. THAT'S THE FUNNY PART--HE DOESN'T HAVE TO ASK US FOR HELP.
THIS IS WHAT WE DO.
YOU'RE GONNA HAFTA KEEP A LOW PROFILE. LET US HANDLE THINGS 'TIL WE CAN ZERO IN ON THIS.
UH...WAIT--WHY?
TWO REASONS--YOU'RE PROBABLY THE MOST WANTED MAN ON THIS HALF O' THE PLANET RIGHT NOW...
...AN' IF KINGPIN THINKS YER ALREADY DEAD--THAT HIS SNIPER TAGGED THE RIGHT GUY--IT'D BE STUPID TO LET 'IM KNOW OTHERWISE.
PERHAPS SOME CLARIFICATION ON LOGAN'S POINT WOULD BE...
DON'T DO ANYTHING STUPID, WADE.
UH, DU-UHH...
OF COURSE I WON'T...

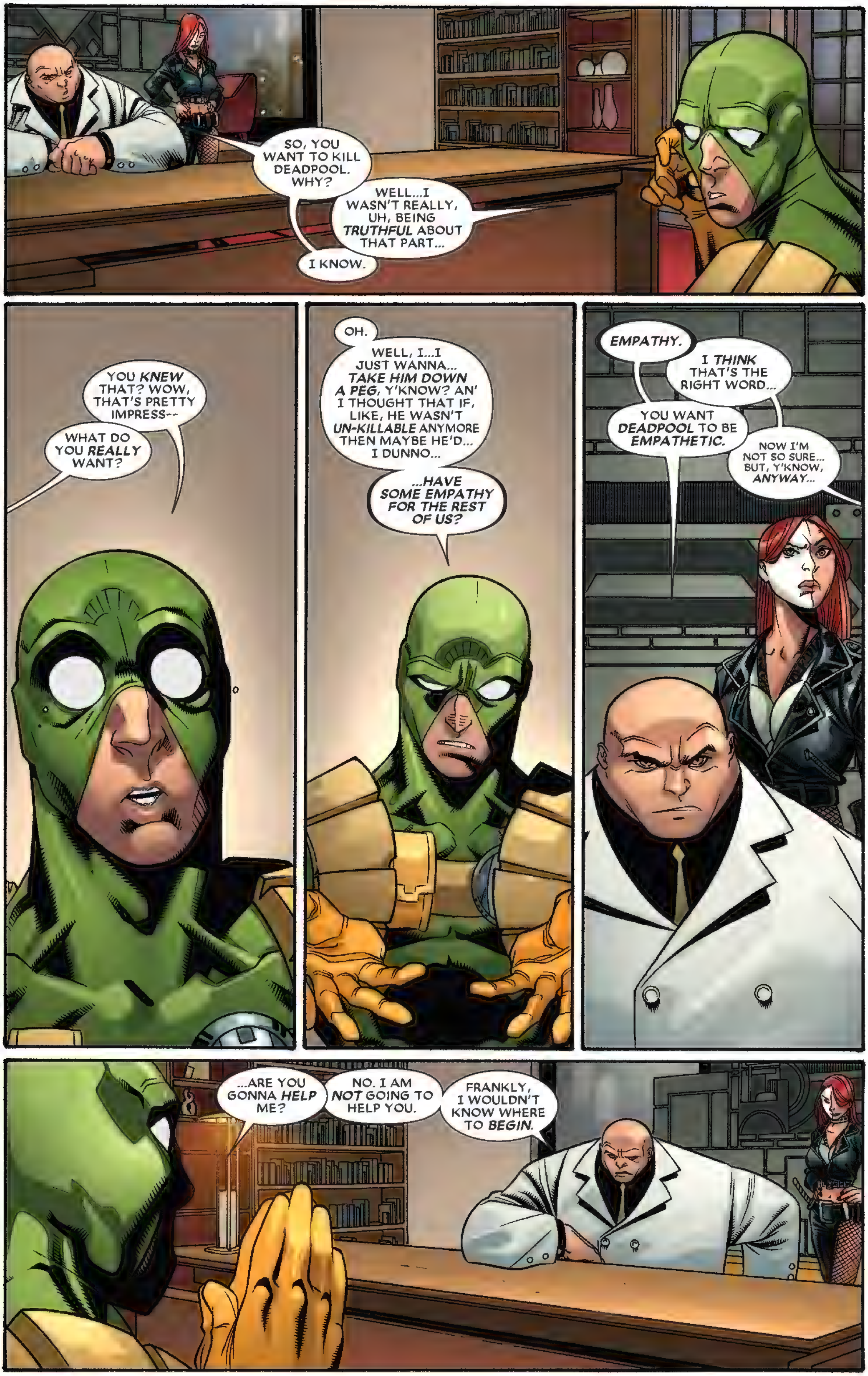

THREE DAYS AGO:
IF THIS SERUM CAN WORK ON *ME*, IT CAN WORK ON *YOU*. WAY *I* SEE IT, IT'S A *NO-BRAINER*.
SO IT WOULD SEEM...HOWEVER, I'M CURIOUS TO KNOW WHY YOU'RE *TELLING* ME ABOUT IT.
'CAUSE *I CAN'T FIND IT*--NOT WITHOUT EXPOSING MYSELF.
EXPOSING YOURSELF NEVER SEEMED TO BOTHER YOU *BEFORE*...
HEY, *WHAT CAN I SAY?* I LIKE THE NIGHT LIFE, I LIKE TO BOOGIE.
YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN.
AN' *YOU* KNOW THAT IF I DIDN'T *NEED* YOU, I WOULDN'T BE *ASKING*. *YOU KNOW THE PLAYERS, YOU CAN NAVIGATE THE TERRAIN* AN' *YOU HAVE A VESTED INTEREST.*
IT'S NOT IN MY PARTICULAR... *SANDBOX.*
BUT IT *COULD* BE. AN' DON'T TELL ME THAT DOESN'T *APPEAL* TO YOU.
WHAT *DOESN'T* APPEAL TO ME IS WHAT YOU'RE ASKING IN *RETURN*. WHEN I *FIND* THIS SERUM--
IF YOU FIND IT.
--YOU WANT ME TO USE IT ON *YOU*.
THAT'S THE DEAL. *WELCH* ON ME, AN' I WON'T GIVE YOU A *CHOICE*.
IT SOUNDS TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE.
THEREFORE, I THINK I'LL VERY MUCH *PASS*.
DAKEN The Shooter.
GOOD LUCK, THOUGH, WADE...
...*I HOPE YOU DIE.*

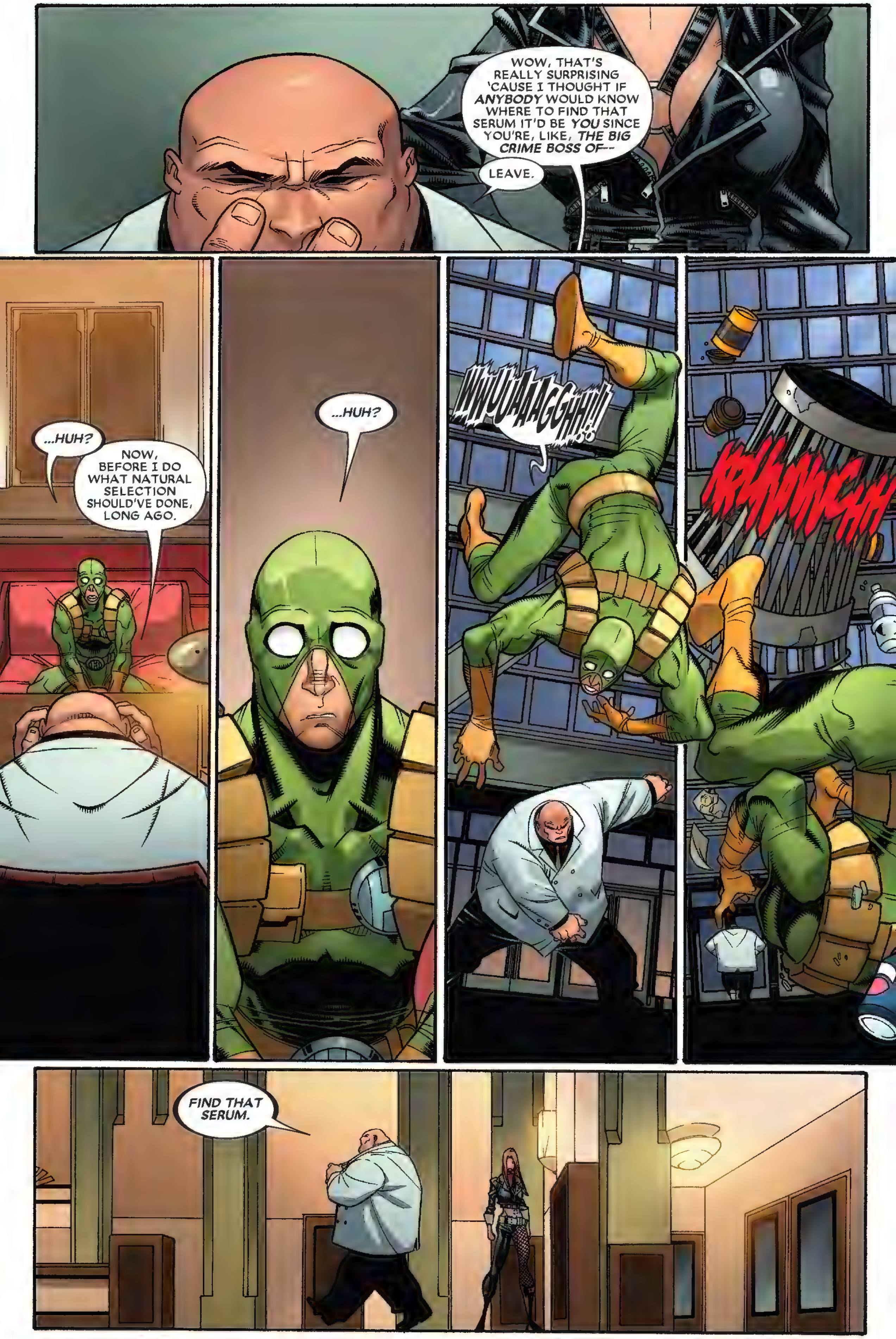

"YEAH.
"ME, TOO."
IT'S GONNA WORK, BABY. I P--
DON'T.
PROMISES MEAN EVERYTHING TO ME, WADE... I AM A PROMISE.
BABY, I'M... I'M GONNA CHANGE. FOR YOU. SO WE CAN BE TOGETHER.
I GOT A PLAN.
A PROMISE THAT IS KEPT BY EVERYONE BUT YOU.
IT'S REALLY BIG, THOUGH...
...AN' IT'S GONNA BE REALLY $#%&#% HARD TO PULL OFF.
THAT'S WHAT SHE SAID.

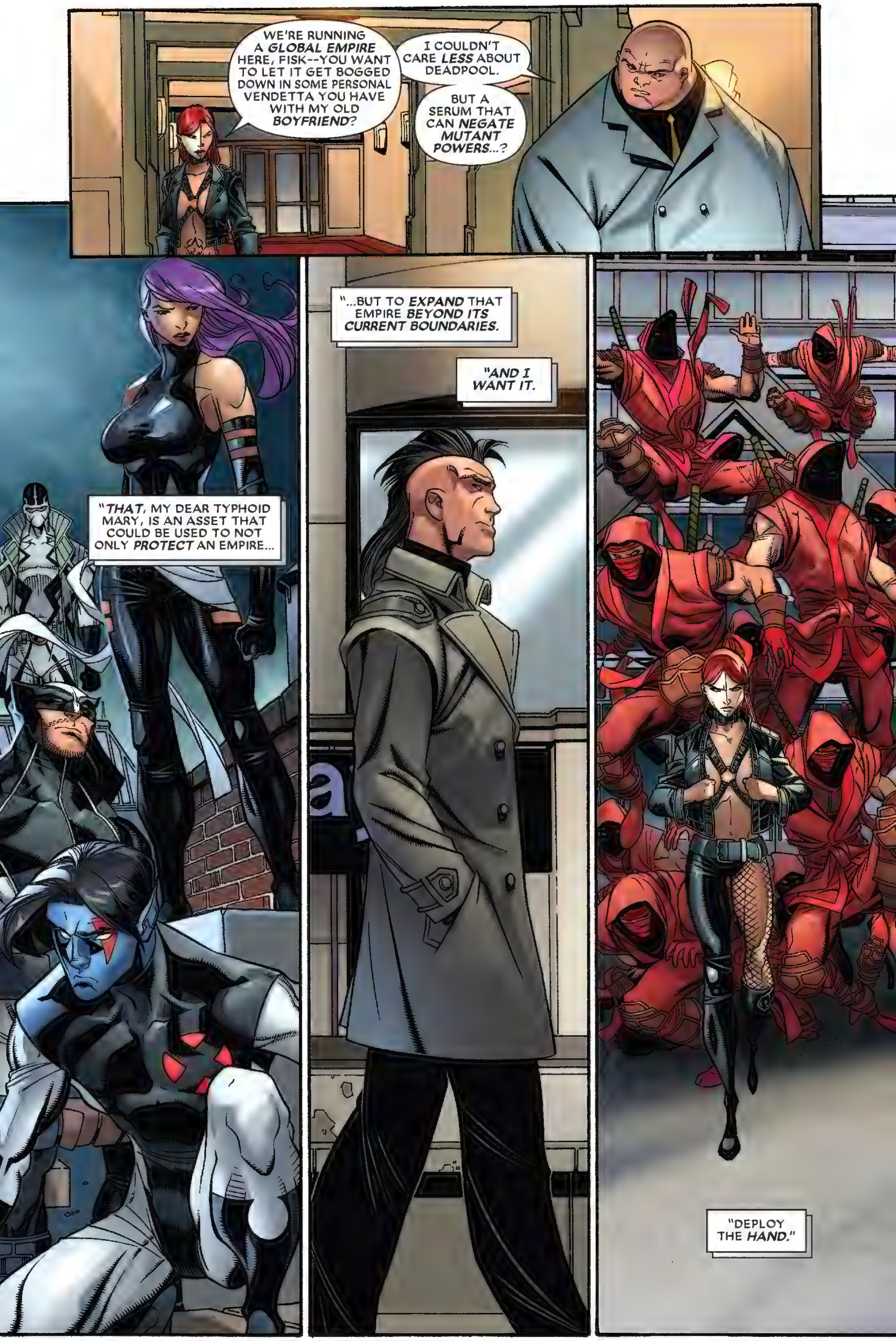

TODAY:
UH, WHAT DID YOU JUST SAY...?
I SAID I'M WORRIED ABOUT YOU.
YEAH, SO'S STABBY-HANDS--LOOK, I'M NOT GONNA TURN THIS MISSION INTO A #&$%-SHOW, OKAY?
I'LL STAY OUTTA SIGHT, I PROMISE.
OH, REALLY? YOU "PROMISE"?
WHAT IS IT WITH WOMEN NOT BELIEVING MY PROMISES?!
It's because we lie.
A LOT.
YOU'RE LYING ABOUT SOMETHING.
OKAY, YEAH...BUSTED. WE DID LOOK THROUGH HER UNDERWEAR DRAWER.
It was empty.
OH, YEAH? WHAT AM I LYING ABOUT?
I DON'T KNOW.
WHO'S BOB?
BOB?!
HE'S... NOTHIN'. A NOBODY.
HE SEEMS TO BE A CONCERN OF YOURS.
WELL, HE'S NOT A CONCERN OF YOURS.
IF IT IMPACTS THE MISSION OR THE SAFETY OF--
LISTEN TO ME...

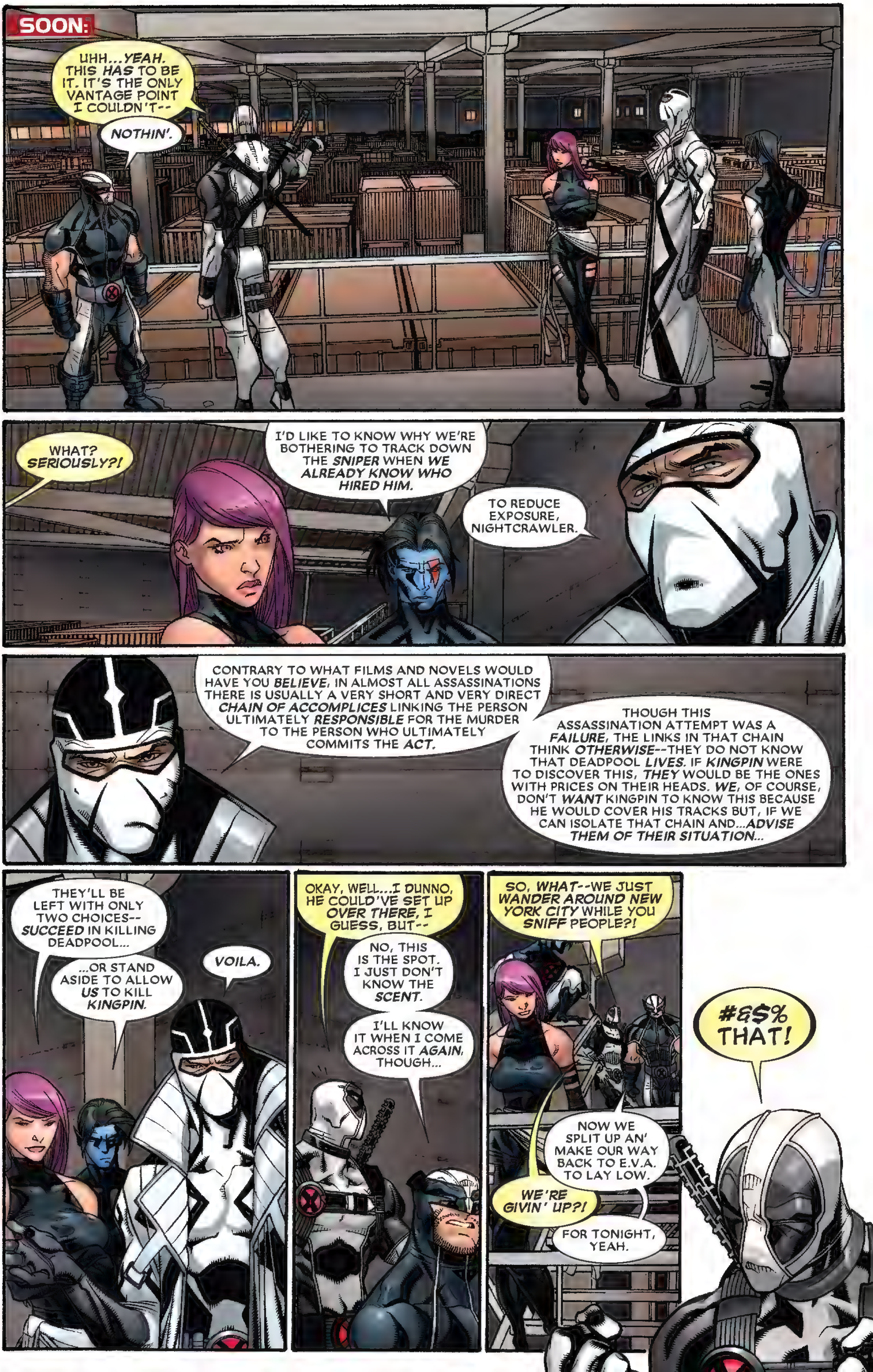

"...BOB IS FIVE AN' A HALF FEET OF NERD WITH GOGGLY-EYES WHO SMELLS LIKE CHEESE CURLS."
...WHATTA YA S-SAY?
SO...
YOU WANT ME TO FIND THIS... SERUM.
FOR YOU.
"NOT ONLY DOES HE HAVE NOTHIN' TO DO WITH THIS MISSION, HE COULDN'T IMPACT IT IF YOU GAVE HIM A &%#$&# SLEDGEHAMMER."
YESTERDAY:
SO THAT YOU...
...CAN KILL DEADPOOL.
WILSON FISK a.k.a. The Kingpin.
TYPHOID MARY
"The Ones That Go Diagonally"
WHY?
WHUMP
BECAUSE I HATE THAT SON OF A BITCH.

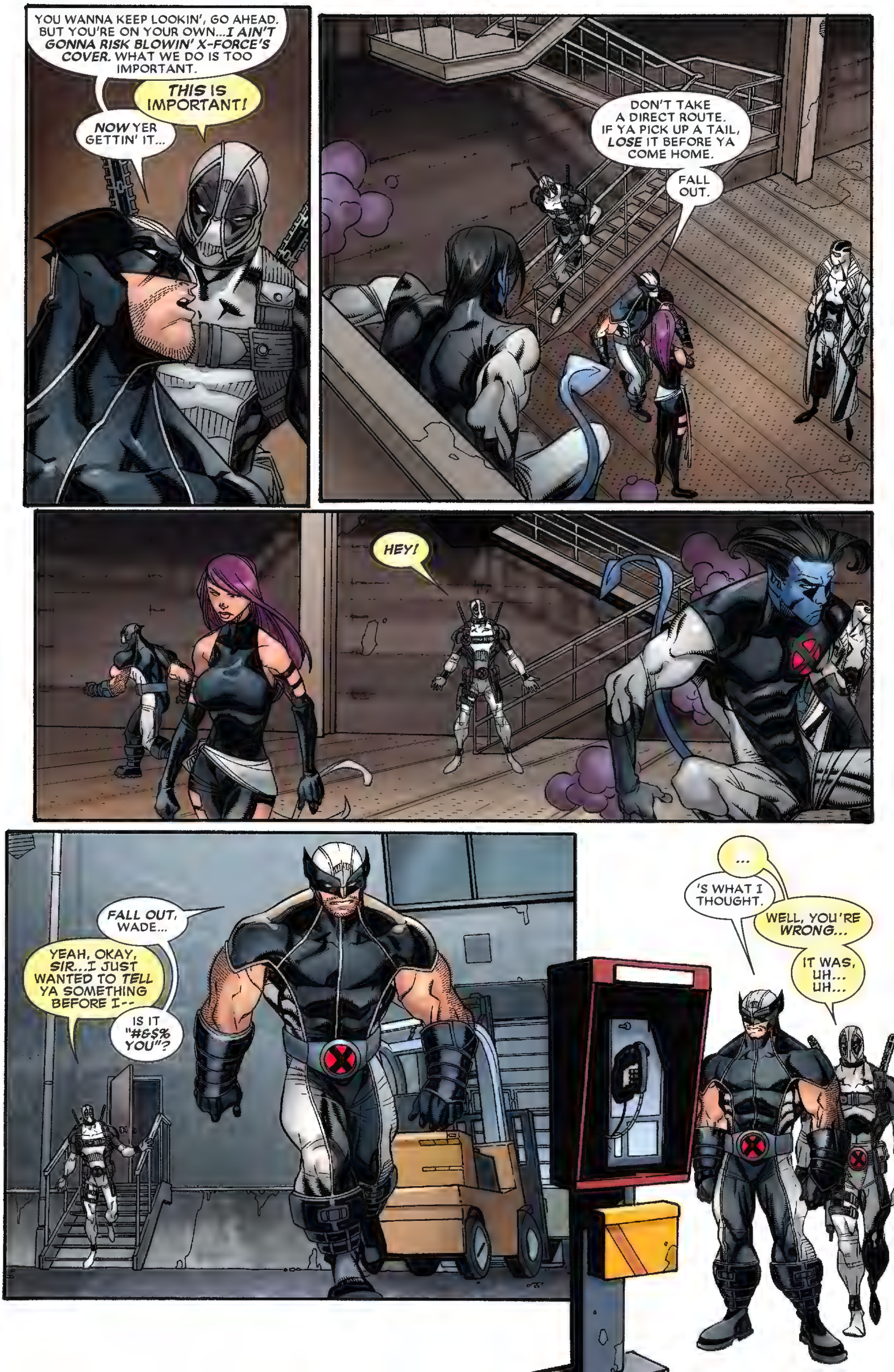

YOU MISUNDERSTAND.
I WANT TO KNOW WHY I SHOULD DO *ANYTHING* FOR YOU.
BECAUSE *I'M* THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN GET CLOSE ENOUGH TO DEADPOOL TO--
REMOVE YOUR FOOT.
...*HUH?*
OR I'LL HAVE IT REMOVED.
OH!
O-OKAY...
I'M, UH, SORRY IF I *OFFENDED* YOU, MR. KINGPIN...I DIDN'T *MEAN* TO, I JUST WANTED TO SHOW YOU *WHY*--
DEADPOOL SHOT YOU?
YEAH! AN' IT WASN'T THE *FIRST* TIME HE--
SO, YOU AND HE ARE... *PALS.*
WHAT?! PALS DON'T *SHOOT* EACH--
DEADPOOL HAS SHOT YOU REPEATEDLY BUT YOU'RE ALIVE. THAT EITHER MAKES YOU *INCREDIBLY RESILIENT*...
...OR HIS *PAL.*
WOW, THAT'S...
YOU SEEM CONFUSED.
NO, IT'S JUST...
...THAT'S WHAT *HE* SAID.

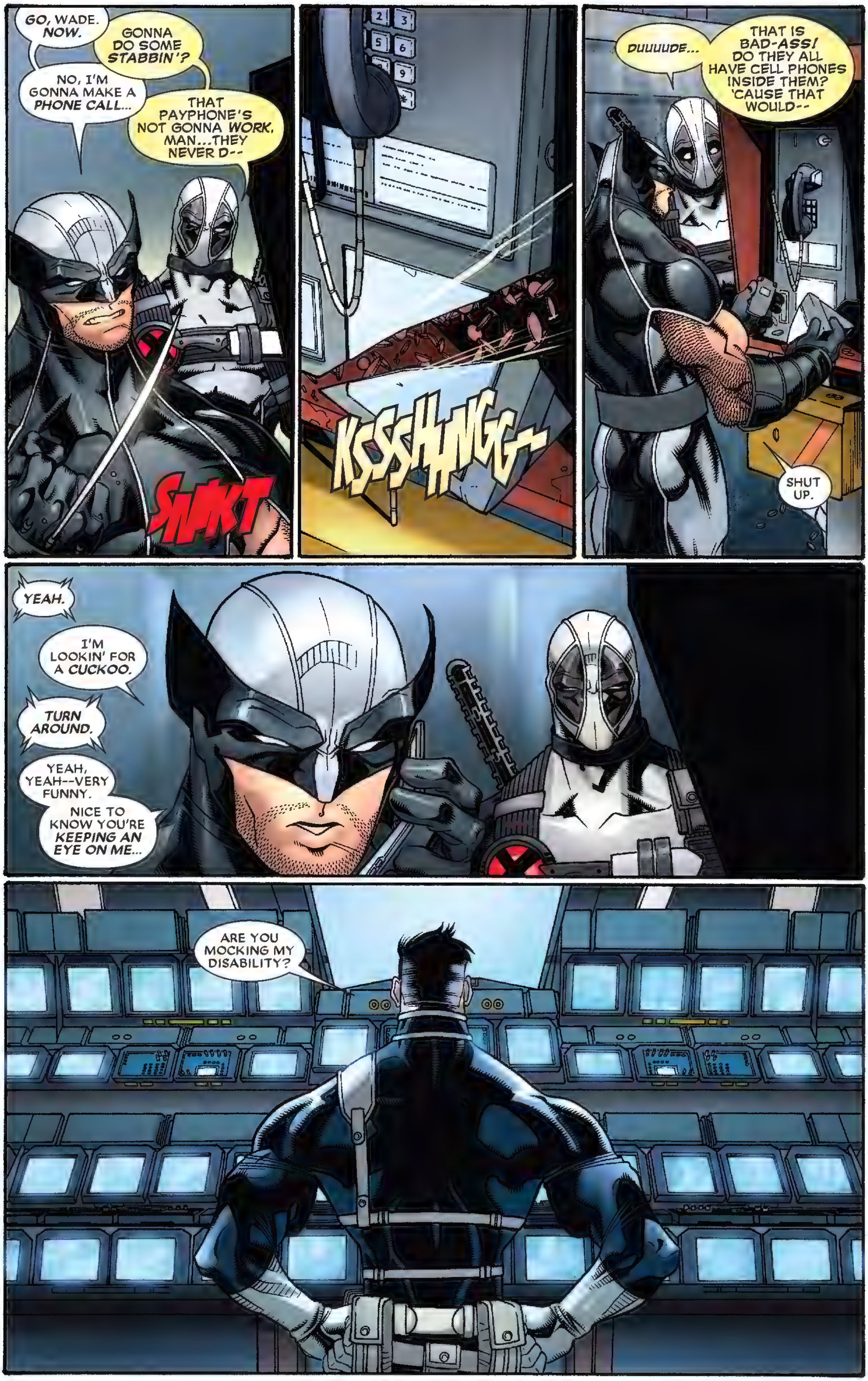

SO, YOU WANT TO KILL DEADPOOL. WHY?
WELL...I WASN'T REALLY, UH, BEING *TRUTHFUL* ABOUT THAT PART...
I KNOW.
YOU *KNEW* THAT? WOW, THAT'S PRETTY IMPRESS--
WHAT DO YOU *REALLY* WANT?
OH.
WELL, I...I JUST WANNA... *TAKE HIM DOWN A PEG*, Y'KNOW? AN' I THOUGHT THAT IF, LIKE, HE WASN'T *UN-KILLABLE* ANYMORE THEN MAYBE HE'D... I DUNNO...
...HAVE SOME EMPATHY FOR THE REST OF US?
EMPATHY.
I *THINK* THAT'S THE RIGHT WORD...
YOU WANT *DEADPOOL* TO BE *EMPATHETIC.*
NOW I'M NOT SO SURE... BUT, Y'KNOW, *ANYWAY...*
...ARE YOU GONNA *HELP* ME?
NO. I AM *NOT* GOING TO HELP YOU.
FRANKLY, I WOULDN'T KNOW WHERE TO *BEGIN.*

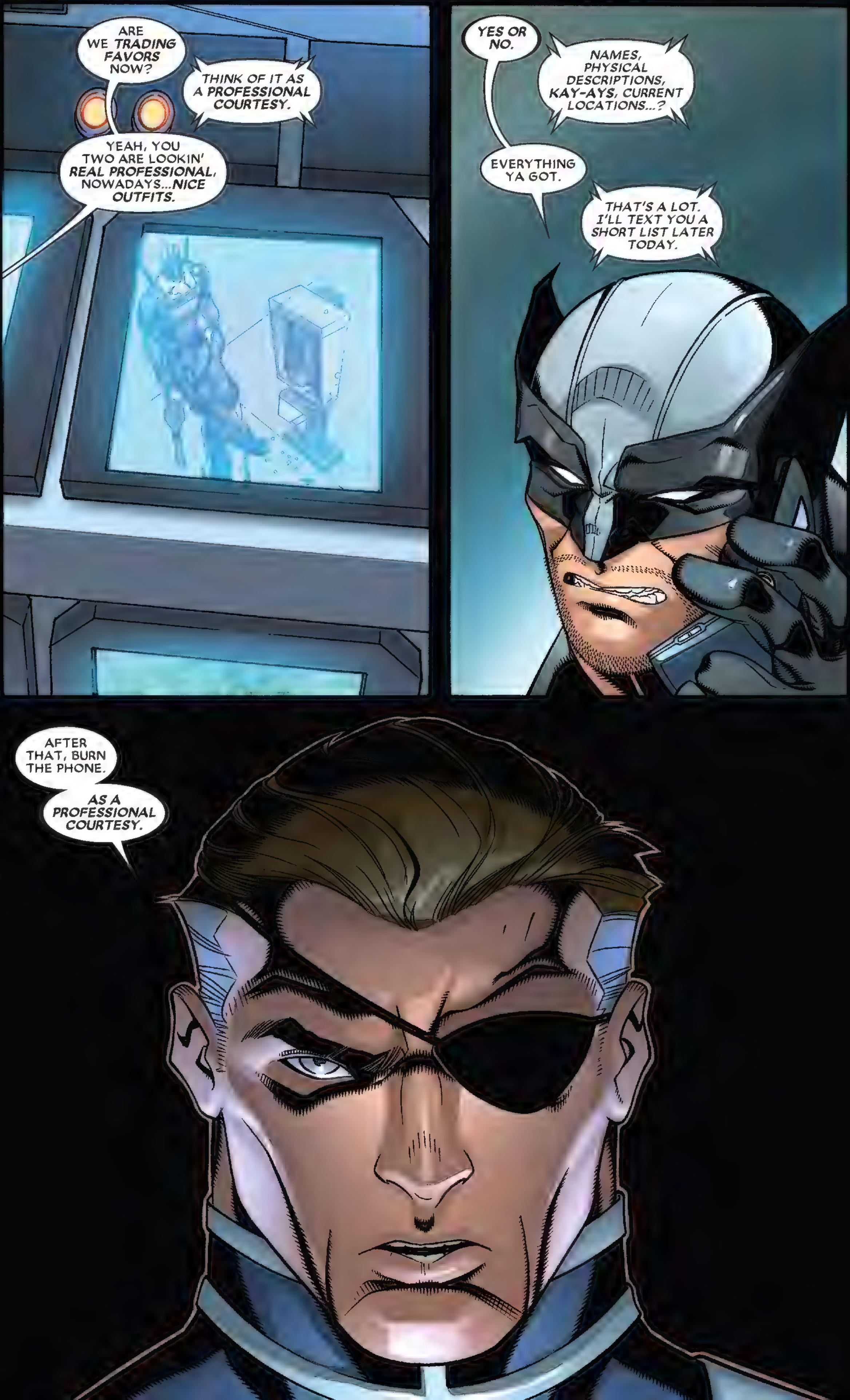

WOW, THAT'S REALLY SURPRISING 'CAUSE I THOUGHT IF *ANYBODY* WOULD KNOW WHERE TO FIND THAT SERUM IT'D BE *YOU* SINCE YOU'RE, LIKE, *THE BIG CRIME BOSS OF--*
LEAVE.
...HUH?
NOW, BEFORE I DO WHAT NATURAL SELECTION SHOULD'VE DONE, LONG AGO.
...HUH?
WWUUAAAGGHH!!!
FIND THAT SERUM.

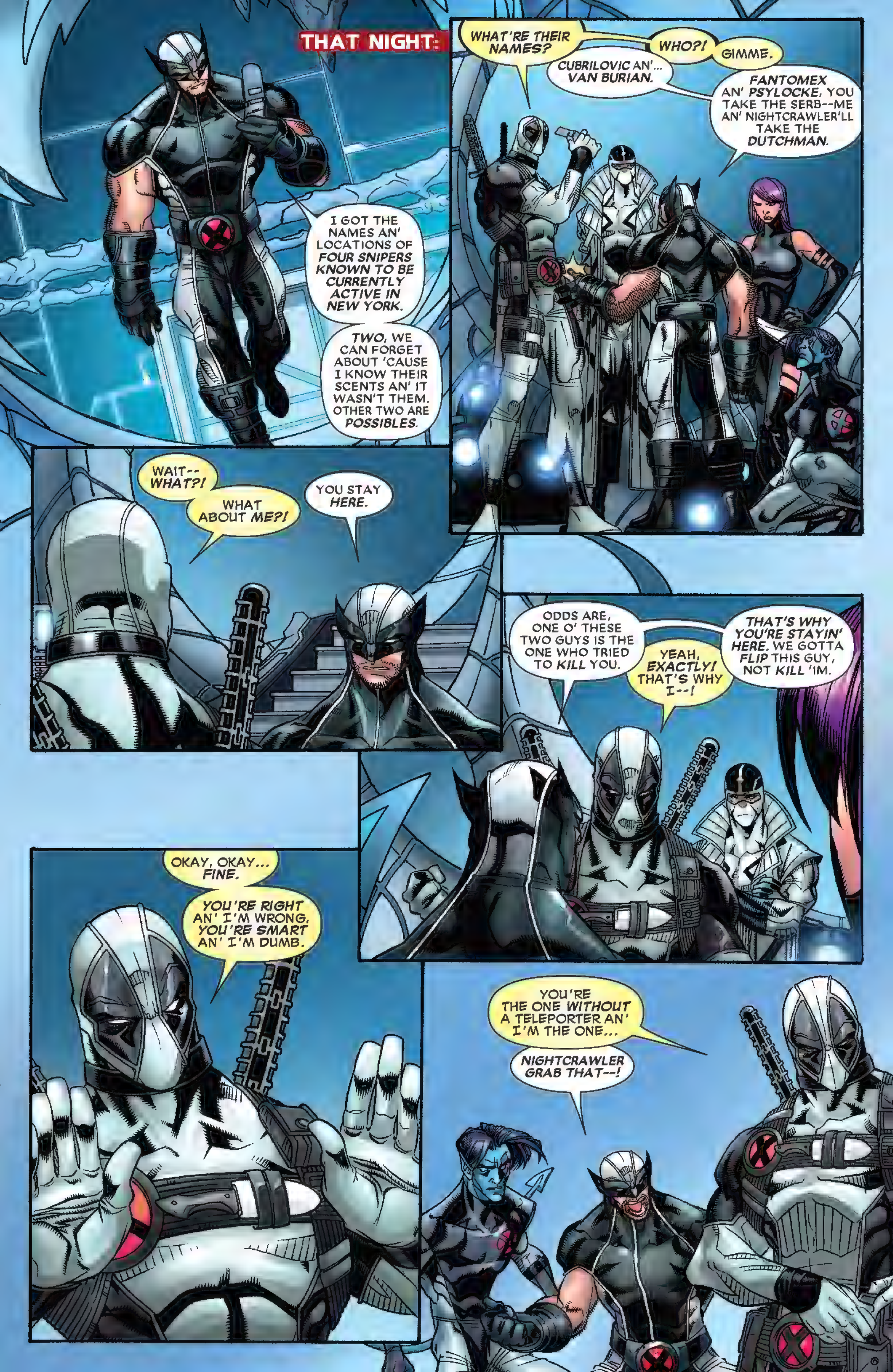

WE'RE RUNNING A *GLOBAL EMPIRE* HERE, FISK--YOU WANT TO LET IT GET BOGGED DOWN IN SOME PERSONAL VENDETTA YOU HAVE WITH MY OLD *BOYFRIEND*?
I COULDN'T CARE *LESS* ABOUT DEADPOOL.
BUT A SERUM THAT CAN *NEGATE MUTANT POWERS*...?
"*THAT*, MY DEAR TYPHOID MARY, IS AN ASSET THAT COULD BE USED TO NOT ONLY *PROTECT* AN EMPIRE...
"...BUT TO *EXPAND* THAT EMPIRE *BEYOND ITS CURRENT BOUNDARIES*.
"*AND I WANT IT.*
"DEPLOY THE *HAND*."

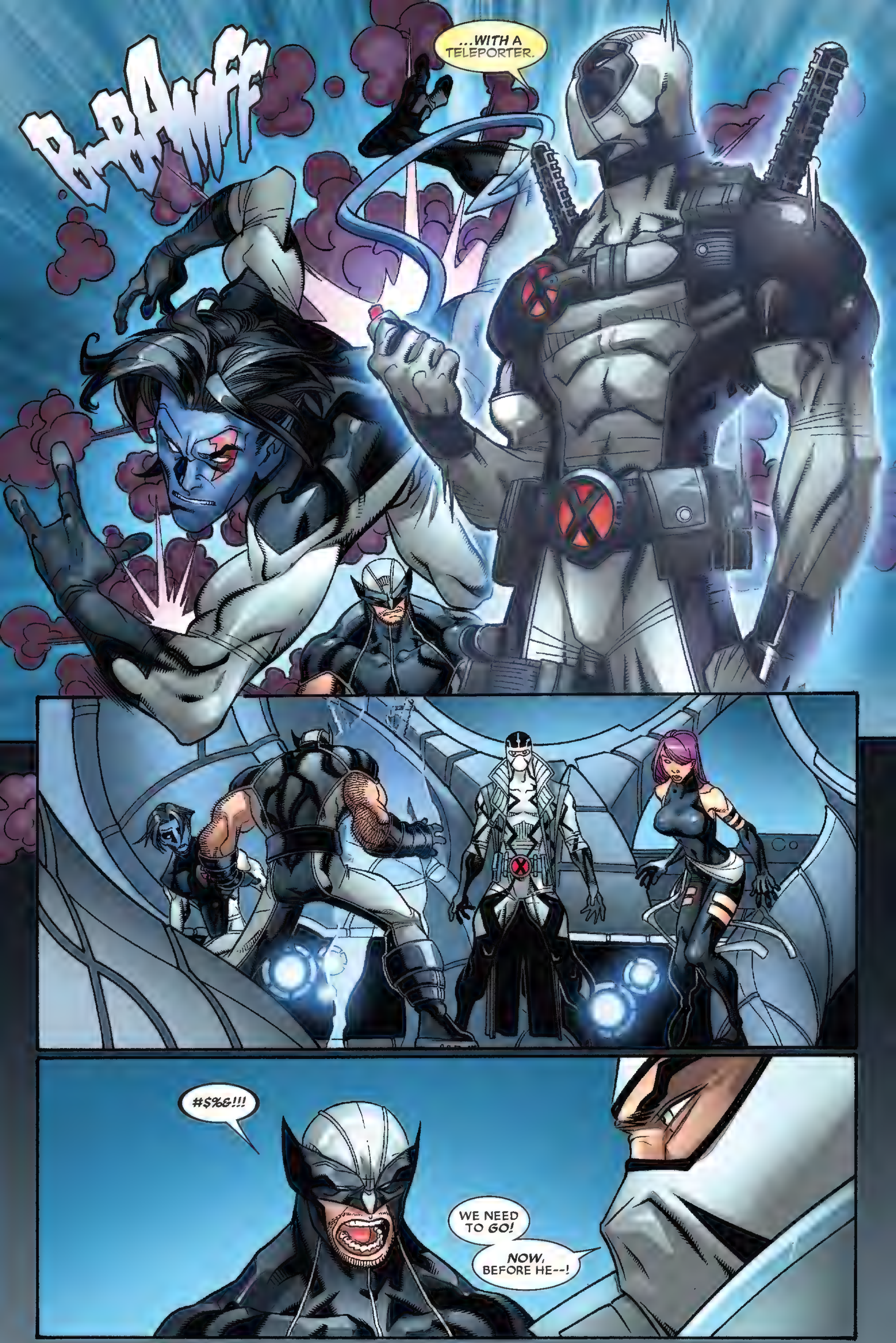

SOON:
UHH...YEAH. THIS HAS TO BE IT. IT'S THE ONLY VANTAGE POINT I COULDN'T--
NOTHIN'.
WHAT? SERIOUSLY?!
I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHY WE'RE BOTHERING TO TRACK DOWN THE SNIPER WHEN WE ALREADY KNOW WHO HIRED HIM.
TO REDUCE EXPOSURE, NIGHTCRAWLER.
CONTRARY TO WHAT FILMS AND NOVELS WOULD HAVE YOU BELIEVE, IN ALMOST ALL ASSASSINATIONS THERE IS USUALLY A VERY SHORT AND VERY DIRECT CHAIN OF ACCOMPLICES LINKING THE PERSON ULTIMATELY RESPONSIBLE FOR THE MURDER TO THE PERSON WHO ULTIMATELY COMMITS THE ACT.
THOUGH THIS ASSASSINATION ATTEMPT WAS A FAILURE, THE LINKS IN THAT CHAIN THINK OTHERWISE--THEY DO NOT KNOW THAT DEADPOOL LIVES. IF KINGPIN WERE TO DISCOVER THIS, THEY WOULD BE THE ONES WITH PRICES ON THEIR HEADS. WE, OF COURSE, DON'T WANT KINGPIN TO KNOW THIS BECAUSE HE WOULD COVER HIS TRACKS BUT, IF WE CAN ISOLATE THAT CHAIN AND...ADVISE THEM OF THEIR SITUATION...
THEY'LL BE LEFT WITH ONLY TWO CHOICES--SUCCEED IN KILLING DEADPOOL...
...OR STAND ASIDE TO ALLOW US TO KILL KINGPIN.
VOILA.
OKAY, WELL...I DUNNO, HE COULD'VE SET UP OVER THERE, I GUESS, BUT--
NO, THIS IS THE SPOT. I JUST DON'T KNOW THE SCENT.
I'LL KNOW IT WHEN I COME ACROSS IT AGAIN, THOUGH...
SO, WHAT--WE JUST WANDER AROUND NEW YORK CITY WHILE YOU SNIFF PEOPLE?!
NOW WE SPLIT UP AN' MAKE OUR WAY BACK TO E.V.A. TO LAY LOW.
WE'RE GIVIN' UP?!
FOR TONIGHT, YEAH.
#&$% THAT!

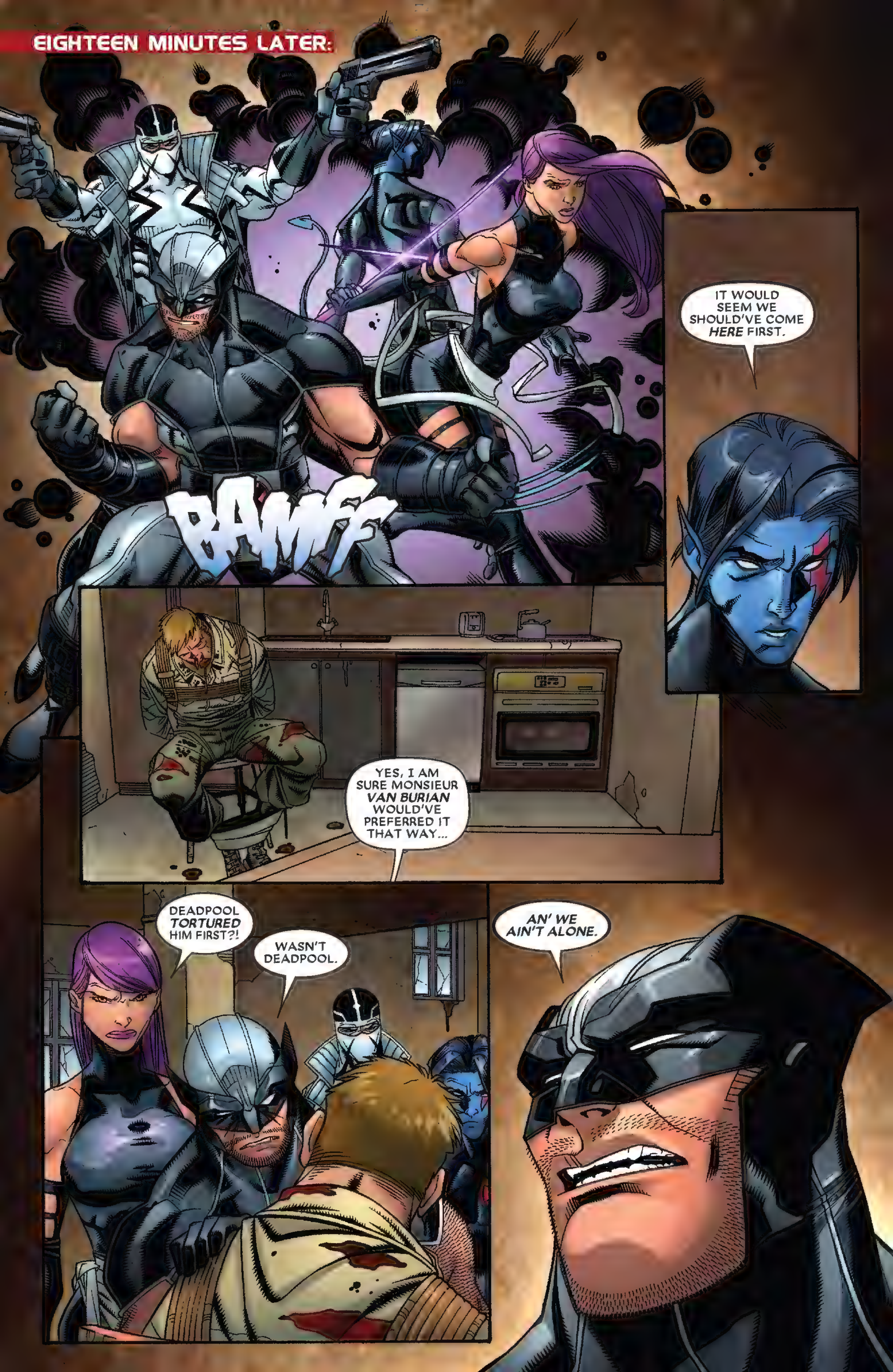

YOU WANNA KEEP LOOKIN', GO AHEAD. BUT YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN... *I AIN'T GONNA RISK BLOWIN' X-FORCE'S COVER.* WHAT WE DO IS TOO IMPORTANT.
THIS IS IMPORTANT!
NOW YER GETTIN' IT...
DON'T TAKE A DIRECT ROUTE. IF YA PICK UP A TAIL, *LOSE* IT BEFORE YA COME HOME.
FALL OUT.
HEY!
FALL OUT, WADE...
YEAH, OKAY, *SIR*... I JUST WANTED TO *TELL* YA SOMETHING BEFORE I--
IS IT "#&$% YOU"?
...
'S WHAT I THOUGHT.
WELL, YOU'RE *WRONG...*
IT WAS, UH... UH...

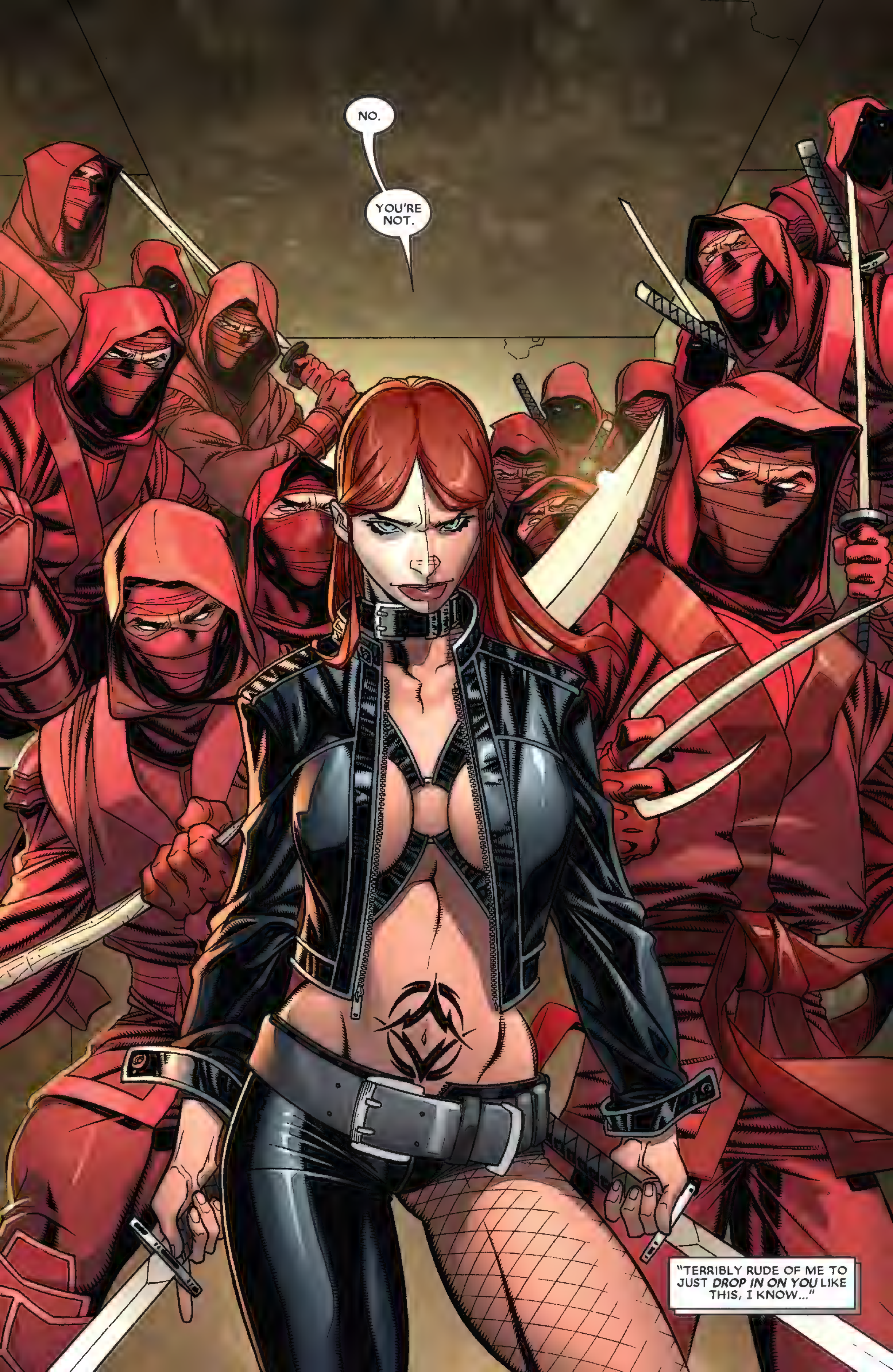

GO, WADE. NOW.
GONNA DO SOME STABBIN'?
NO, I'M GONNA MAKE A PHONE CALL...
THAT PAYPHONE'S NOT GONNA WORK, MAN...THEY NEVER D--
SNIKT
KSSSHHNGG--
DUUUUDE...
THAT IS BAD-ASS! DO THEY ALL HAVE CELL PHONES INSIDE THEM? 'CAUSE THAT WOULD--
SHUT UP.
YEAH.
I'M LOOKIN' FOR A CUCKOO.
TURN AROUND.
YEAH, YEAH--VERY FUNNY.
NICE TO KNOW YOU'RE KEEPING AN EYE ON ME...
ARE YOU MOCKING MY DISABILITY?

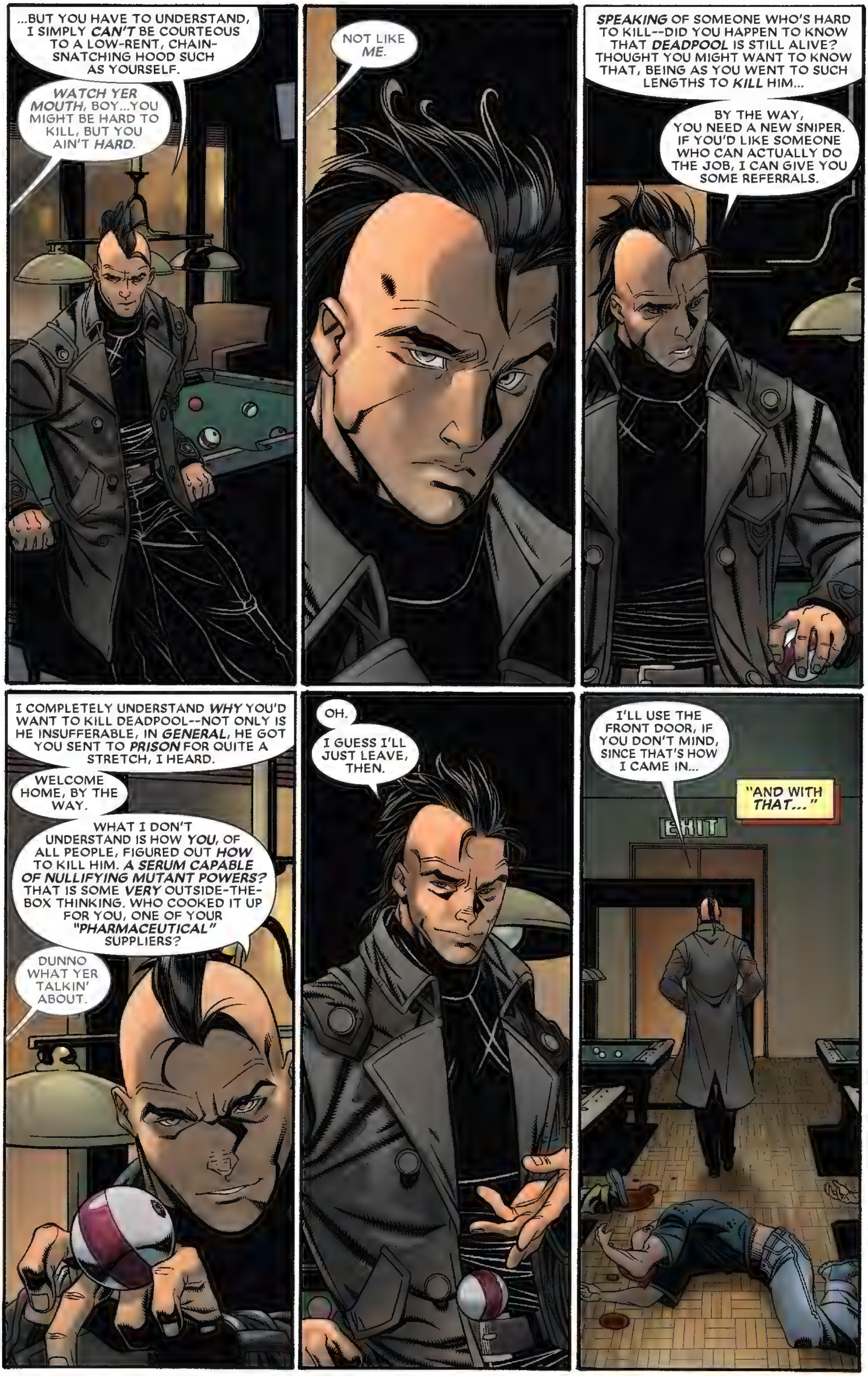

ARE WE *TRADING FAVORS* NOW?
THINK OF IT AS A *PROFESSIONAL COURTESY*.
YEAH, YOU TWO ARE LOOKIN' *REAL PROFESSIONAL*, NOWADAYS...*NICE OUTFITS*.
YES OR *NO*.
NAMES, PHYSICAL DESCRIPTIONS, *KAY-AYS*, CURRENT LOCATIONS...?
EVERYTHING YA GOT.
THAT'S A LOT. I'LL TEXT YOU A SHORT LIST LATER TODAY.
AFTER THAT, BURN THE PHONE.
AS A PROFESSIONAL COURTESY.

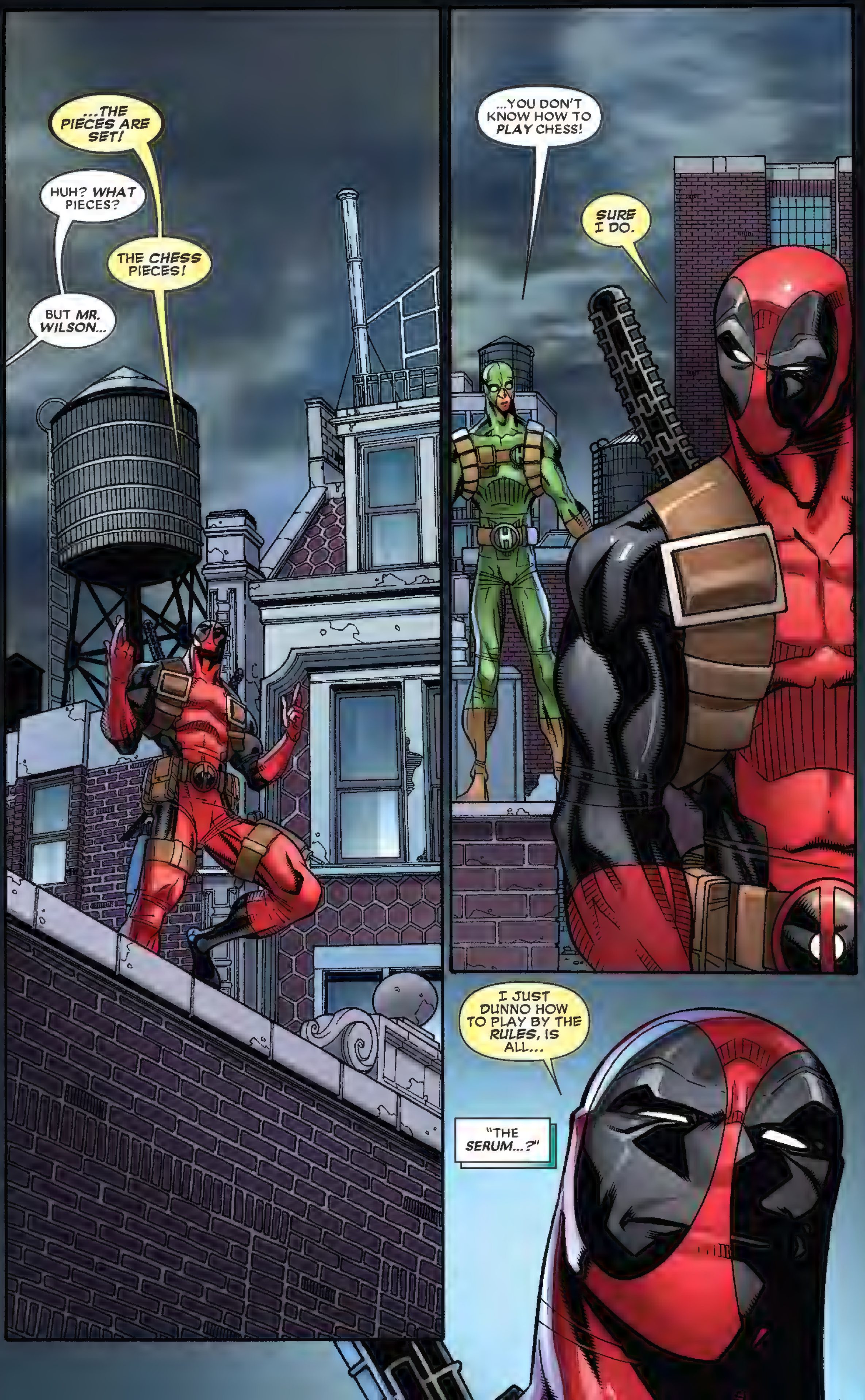

THAT NIGHT:
I GOT THE NAMES AN' LOCATIONS OF FOUR SNIPERS KNOWN TO BE CURRENTLY ACTIVE IN NEW YORK.
TWO, WE CAN FORGET ABOUT 'CAUSE I KNOW THEIR SCENTS AN' IT WASN'T THEM. OTHER TWO ARE POSSIBLES.
WHAT'RE THEIR NAMES?
CUBRILOVIC AN'... VAN BURIAN.
WHO?!
GIMME.
FANTOMEX AN' PSYLOCKE, YOU TAKE THE SERB--ME AN' NIGHTCRAWLER'LL TAKE THE DUTCHMAN.
WAIT-- WHAT?!
WHAT ABOUT ME?!
YOU STAY HERE.
ODDS ARE, ONE O' THESE TWO GUYS IS THE ONE WHO TRIED TO KILL YOU.
YEAH, EXACTLY! THAT'S WHY I--!
THAT'S WHY YOU'RE STAYIN' HERE. WE GOTTA FLIP THIS GUY, NOT KILL 'IM.
OKAY, OKAY... FINE.
YOU'RE RIGHT AN' I'M WRONG, YOU'RE SMART AN' I'M DUMB.
YOU'RE THE ONE WITHOUT A TELEPORTER AN' I'M THE ONE...
NIGHTCRAWLER GRAB THAT--!

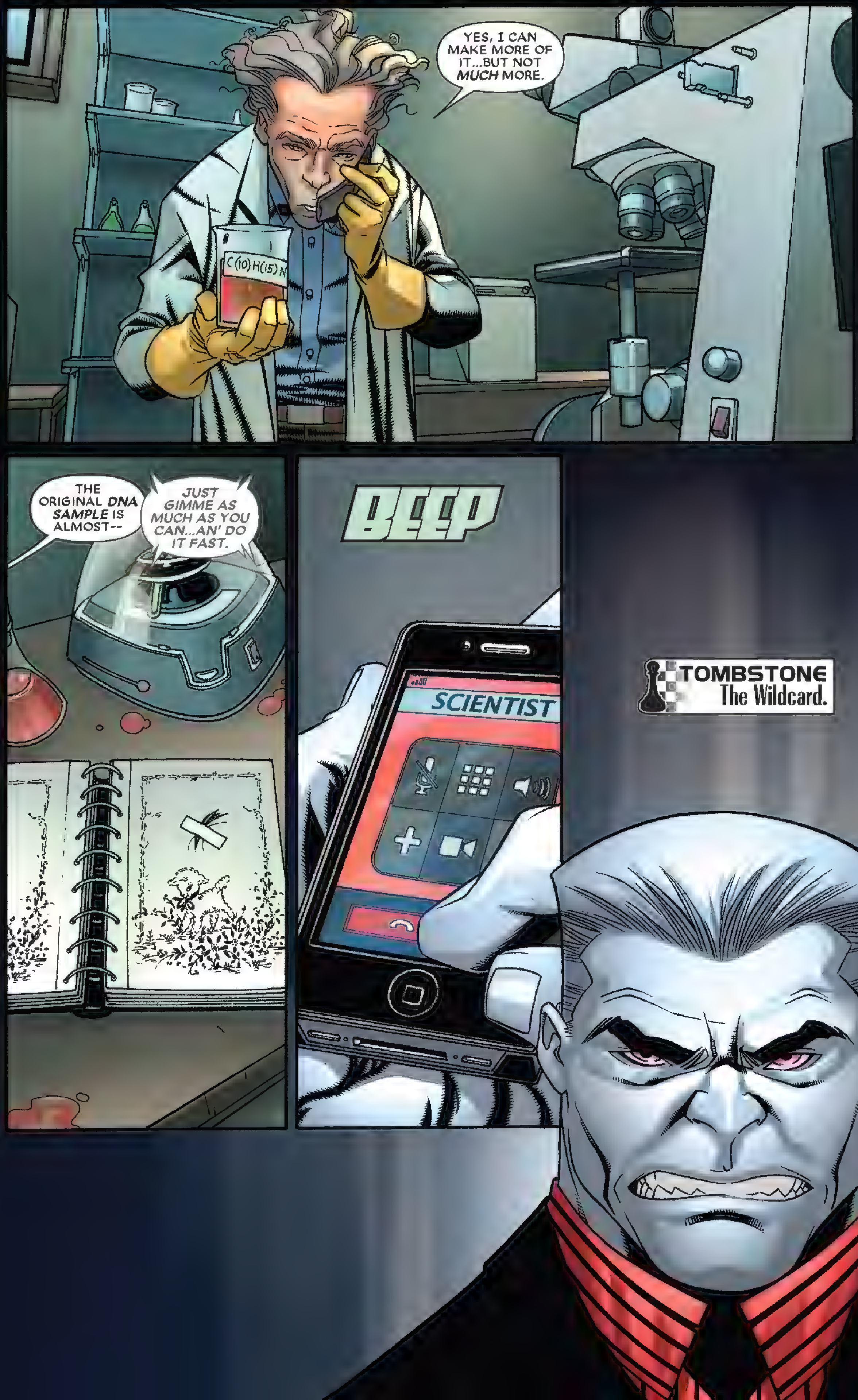

B-BAMF!
...WITH A TELEPORTER.
#$%&!!!
WE NEED TO GO!
NOW, BEFORE HE--!

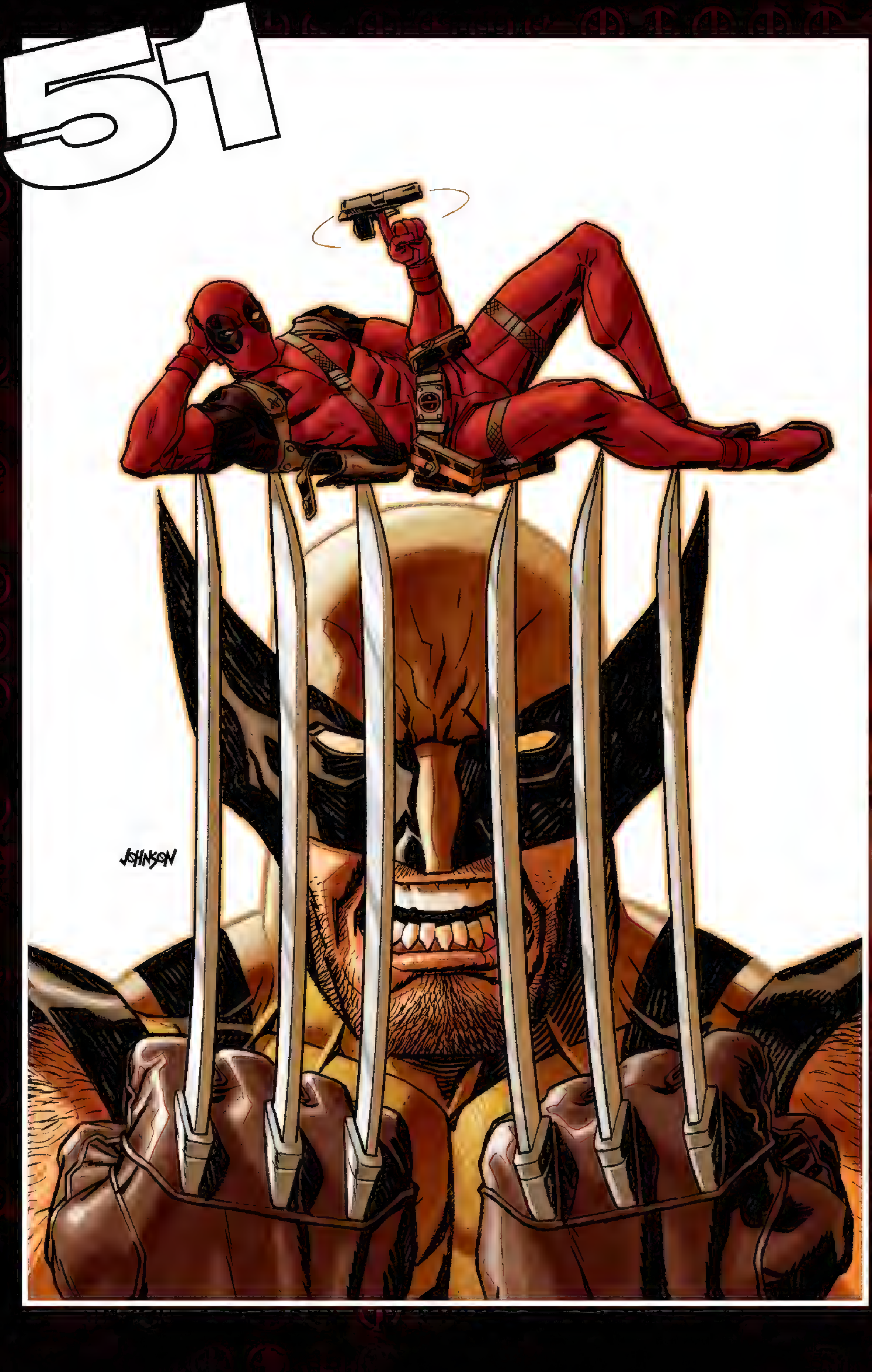

EIGHTEEN MINUTES LATER:
BAMF
IT WOULD SEEM WE SHOULD'VE COME *HERE* FIRST.
YES, I AM SURE MONSIEUR *VAN BURIAN* WOULD'VE PREFERRED IT THAT WAY...
DEADPOOL *TORTURED* HIM FIRST?!
WASN'T DEADPOOL.
AN' WE AIN'T ALONE.

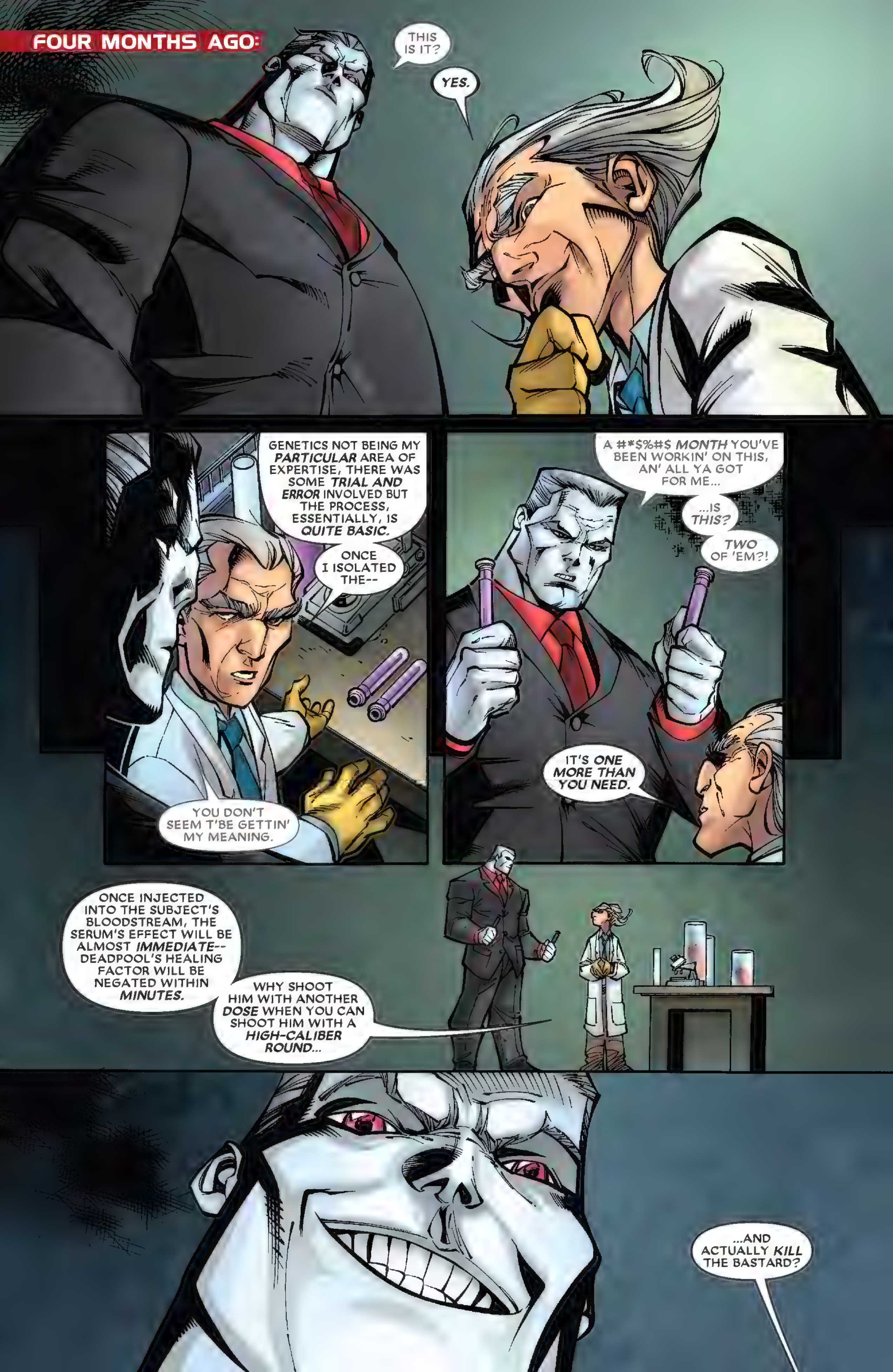

NO.
YOU'RE NOT.
"TERRIBLY RUDE OF ME TO JUST *DROP IN ON YOU* LIKE THIS, I KNOW..."

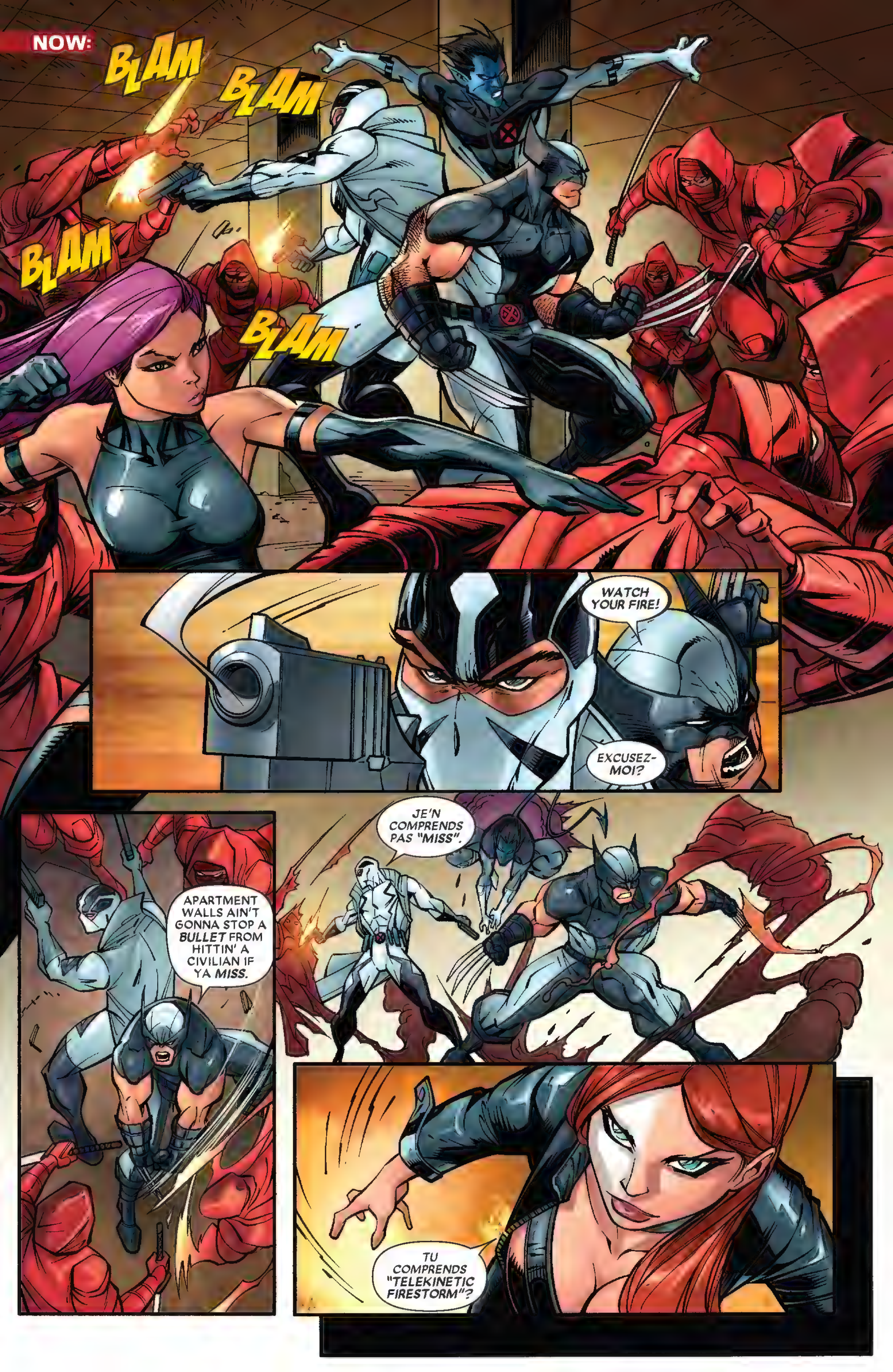

...BUT YOU HAVE TO UNDERSTAND, I SIMPLY *CAN'T* BE COURTEOUS TO A LOW-RENT, CHAIN-SNATCHING HOOD SUCH AS YOURSELF.
WATCH YER MOUTH, BOY...YOU MIGHT BE HARD TO KILL, BUT YOU AIN'T *HARD*.
NOT LIKE *ME*.
SPEAKING OF SOMEONE WHO'S HARD TO KILL--DID YOU HAPPEN TO KNOW THAT *DEADPOOL* IS STILL ALIVE? THOUGHT YOU MIGHT WANT TO KNOW THAT, BEING AS YOU WENT TO SUCH LENGTHS TO *KILL* HIM...
BY THE WAY, YOU NEED A NEW SNIPER. IF YOU'D LIKE SOMEONE WHO CAN ACTUALLY DO THE JOB, I CAN GIVE YOU SOME REFERRALS.
I COMPLETELY UNDERSTAND *WHY* YOU'D WANT TO KILL DEADPOOL--NOT ONLY IS HE INSUFFERABLE, IN *GENERAL*, HE GOT YOU SENT TO *PRISON* FOR QUITE A STRETCH, I HEARD.
WELCOME HOME, BY THE WAY.
WHAT I DON'T UNDERSTAND IS HOW *YOU*, OF ALL PEOPLE, FIGURED OUT *HOW* TO KILL HIM. *A SERUM CAPABLE OF NULLIFYING MUTANT POWERS?* THAT IS SOME *VERY* OUTSIDE-THE-BOX THINKING. WHO COOKED IT UP FOR YOU, ONE OF YOUR *"PHARMACEUTICAL"* SUPPLIERS?
DUNNO WHAT YER TALKIN' ABOUT.
OH.
I GUESS I'LL JUST LEAVE, THEN.
I'LL USE THE FRONT DOOR, IF YOU DON'T MIND, SINCE THAT'S HOW I CAME IN...
"AND WITH *THAT...*"
EXIT

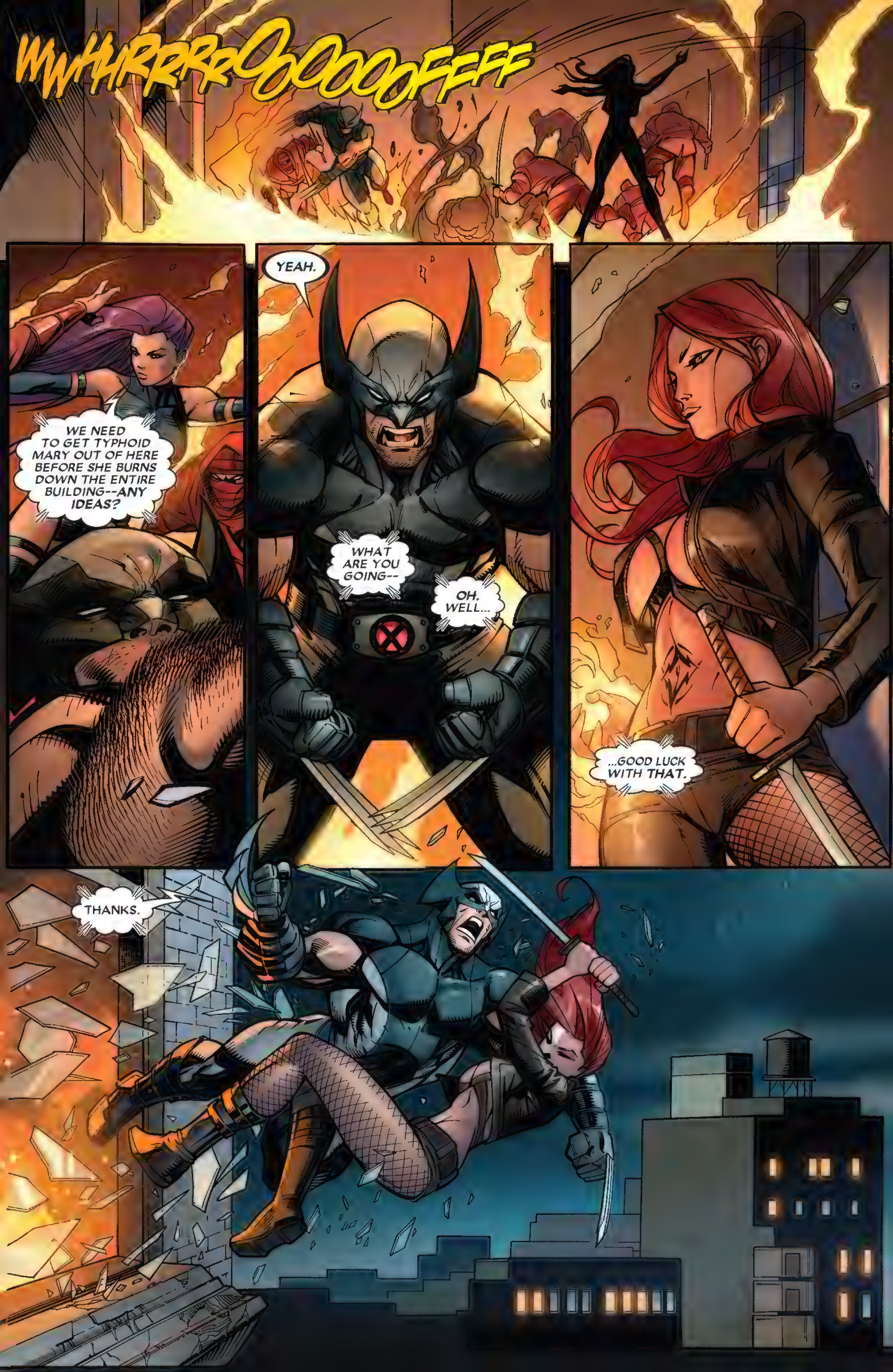

...THE PIECES ARE SET!
HUH? WHAT PIECES?
THE CHESS PIECES!
BUT MR. WILSON...
...YOU DON'T KNOW HOW TO PLAY CHESS!
SURE I DO.
I JUST DUNNO HOW TO PLAY BY THE RULES, IS ALL...
"THE SERUM...?"

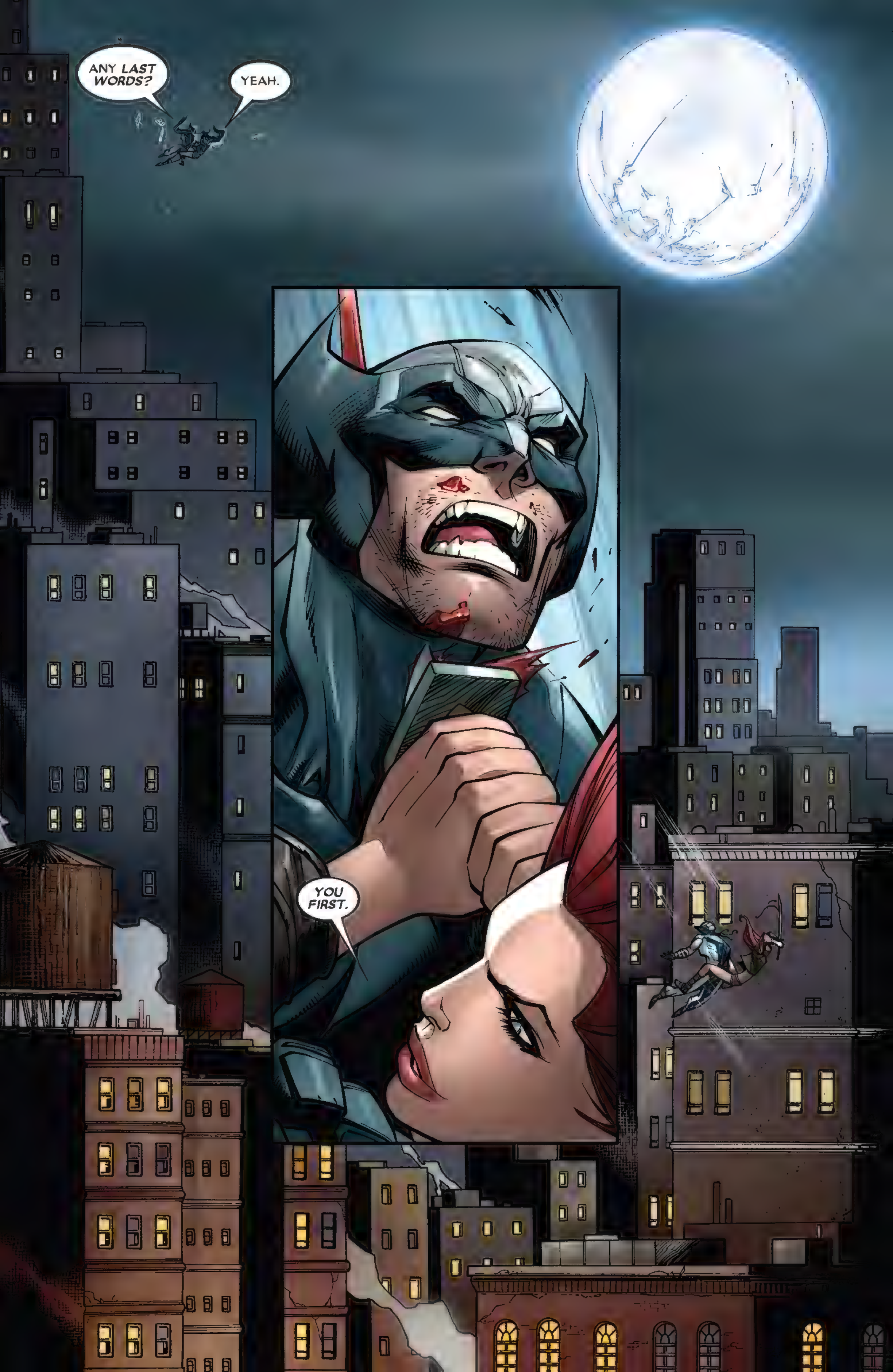

YES, I CAN MAKE MORE OF IT...BUT NOT *MUCH* MORE.
C(10)H(15)N
THE ORIGINAL **DNA SAMPLE** IS ALMOST--
JUST GIMME AS MUCH AS YOU CAN...AN' DO IT FAST.
BEEP
SCIENTIST
TOMBSTONE
The Wildcard.

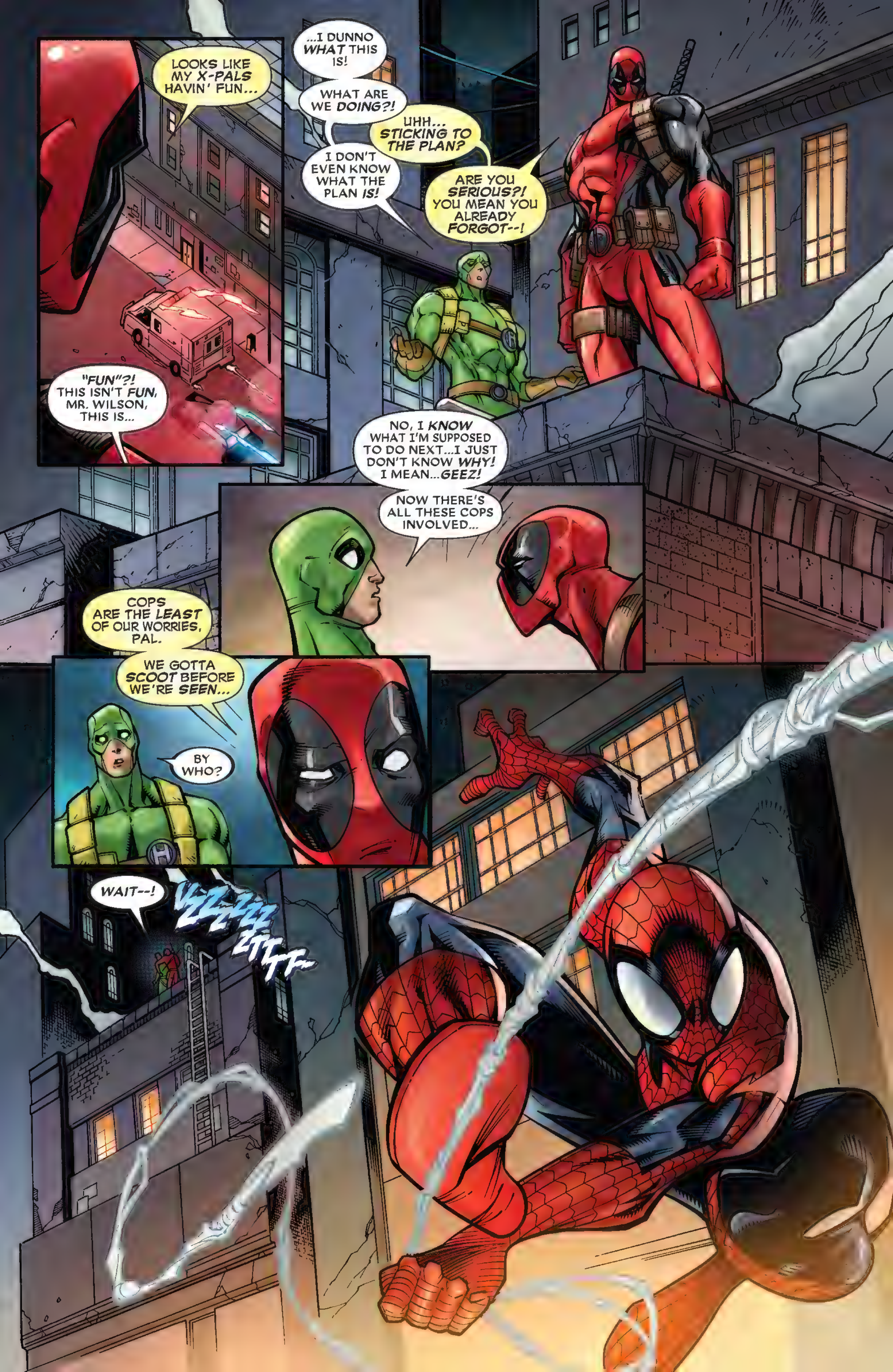

51
JOHNSON

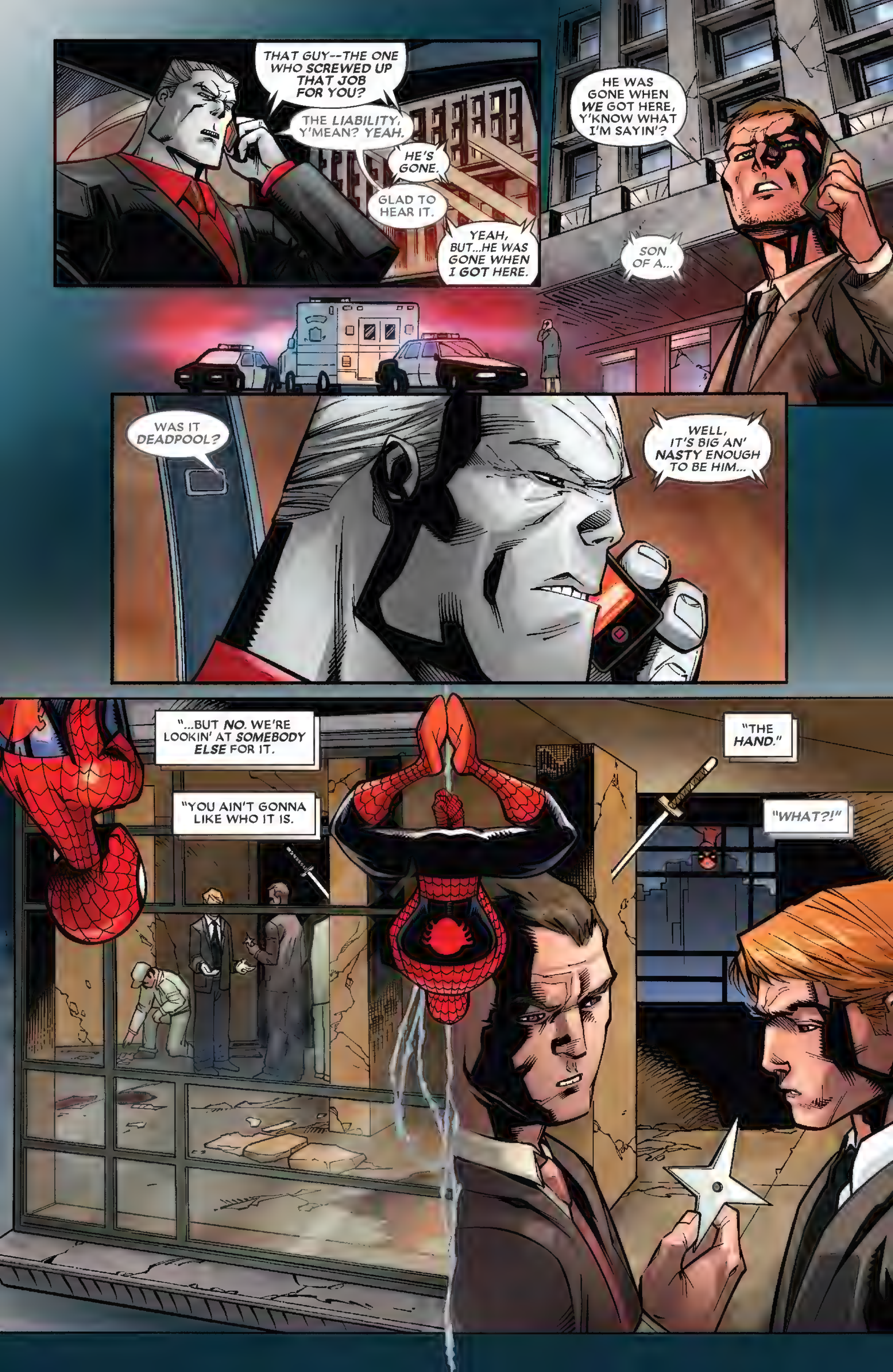

FOUR MONTHS AGO:
THIS IS IT?
YES.
GENETICS NOT BEING MY *PARTICULAR* AREA OF EXPERTISE, THERE WAS SOME *TRIAL AND ERROR* INVOLVED BUT THE PROCESS, ESSENTIALLY, IS *QUITE BASIC.*
ONCE I ISOLATED THE--
YOU DON'T SEEM T'BE GETTIN' MY MEANING.
A #*$%#$ *MONTH* YOU'VE BEEN WORKIN' ON THIS, AN' ALL YA GOT FOR ME...
...IS *THIS?*
TWO OF 'EM?!
IT'S *ONE MORE THAN YOU NEED.*
ONCE INJECTED INTO THE SUBJECT'S BLOODSTREAM, THE SERUM'S EFFECT WILL BE ALMOST *IMMEDIATE*-- DEADPOOL'S HEALING FACTOR WILL BE NEGATED WITHIN *MINUTES.*
WHY SHOOT HIM WITH ANOTHER *DOSE* WHEN YOU CAN SHOOT HIM WITH A *HIGH-CALIBER ROUND...*
...AND ACTUALLY *KILL* THE BASTARD?

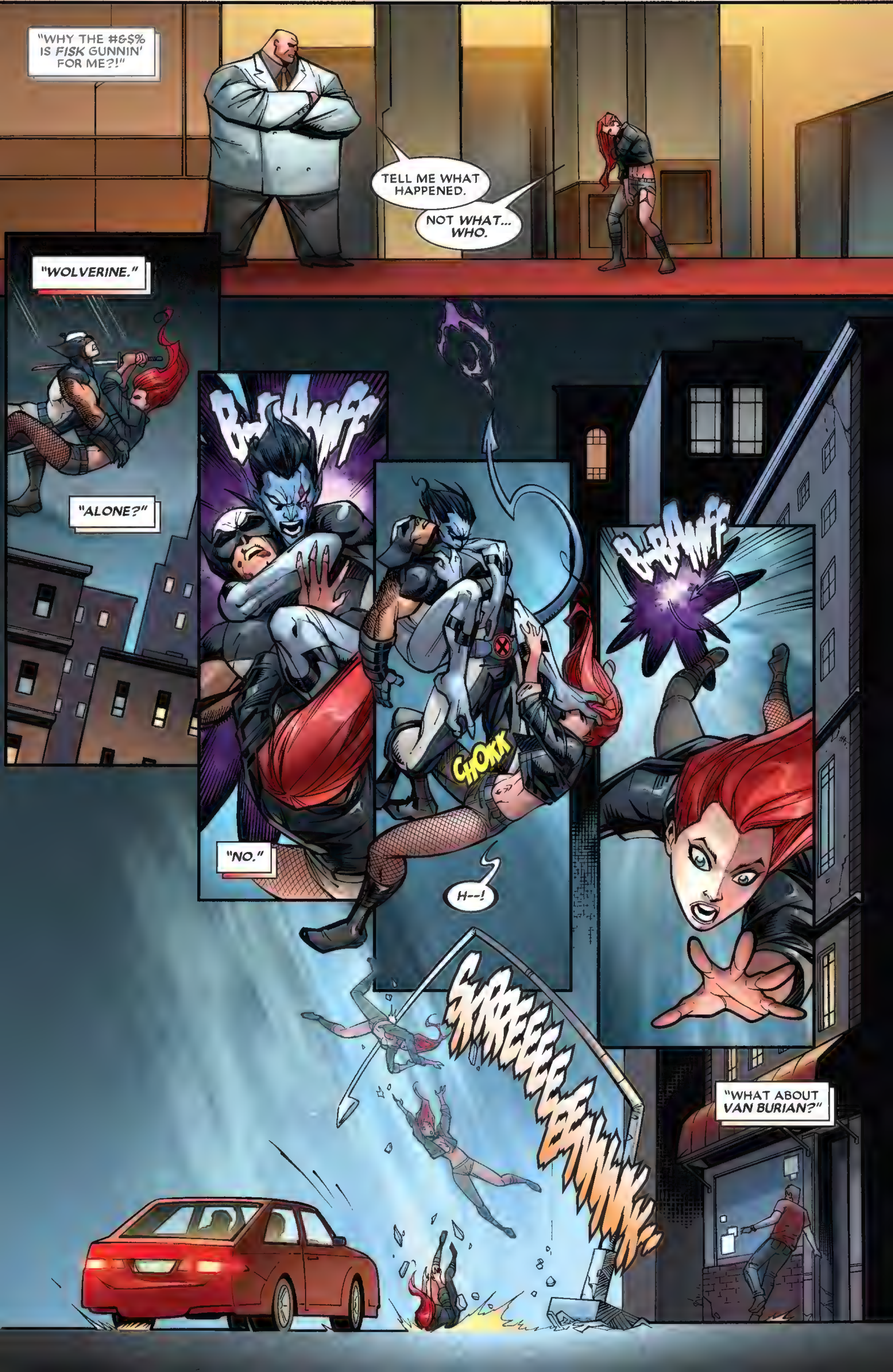

NOW:
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
WATCH YOUR FIRE!
EXCUSEZ-MOI?
APARTMENT WALLS AIN'T GONNA STOP A *BULLET* FROM HITTIN' A CIVILIAN IF YA *MISS.*
JE'N COMPRENDS PAS "*MISS*".
TU COMPRENDS "*TELEKINETIC FIRESTORM*"?

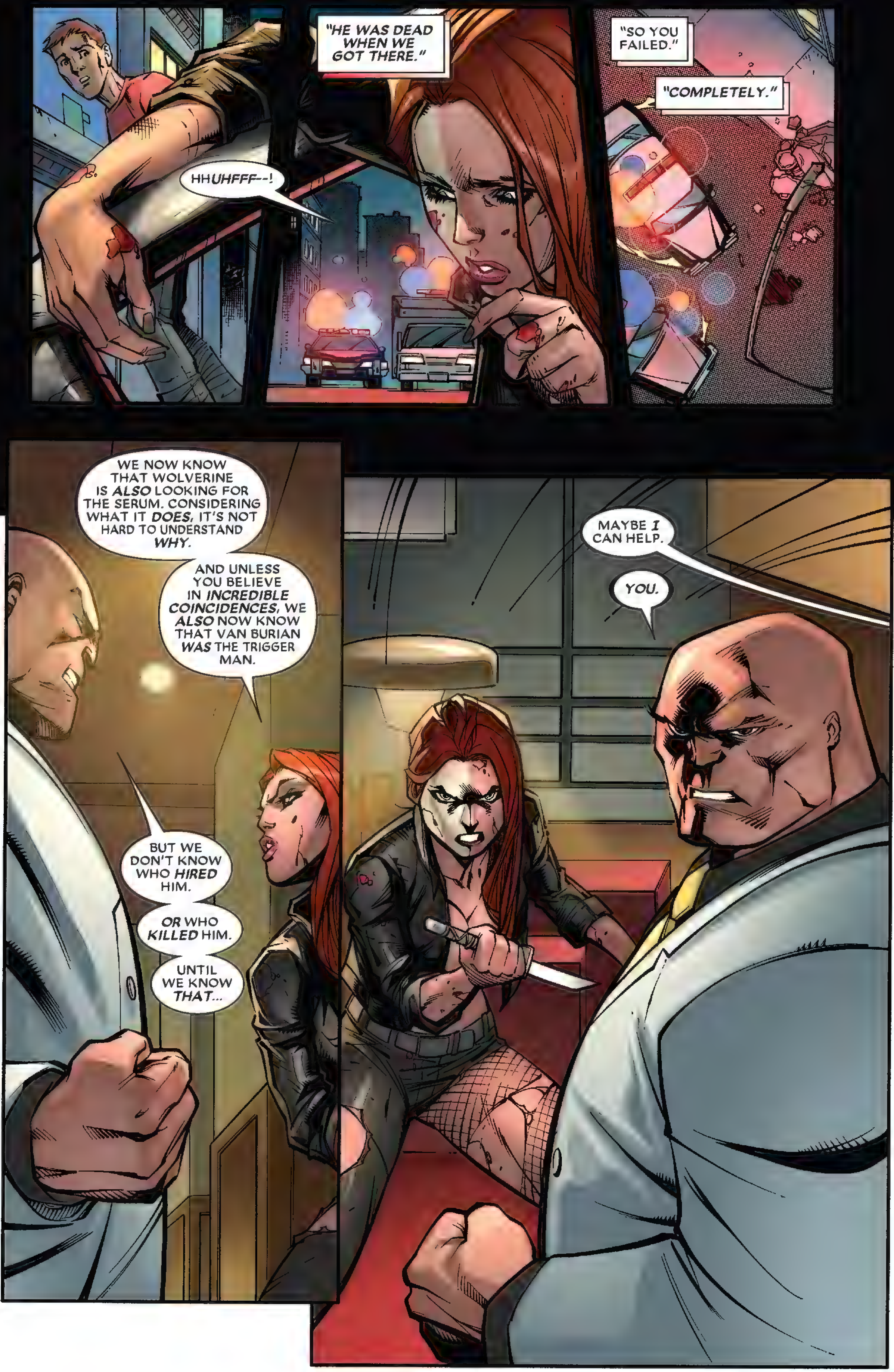

WWHURRRROOOOOOFFFF
WE NEED TO GET TYPHOID MARY OUT OF HERE BEFORE SHE BURNS DOWN THE ENTIRE BUILDING--ANY IDEAS?
YEAH.
WHAT ARE YOU GOING--
OH, WELL...
...GOOD LUCK WITH THAT.
THANKS.

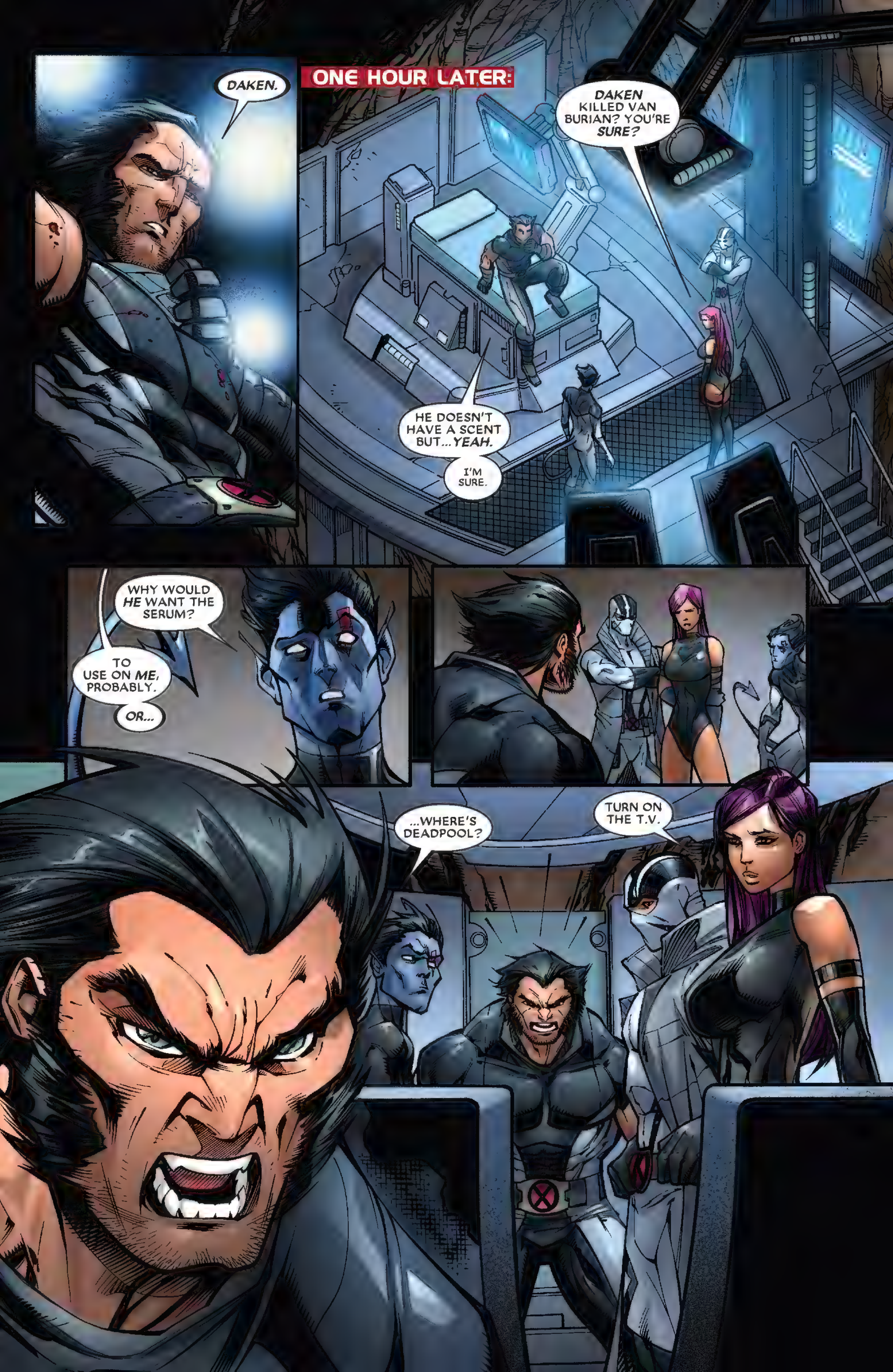

ANY *LAST* WORDS?
YEAH.
YOU FIRST.

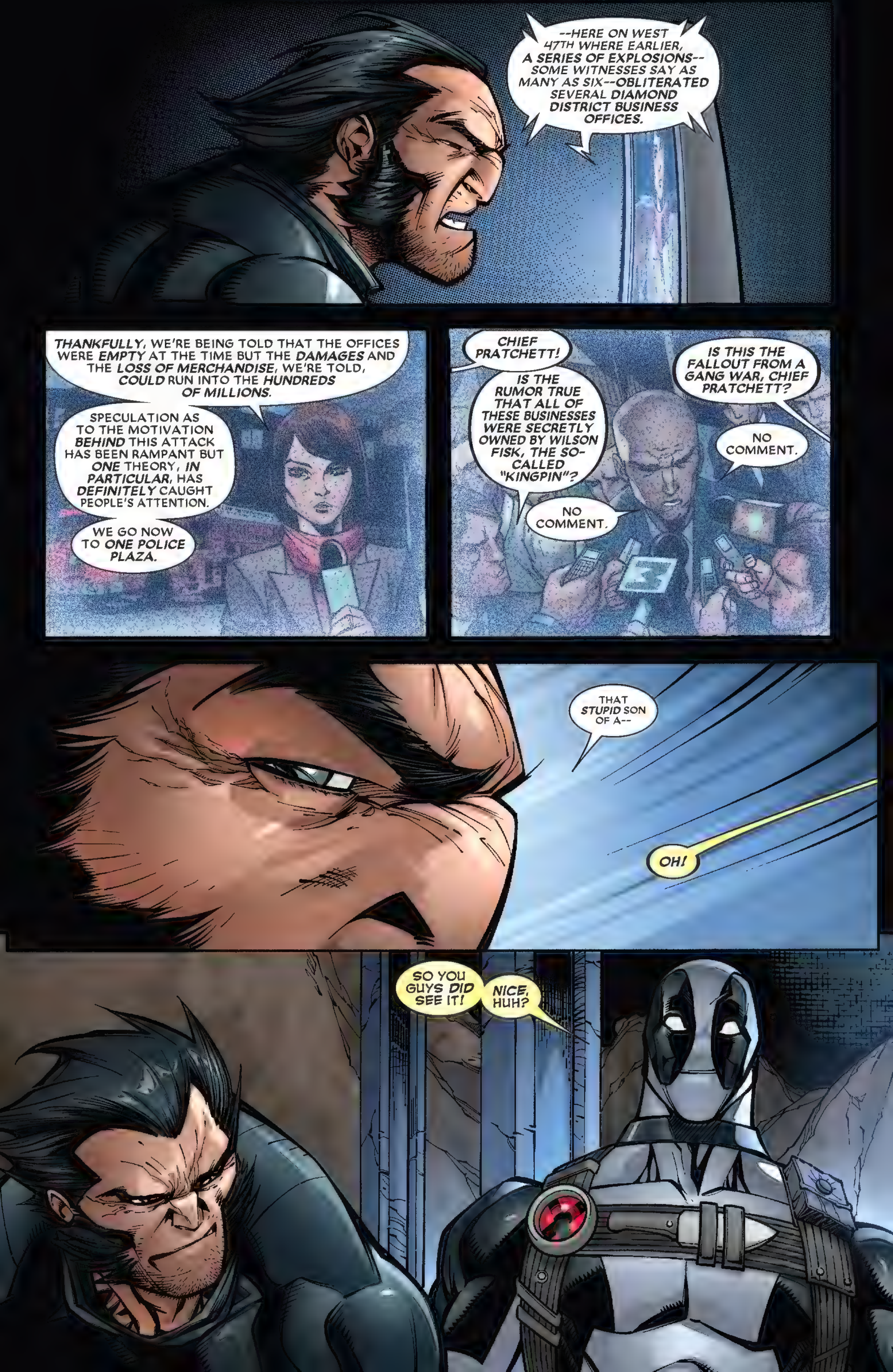

LOOKS LIKE MY X-PALS HAVIN' FUN...
"FUN"?! THIS ISN'T FUN, MR. WILSON, THIS IS...
...I DUNNO WHAT THIS IS!
WHAT ARE WE DOING?!
UHH... STICKING TO THE PLAN?
I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT THE PLAN IS!
ARE YOU SERIOUS?! YOU MEAN YOU ALREADY FORGOT--!
NO, I KNOW WHAT I'M SUPPOSED TO DO NEXT...I JUST DON'T KNOW WHY! I MEAN...GEEZ!
NOW THERE'S ALL THESE COPS INVOLVED...
COPS ARE THE LEAST OF OUR WORRIES, PAL.
WE GOTTA SCOOT BEFORE WE'RE SEEN...
BY WHO?
WAIT--!
VZZZZZZTTT

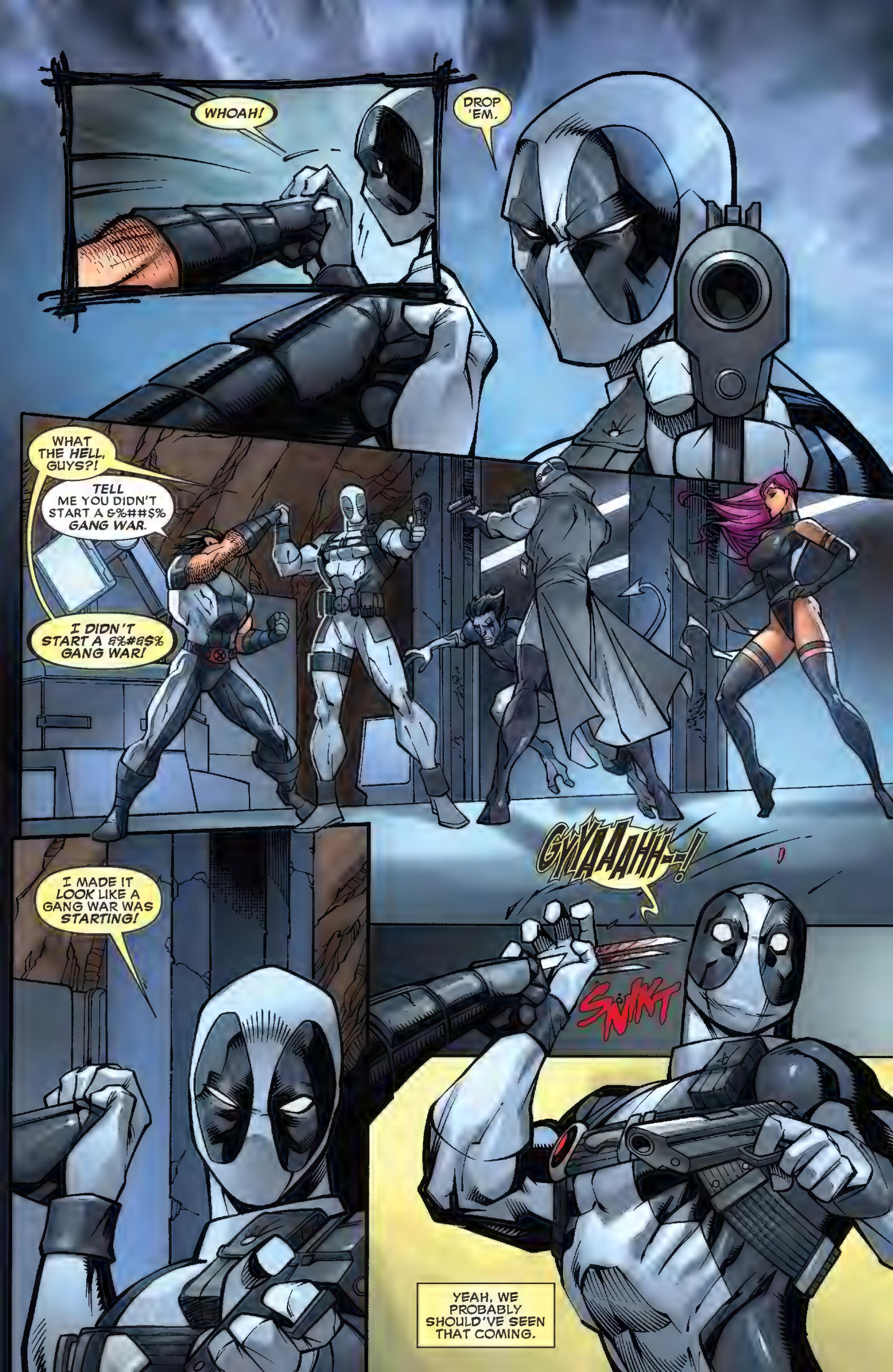

THAT GUY--THE ONE WHO SCREWED UP THAT JOB FOR YOU?
THE LIABILITY, Y'MEAN? YEAH.
HE'S GONE.
GLAD TO HEAR IT.
YEAH, BUT...HE WAS GONE WHEN I GOT HERE.
HE WAS GONE WHEN WE GOT HERE, Y'KNOW WHAT I'M SAYIN'?
SON OF A...
WAS IT DEADPOOL?
WELL, IT'S BIG AN' NASTY ENOUGH TO BE HIM...
"...BUT NO. WE'RE LOOKIN' AT SOMEBODY ELSE FOR IT.
"YOU AIN'T GONNA LIKE WHO IT IS.
"THE HAND."
"WHAT?!"

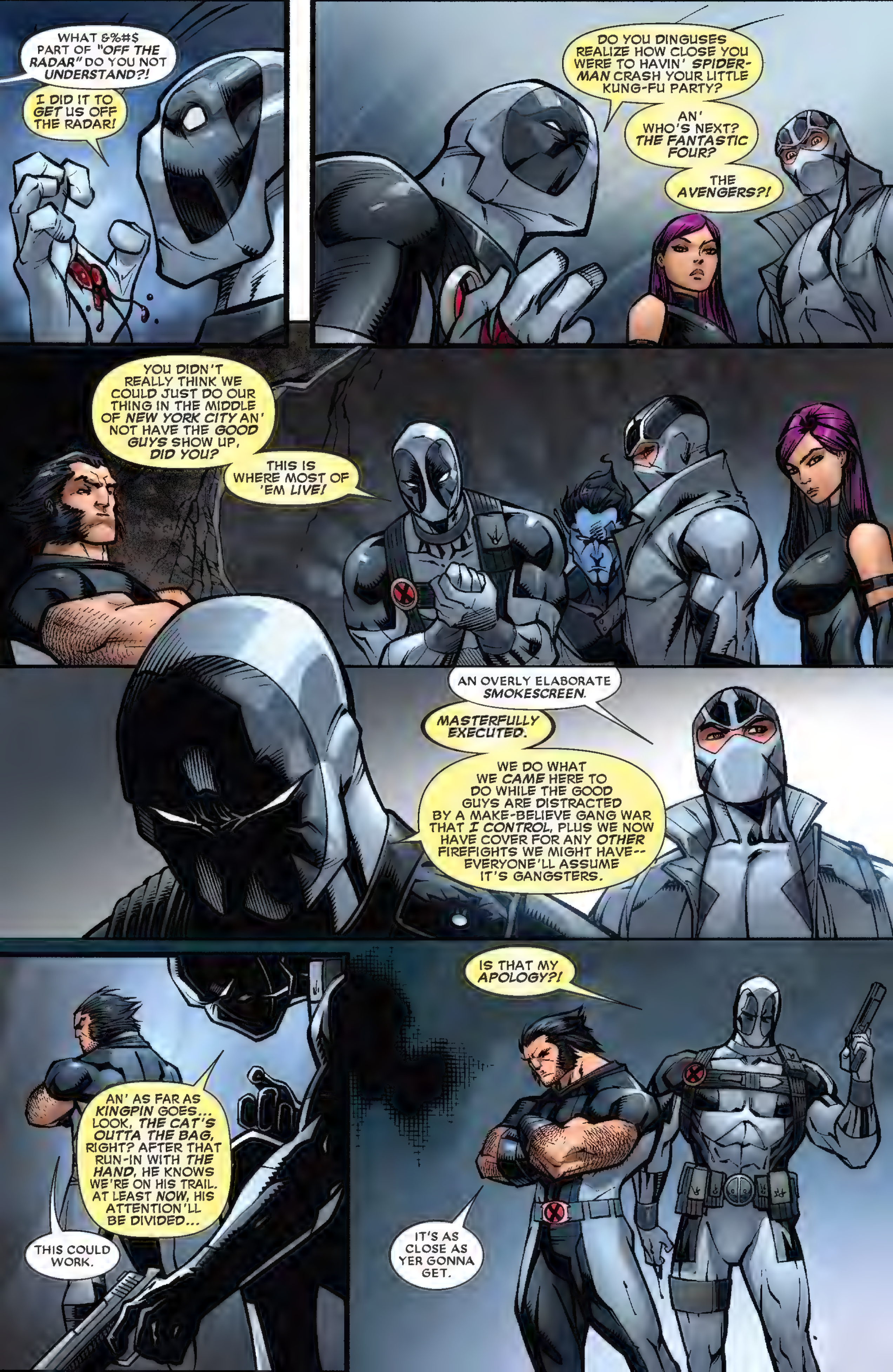

"WHY THE #&$% IS *FISK* GUNNIN' FOR ME?!"
TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED.
NOT WHAT... *WHO.*
"WOLVERINE."
"ALONE?"
B-BAMFF
"NO."
CHOKK
H--!
B-BAMFF
SKRREEEEEEENNNK!
"WHAT ABOUT *VAN BURIAN?*"

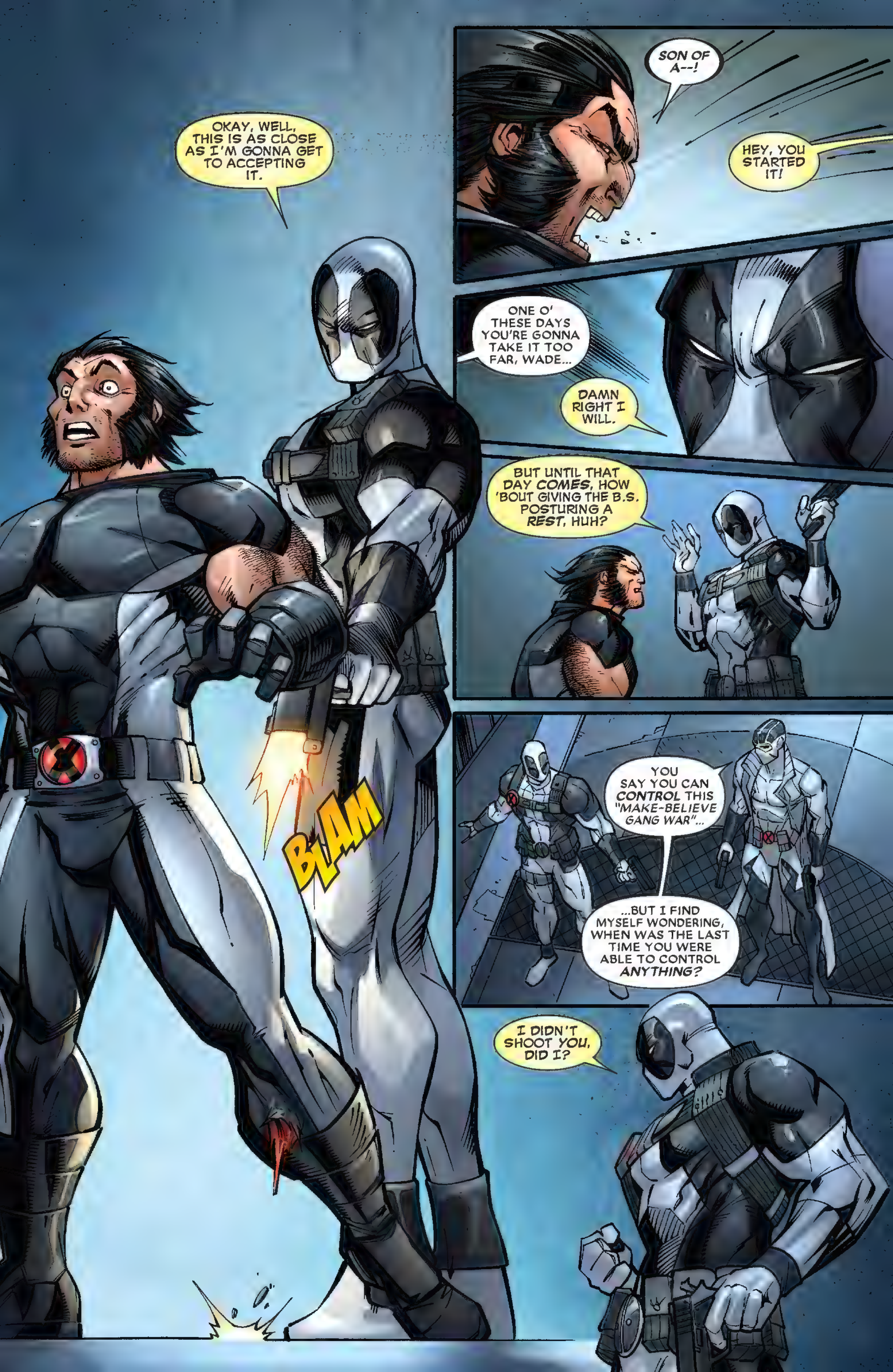

HHUHFFF--!
"HE WAS DEAD WHEN WE GOT THERE."
"SO YOU FAILED."
"COMPLETELY."
WE NOW KNOW THAT WOLVERINE IS ALSO LOOKING FOR THE SERUM. CONSIDERING WHAT IT DOES, IT'S NOT HARD TO UNDERSTAND WHY.
AND UNLESS YOU BELIEVE IN INCREDIBLE COINCIDENCES, WE ALSO NOW KNOW THAT VAN BURIAN WAS THE TRIGGER MAN.
BUT WE DON'T KNOW WHO HIRED HIM.
OR WHO KILLED HIM.
UNTIL WE KNOW THAT...
MAYBE I CAN HELP.
YOU.

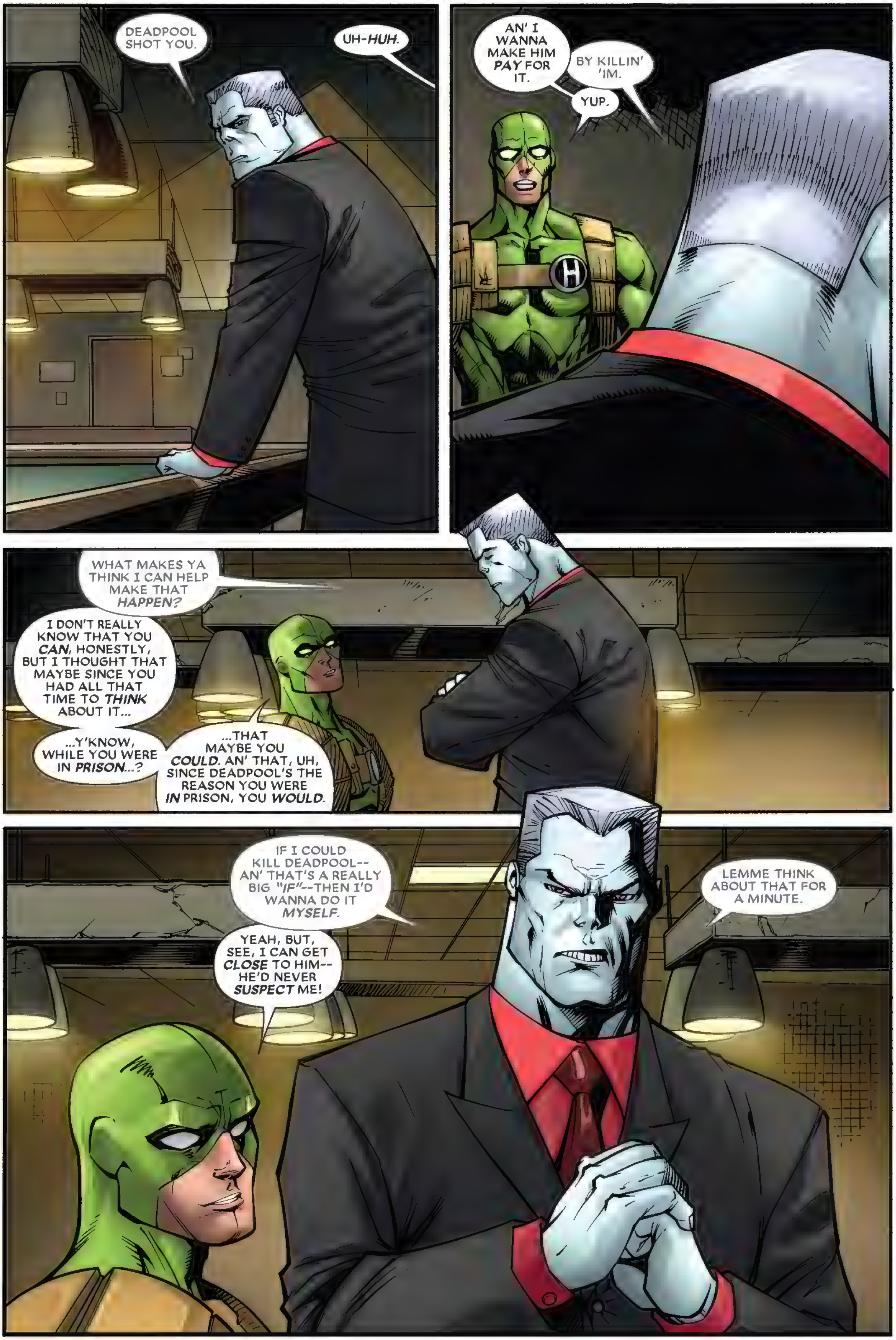

DAKEN.
ONE HOUR LATER:
DAKEN KILLED VAN BURIAN? YOU'RE *SURE?*
HE DOESN'T HAVE A SCENT BUT...*YEAH.*
I'M SURE.
WHY WOULD *HE* WANT THE SERUM?
TO USE ON *ME*, PROBABLY.
OR...
...WHERE'S DEADPOOL?
TURN ON THE T.V.

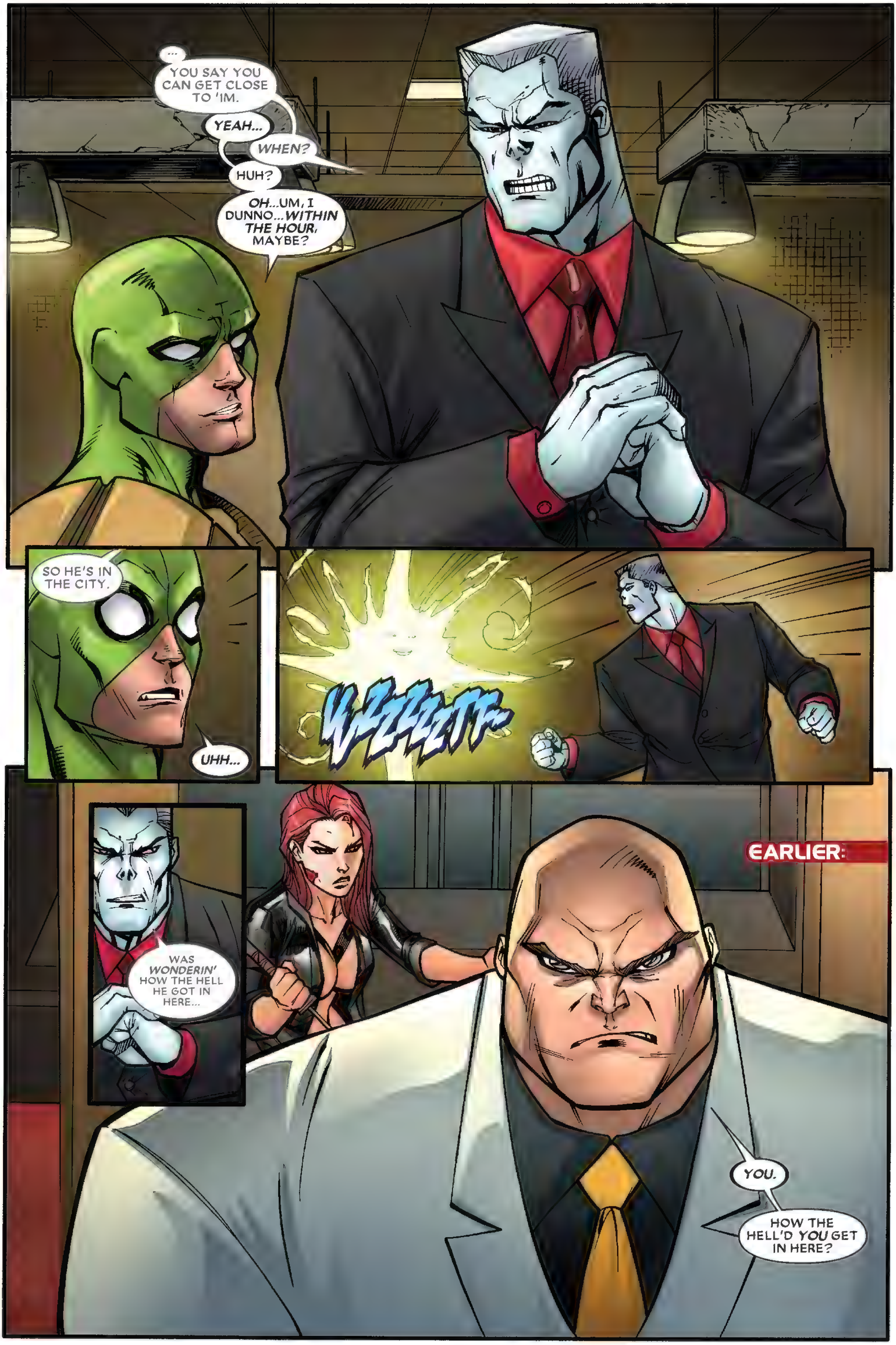

--HERE ON WEST 47TH WHERE EARLIER, A SERIES OF EXPLOSIONS--SOME WITNESSES SAY AS MANY AS SIX--OBLITERATED SEVERAL DIAMOND DISTRICT BUSINESS OFFICES.
THANKFULLY, WE'RE BEING TOLD THAT THE OFFICES WERE EMPTY AT THE TIME BUT THE DAMAGES AND THE LOSS OF MERCHANDISE, WE'RE TOLD, COULD RUN INTO THE HUNDREDS OF MILLIONS.
SPECULATION AS TO THE MOTIVATION BEHIND THIS ATTACK HAS BEEN RAMPANT BUT ONE THEORY, IN PARTICULAR, HAS DEFINITELY CAUGHT PEOPLE'S ATTENTION.
WE GO NOW TO ONE POLICE PLAZA.
CHIEF PRATCHETT!
IS THE RUMOR TRUE THAT ALL OF THESE BUSINESSES WERE SECRETLY OWNED BY WILSON FISK, THE SO-CALLED "KINGPIN"?
NO COMMENT.
IS THIS THE FALLOUT FROM A GANG WAR, CHIEF PRATCHETT?
NO COMMENT.
3
THAT STUPID SON OF A--
OH!
SO YOU GUYS DID SEE IT!
NICE, HUH?

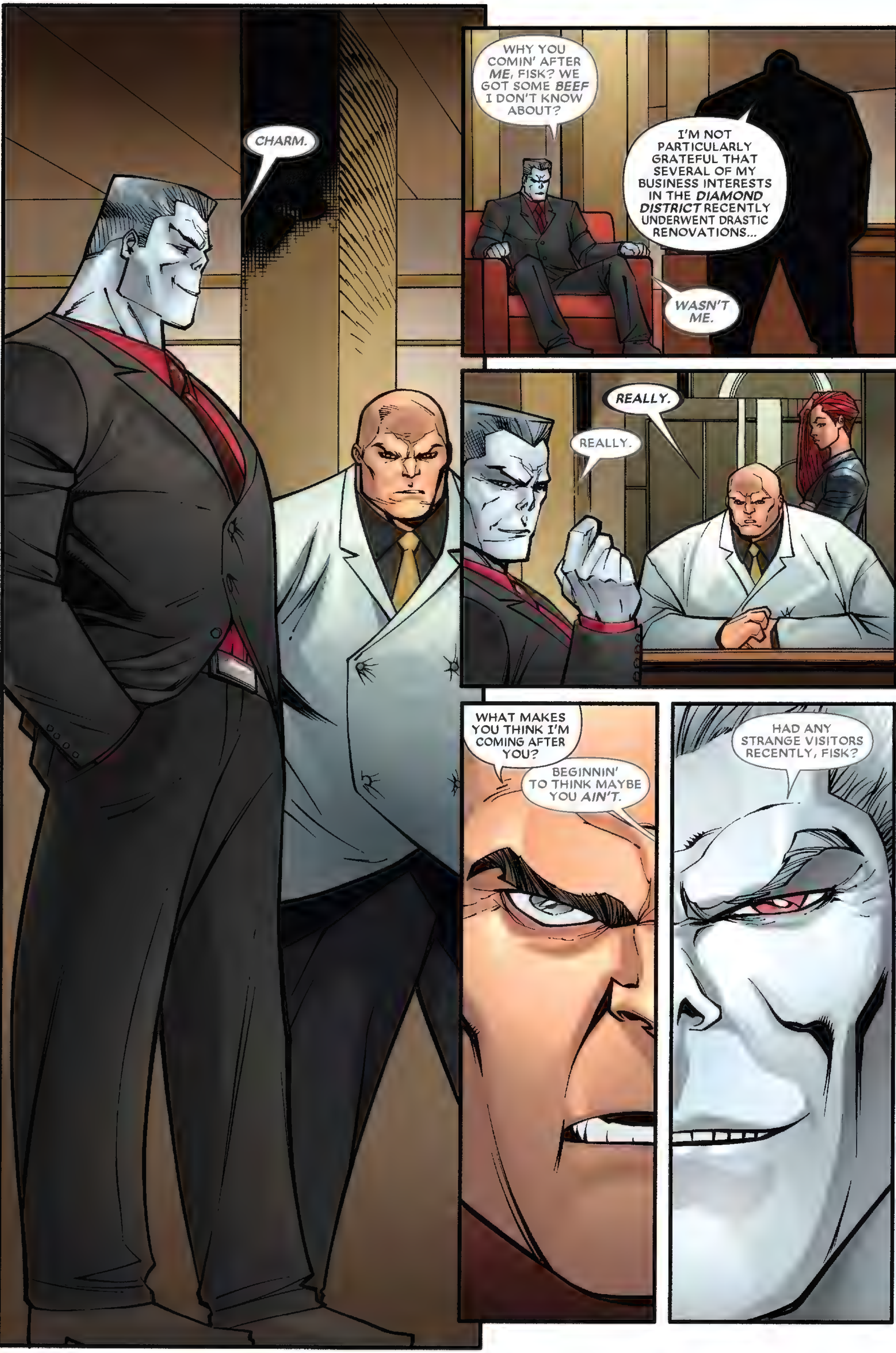

WHOAH!
DROP 'EM.
WHAT THE HELL, GUYS?!
TELL ME YOU DIDN'T START A &%##$% GANG WAR.
I DIDN'T START A &%#&$% GANG WAR!
I MADE IT LOOK LIKE A GANG WAR WAS STARTING!
GYYAAAHH--!
SNIKT
YEAH, WE PROBABLY SHOULD'VE SEEN THAT COMING.

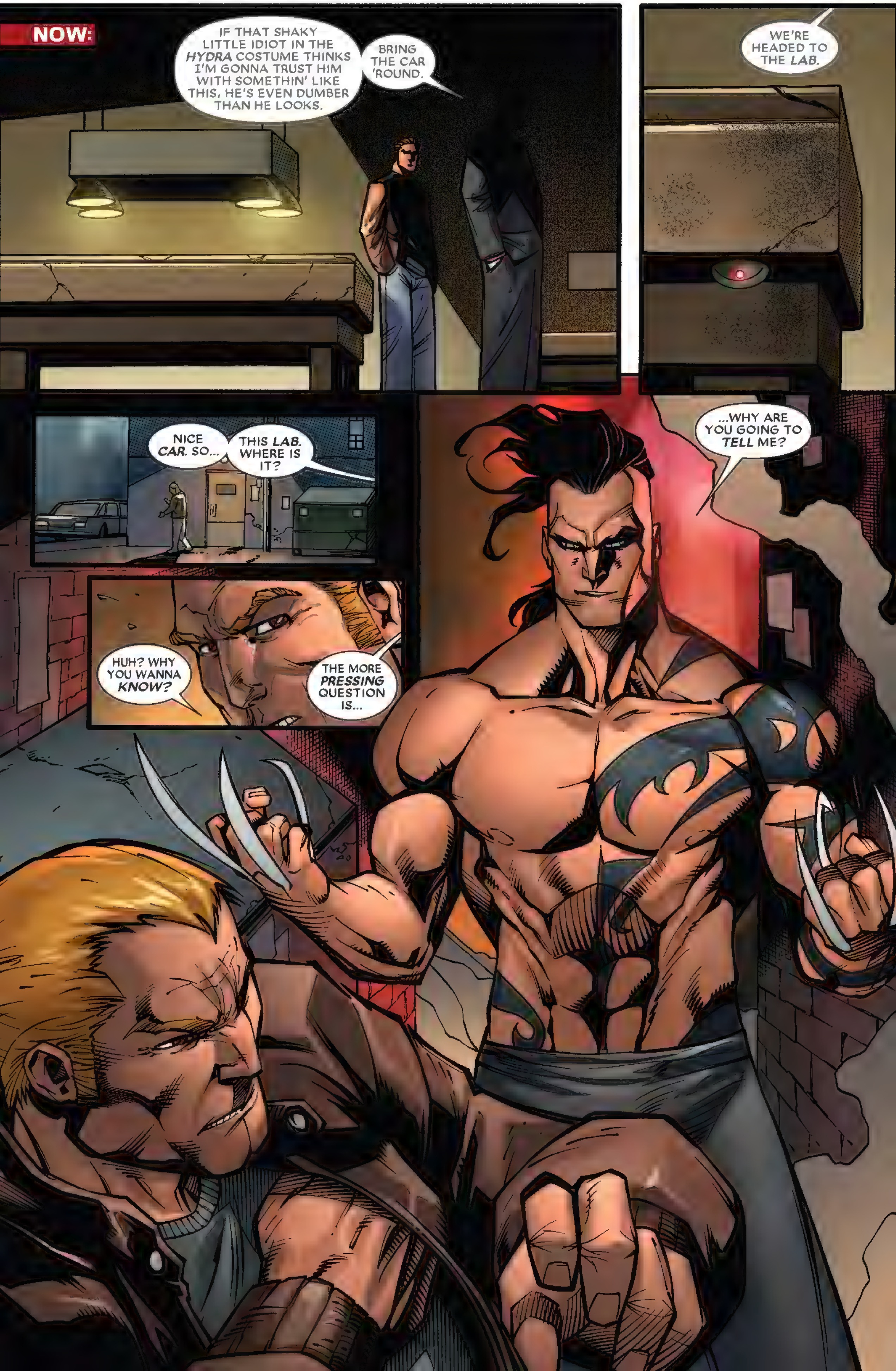

WHAT &%#$ PART OF "OFF THE RADAR" DO YOU NOT UNDERSTAND?!
I DID IT TO GET US OFF THE RADAR!
DO YOU DINGUSES REALIZE HOW CLOSE YOU WERE TO HAVIN' SPIDER-MAN CRASH YOUR LITTLE KUNG-FU PARTY?
AN' WHO'S NEXT? THE FANTASTIC FOUR?
THE AVENGERS?!
YOU DIDN'T REALLY THINK WE COULD JUST DO OUR THING IN THE MIDDLE OF NEW YORK CITY AN' NOT HAVE THE GOOD GUYS SHOW UP, DID YOU?
THIS IS WHERE MOST OF 'EM LIVE!
AN OVERLY ELABORATE SMOKESCREEN.
MASTERFULLY EXECUTED.
WE DO WHAT WE CAME HERE TO DO WHILE THE GOOD GUYS ARE DISTRACTED BY A MAKE-BELIEVE GANG WAR THAT I CONTROL, PLUS WE NOW HAVE COVER FOR ANY OTHER FIREFIGHTS WE MIGHT HAVE-- EVERYONE'LL ASSUME IT'S GANGSTERS.
AN' AS FAR AS KINGPIN GOES... LOOK, THE CAT'S OUTTA THE BAG, RIGHT? AFTER THAT RUN-IN WITH THE HAND, HE KNOWS WE'RE ON HIS TRAIL. AT LEAST NOW, HIS ATTENTION'LL BE DIVIDED...
THIS COULD WORK.
IS THAT MY APOLOGY?!
IT'S AS CLOSE AS YER GONNA GET.

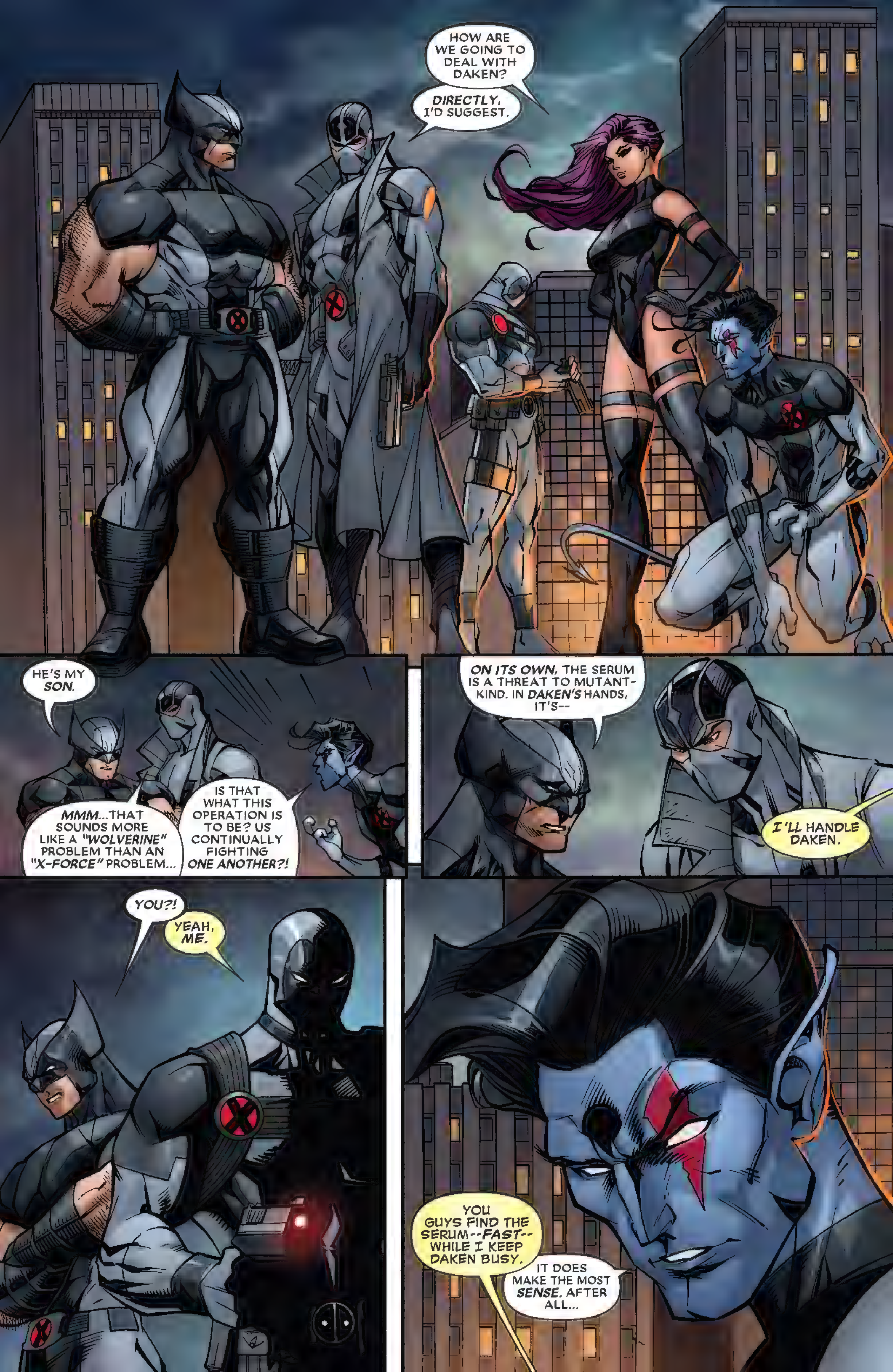

OKAY, WELL, THIS IS AS CLOSE AS I'M GONNA GET TO ACCEPTING IT.
BLAM
SON OF A--!
HEY, YOU STARTED IT!
ONE O' THESE DAYS YOU'RE GONNA TAKE IT TOO FAR, WADE...
DAMN RIGHT I WILL.
BUT UNTIL THAT DAY *COMES*, HOW 'BOUT GIVING THE B.S. POSTURING A *REST*, HUH?
YOU SAY YOU CAN **CONTROL** THIS *"MAKE-BELIEVE GANG WAR"*...
...BUT I FIND MYSELF WONDERING, WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME YOU WERE ABLE TO CONTROL *ANYTHING?*
I DIDN'T SHOOT *YOU*, DID I?

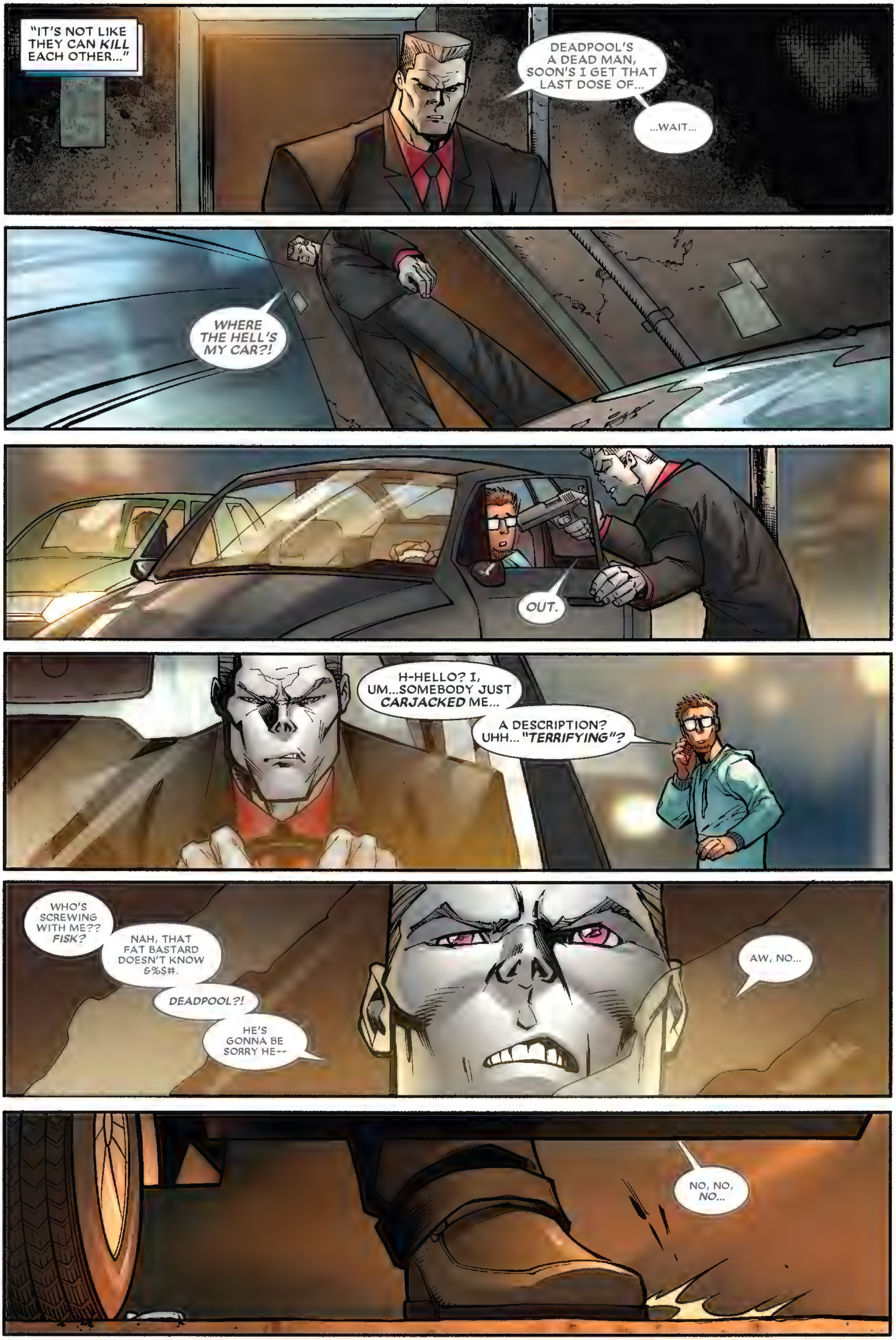

DEADPOOL SHOT YOU.
UH-*HUH.*
AN' I WANNA MAKE HIM *PAY* FOR IT.
BY KILLIN' 'IM.
YUP.
WHAT MAKES YA THINK I CAN HELP MAKE THAT *HAPPEN?*
I DON'T REALLY KNOW THAT YOU *CAN*, HONESTLY, BUT I THOUGHT THAT MAYBE SINCE YOU HAD ALL THAT TIME TO *THINK* ABOUT IT...
...Y'KNOW, WHILE YOU WERE IN *PRISON*...?
...THAT MAYBE YOU *COULD*. AN' THAT, UH, SINCE DEADPOOL'S THE REASON YOU WERE *IN* PRISON, YOU *WOULD*.
IF I COULD KILL DEADPOOL--AN' THAT'S A REALLY BIG *"IF"*--THEN I'D WANNA DO IT *MYSELF*.
YEAH, BUT, SEE, I CAN GET *CLOSE* TO HIM--HE'D NEVER *SUSPECT* ME!
LEMME THINK ABOUT THAT FOR A MINUTE.

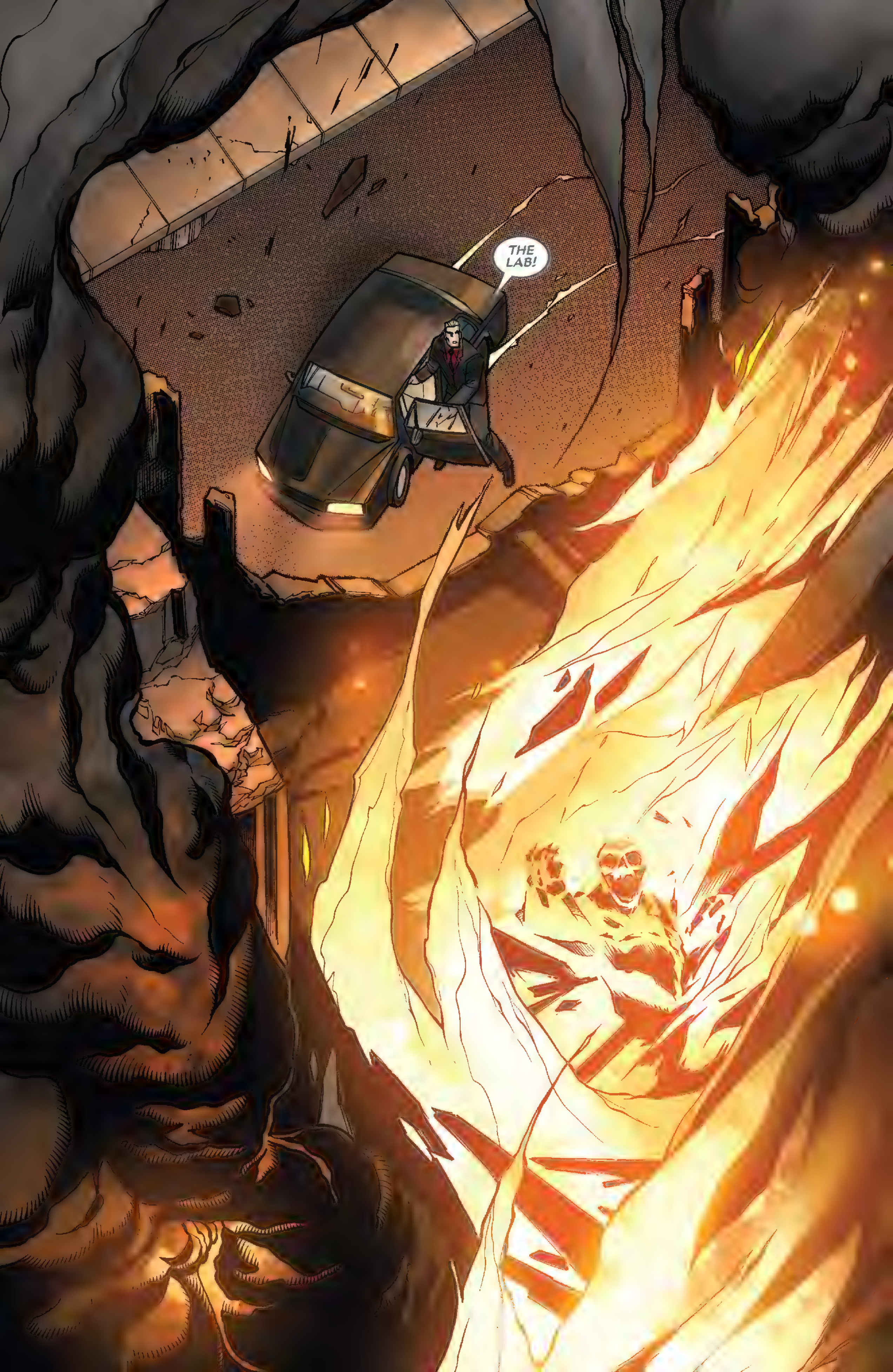

...
YOU SAY YOU CAN GET CLOSE TO 'IM.
YEAH...
WHEN?
HUH?
OH...UM, I DUNNO...WITHIN THE HOUR, MAYBE?
SO HE'S IN THE CITY.
UHH...
VZZZZZTT
WAS WONDERIN' HOW THE HELL HE GOT IN HERE...
EARLIER:
YOU.
HOW THE HELL'D YOU GET IN HERE?

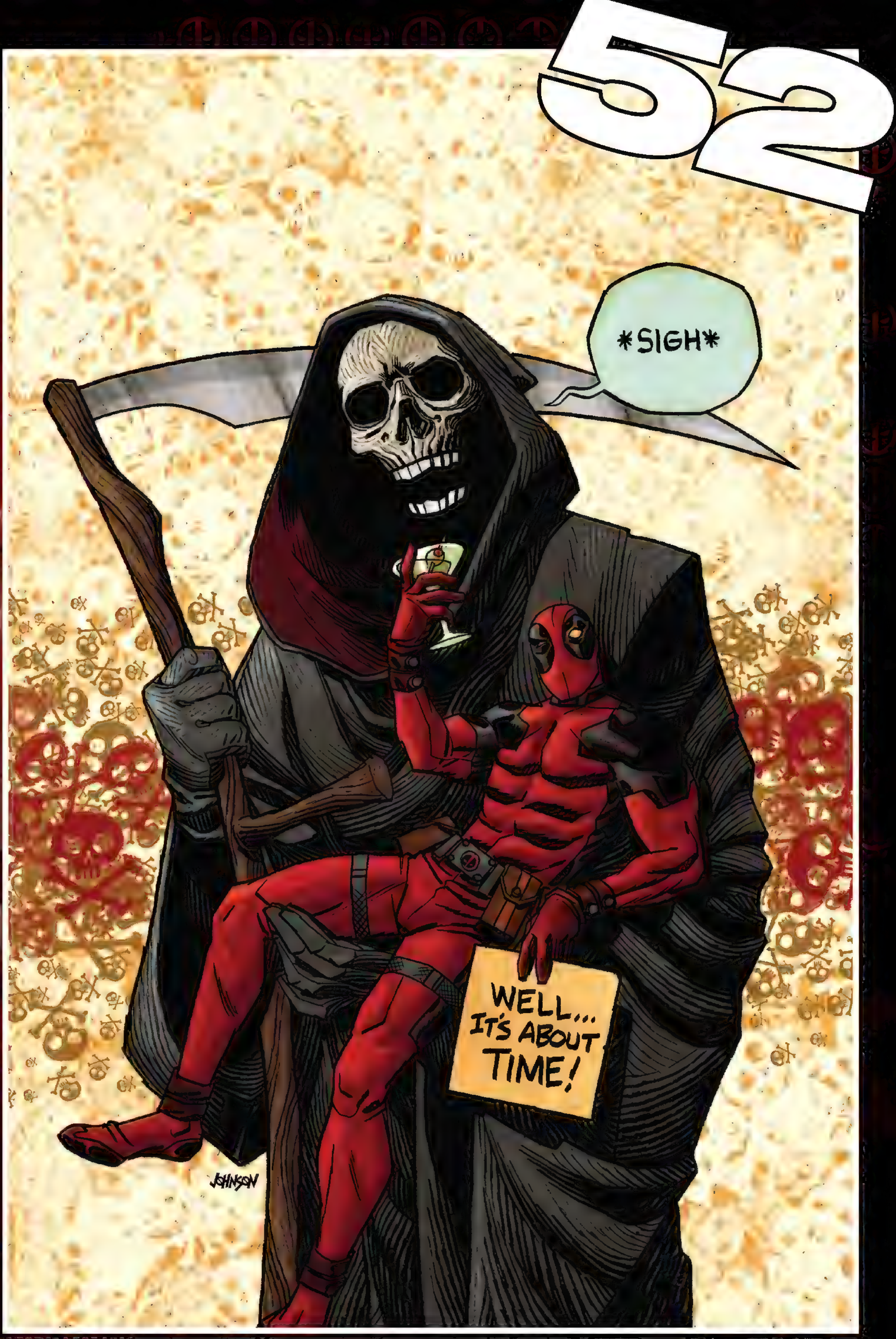

CHARM.
WHY YOU COMIN' AFTER *ME*, FISK? WE GOT SOME *BEEF* I DON'T KNOW ABOUT?
I'M NOT PARTICULARLY GRATEFUL THAT SEVERAL OF MY BUSINESS INTERESTS IN THE *DIAMOND DISTRICT* RECENTLY UNDERWENT DRASTIC RENOVATIONS...
WASN'T ME.
REALLY.
REALLY.
WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I'M COMING AFTER YOU?
BEGINNIN' TO THINK MAYBE YOU *AIN'T.*
HAD ANY STRANGE VISITORS RECENTLY, FISK?

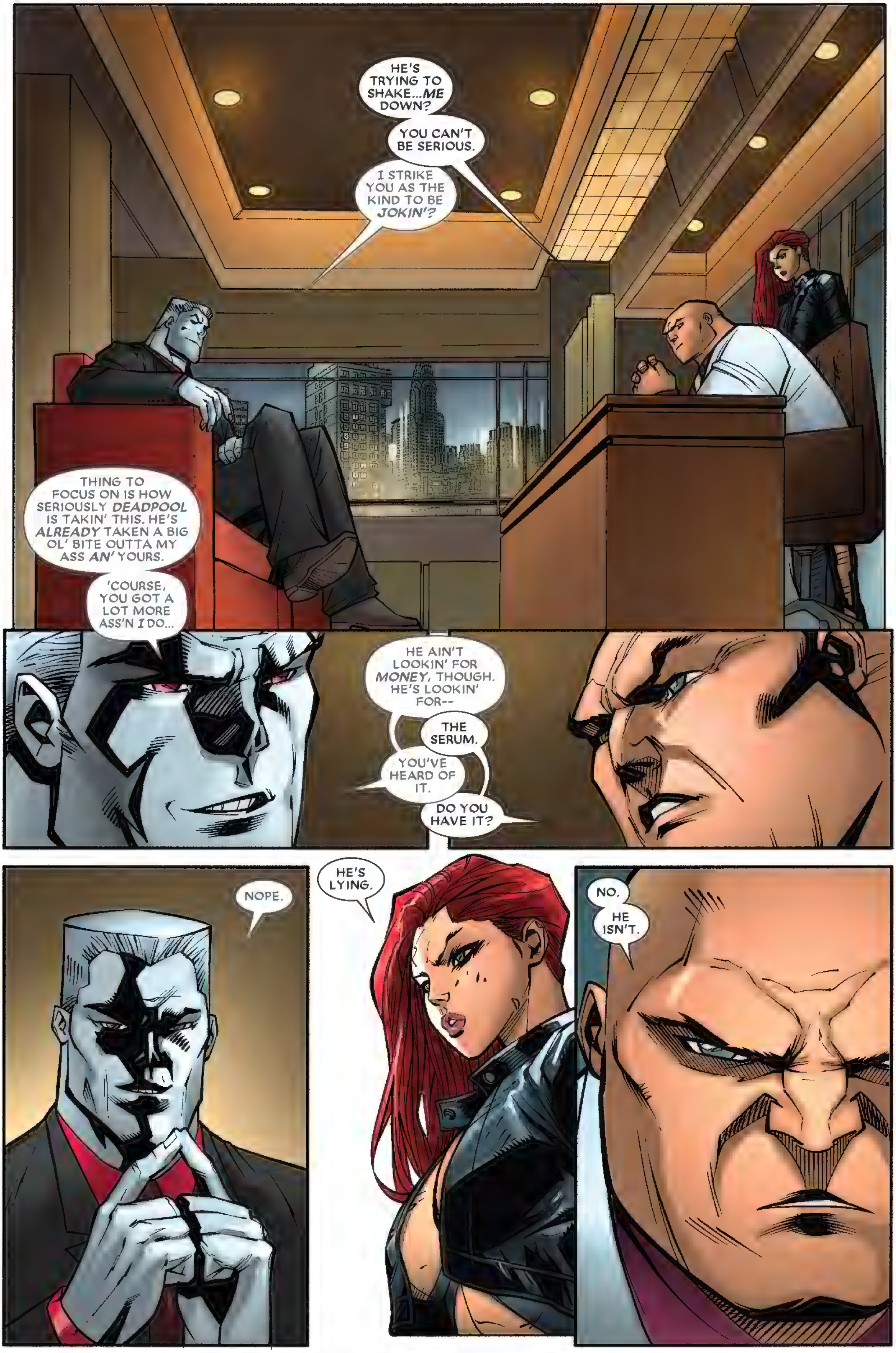

NOW:
IF THAT SHAKY LITTLE IDIOT IN THE *HYDRA* COSTUME THINKS I'M GONNA TRUST HIM WITH SOMETHIN' LIKE THIS, HE'S EVEN DUMBER THAN HE LOOKS.
BRING THE CAR 'ROUND.
WE'RE HEADED TO THE *LAB.*
NICE *CAR.* SO...
THIS *LAB.* WHERE IS IT?
HUH? WHY YOU WANNA *KNOW?*
THE MORE *PRESSING* QUESTION IS...
...WHY ARE YOU GOING TO *TELL* ME?

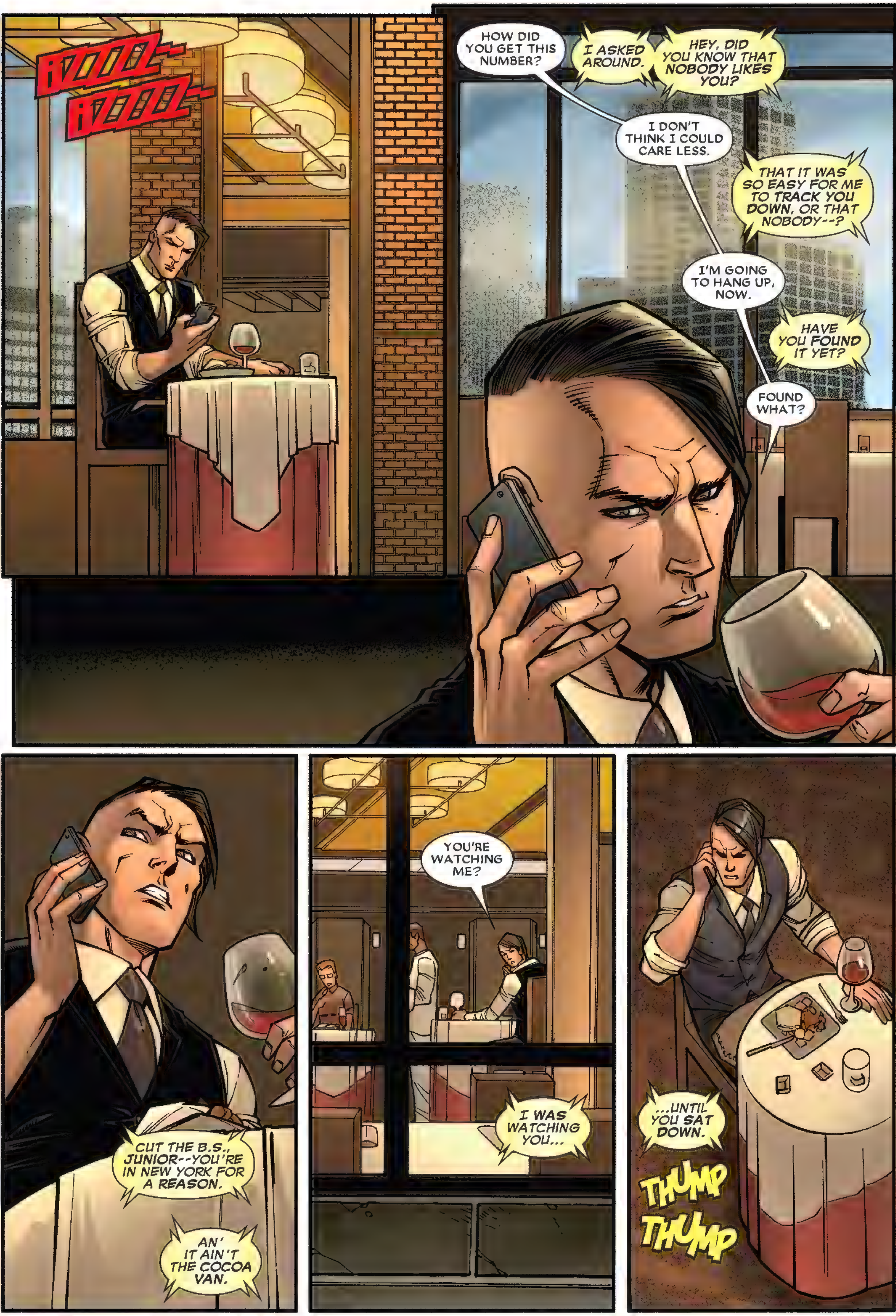

HOW ARE WE GOING TO DEAL WITH DAKEN?
DIRECTLY, I'D SUGGEST.
HE'S MY *SON*.
MMM...THAT SOUNDS MORE LIKE A *"WOLVERINE"* PROBLEM THAN AN *"X-FORCE"* PROBLEM...
IS THAT WHAT THIS OPERATION IS TO BE? US CONTINUALLY FIGHTING *ONE ANOTHER?!*
ON ITS OWN, THE SERUM IS A THREAT TO MUTANT-KIND. IN *DAKEN'S* HANDS, IT'S--
I'LL HANDLE DAKEN.
YOU?!
YEAH, *ME*.
YOU GUYS FIND THE SERUM--*FAST*--WHILE I KEEP DAKEN BUSY.
IT DOES MAKE THE MOST *SENSE*, AFTER ALL...

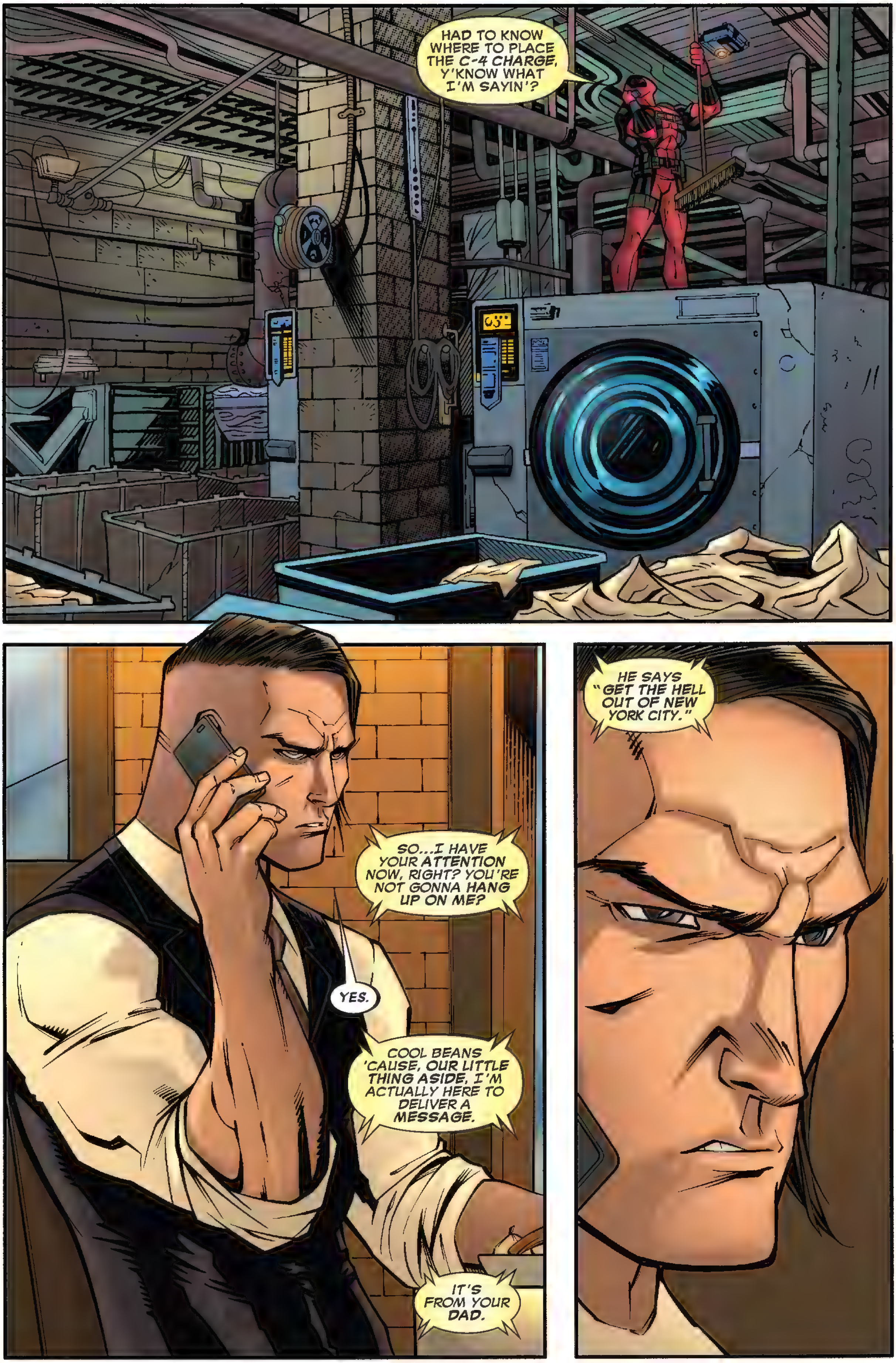

"IT'S NOT LIKE THEY CAN *KILL* EACH OTHER..."
DEADPOOL'S A DEAD MAN, SOON'S I GET THAT LAST DOSE OF...
...WAIT...
WHERE THE HELL'S MY CAR?!
OUT.
H-HELLO? I, UM...SOMEBODY JUST *CARJACKED* ME...
A DESCRIPTION? UHH... *"TERRIFYING"?*
WHO'S SCREWING WITH ME?? *FISK?*
NAH, THAT FAT BASTARD DOESN'T KNOW &%$#.
DEADPOOL?!
HE'S GONNA BE SORRY HE--
AW, NO...
NO, NO, *NO...*

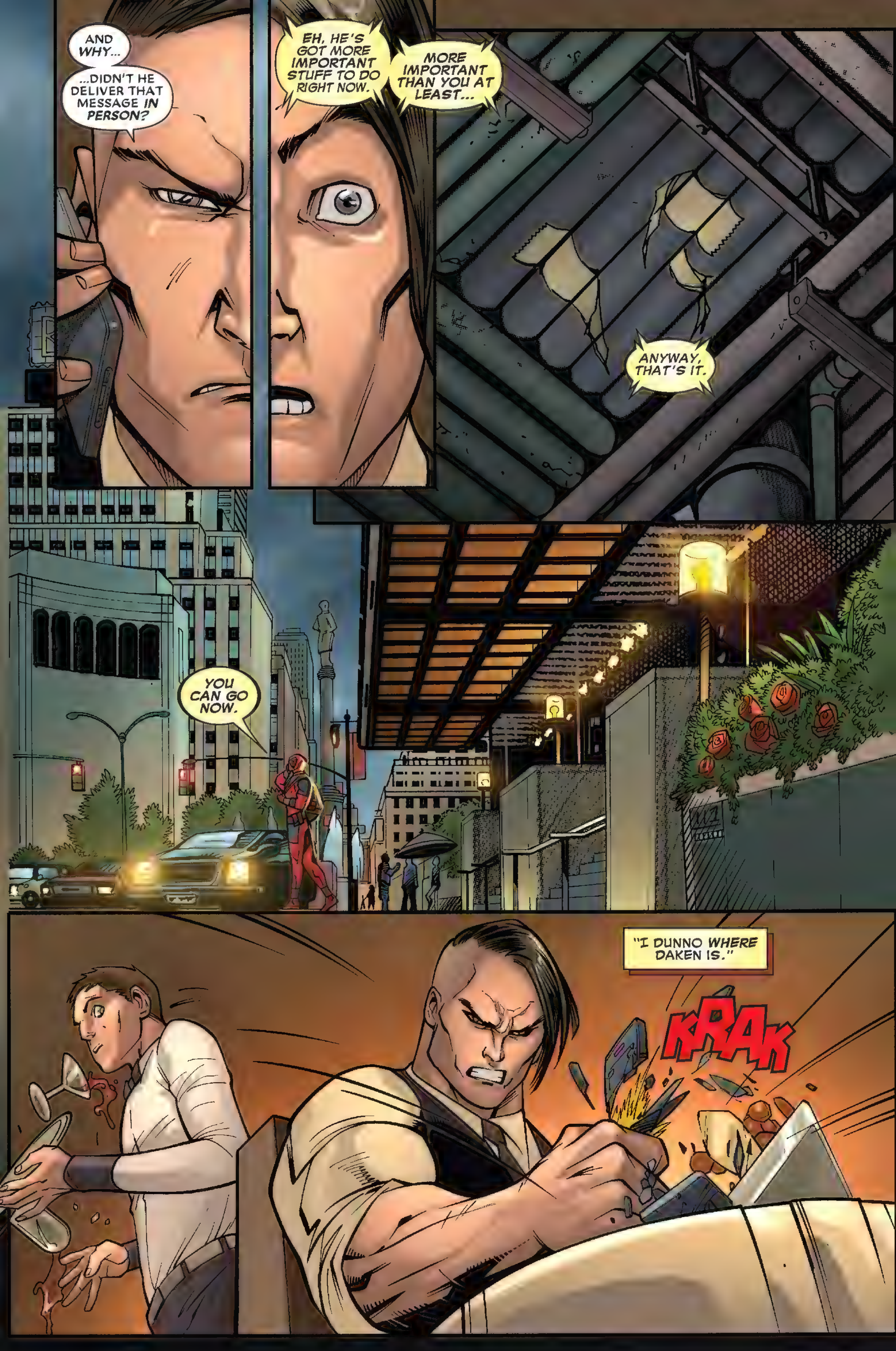

THE LAB!

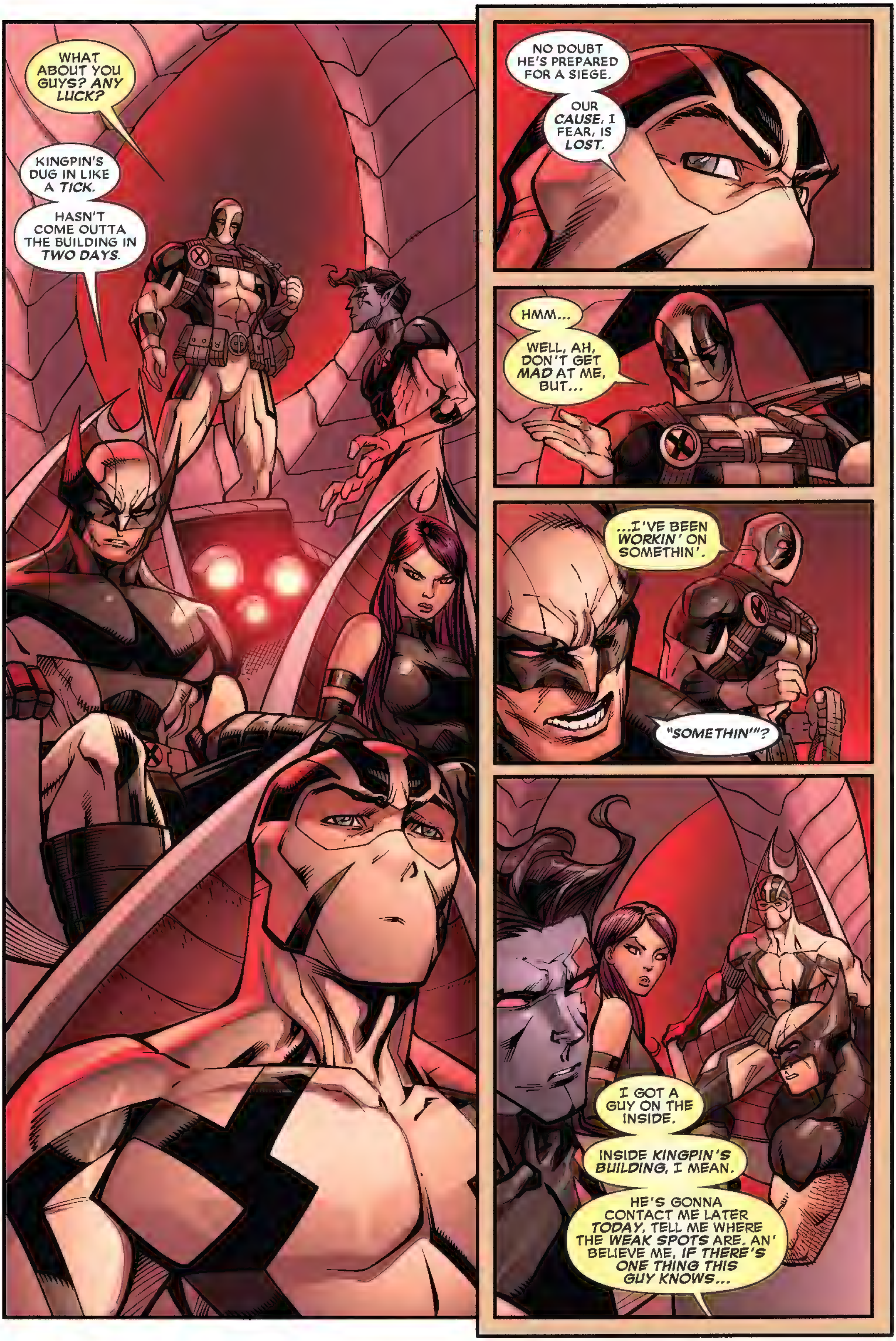

52
SIGH
WELL... IT'S ABOUT TIME!
JOHNSON

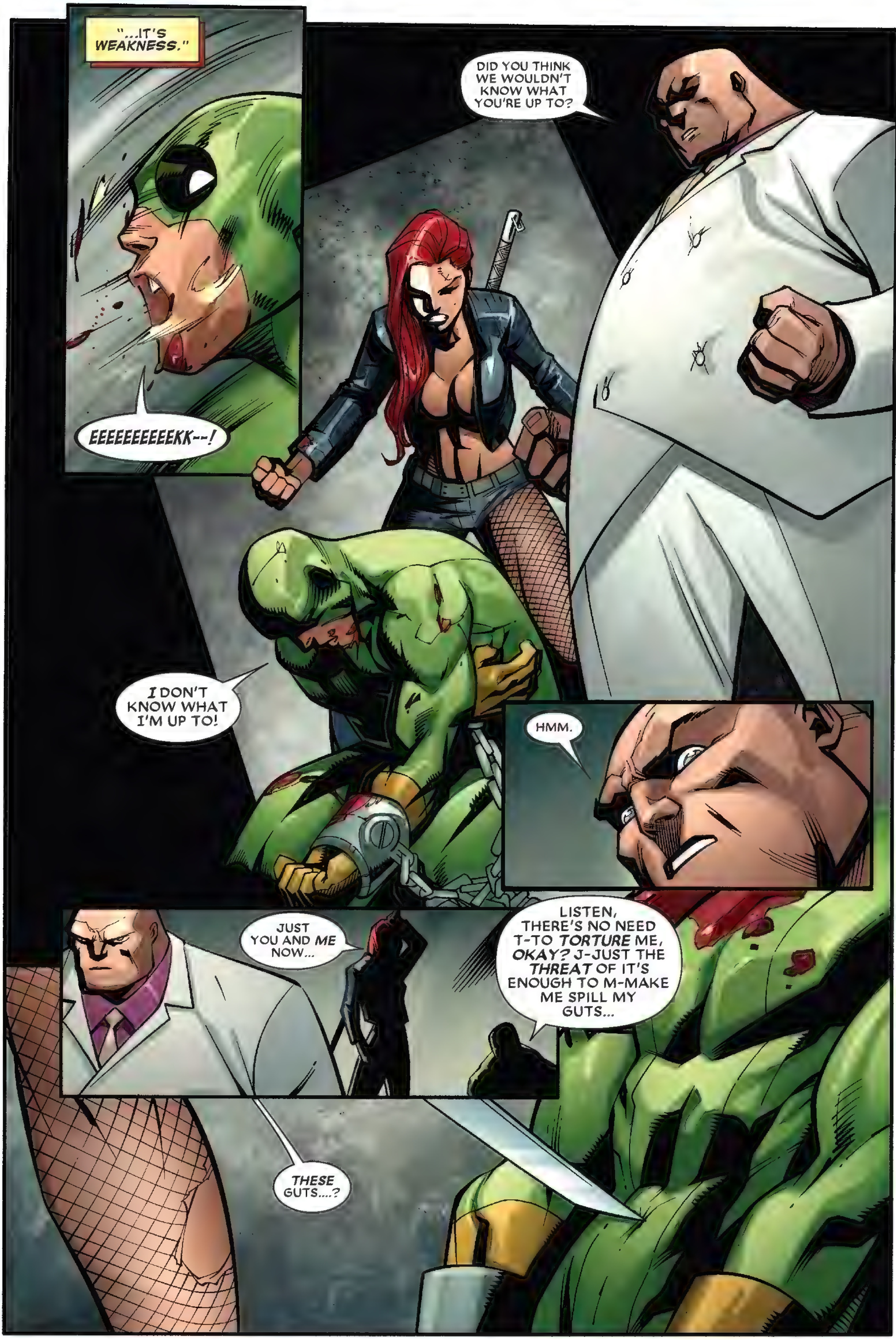

HE'S TRYING TO SHAKE...*ME* DOWN?
YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS.
I STRIKE YOU AS THE KIND TO BE *JOKIN'?*
THING TO FOCUS ON IS HOW SERIOUSLY *DEADPOOL* IS TAKIN' THIS. HE'S *ALREADY* TAKEN A BIG OL' BITE OUTTA MY ASS *AN'* YOURS.
'COURSE, YOU GOT A LOT MORE ASS'N *I* DO...
HE AIN'T LOOKIN' FOR *MONEY*, THOUGH. HE'S LOOKIN' FOR--
THE SERUM.
YOU'VE HEARD OF IT.
DO YOU HAVE IT?
NOPE.
HE'S LYING.
NO.
HE ISN'T.

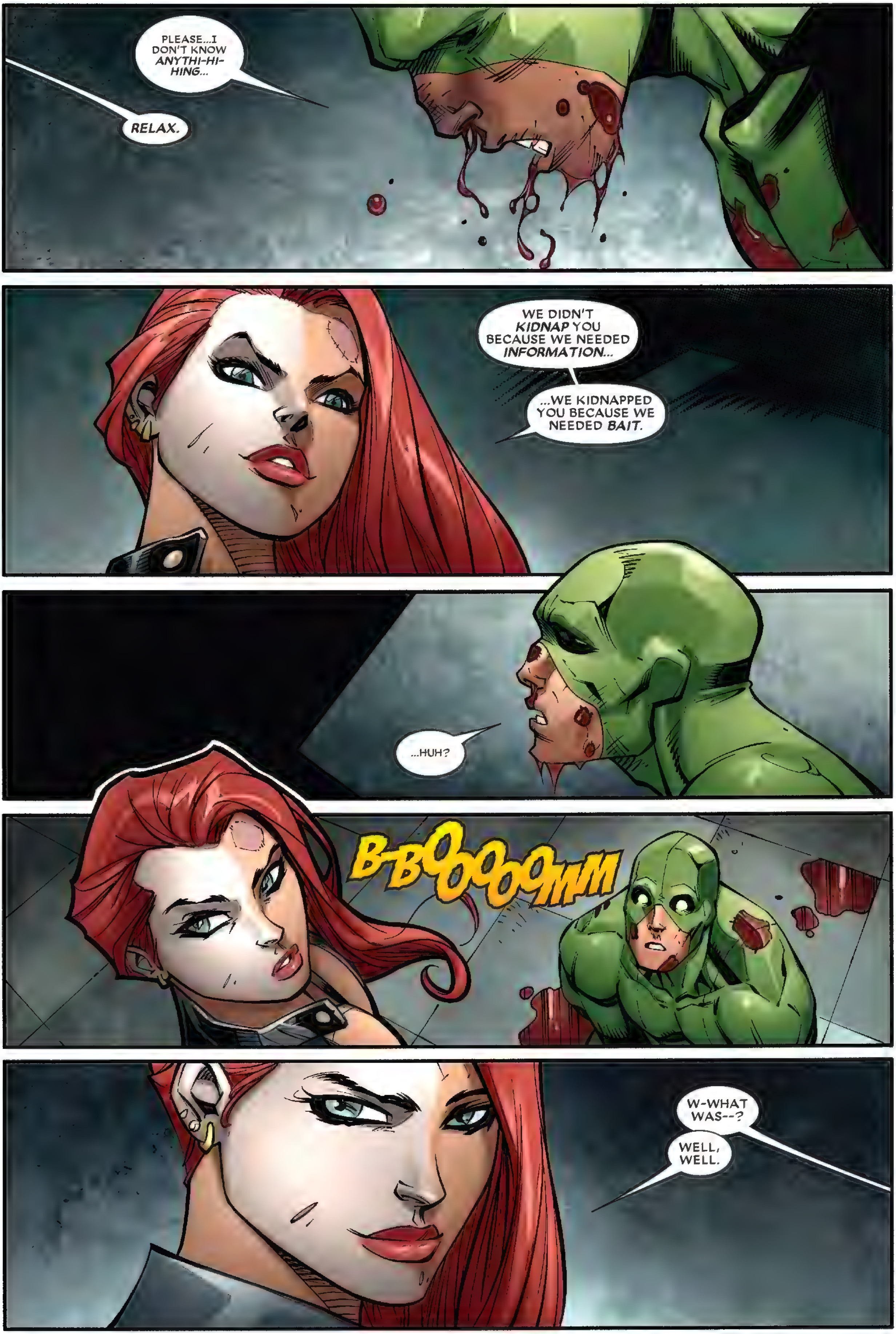

BZZZZ--
BZZZZ--
HOW DID YOU GET THIS NUMBER?
I ASKED AROUND.
HEY, DID YOU KNOW THAT NOBODY LIKES YOU?
I DON'T THINK I COULD CARE LESS.
THAT IT WAS SO EASY FOR ME TO TRACK YOU DOWN, OR THAT NOBODY--?
I'M GOING TO HANG UP, NOW.
HAVE YOU FOUND IT YET?
FOUND WHAT?
CUT THE B.S., JUNIOR--YOU'RE IN NEW YORK FOR A REASON.
AN' IT AIN'T THE COCOA VAN.
YOU'RE WATCHING ME?
I WAS WATCHING YOU...
...UNTIL YOU SAT DOWN.
THUMP
THUMP

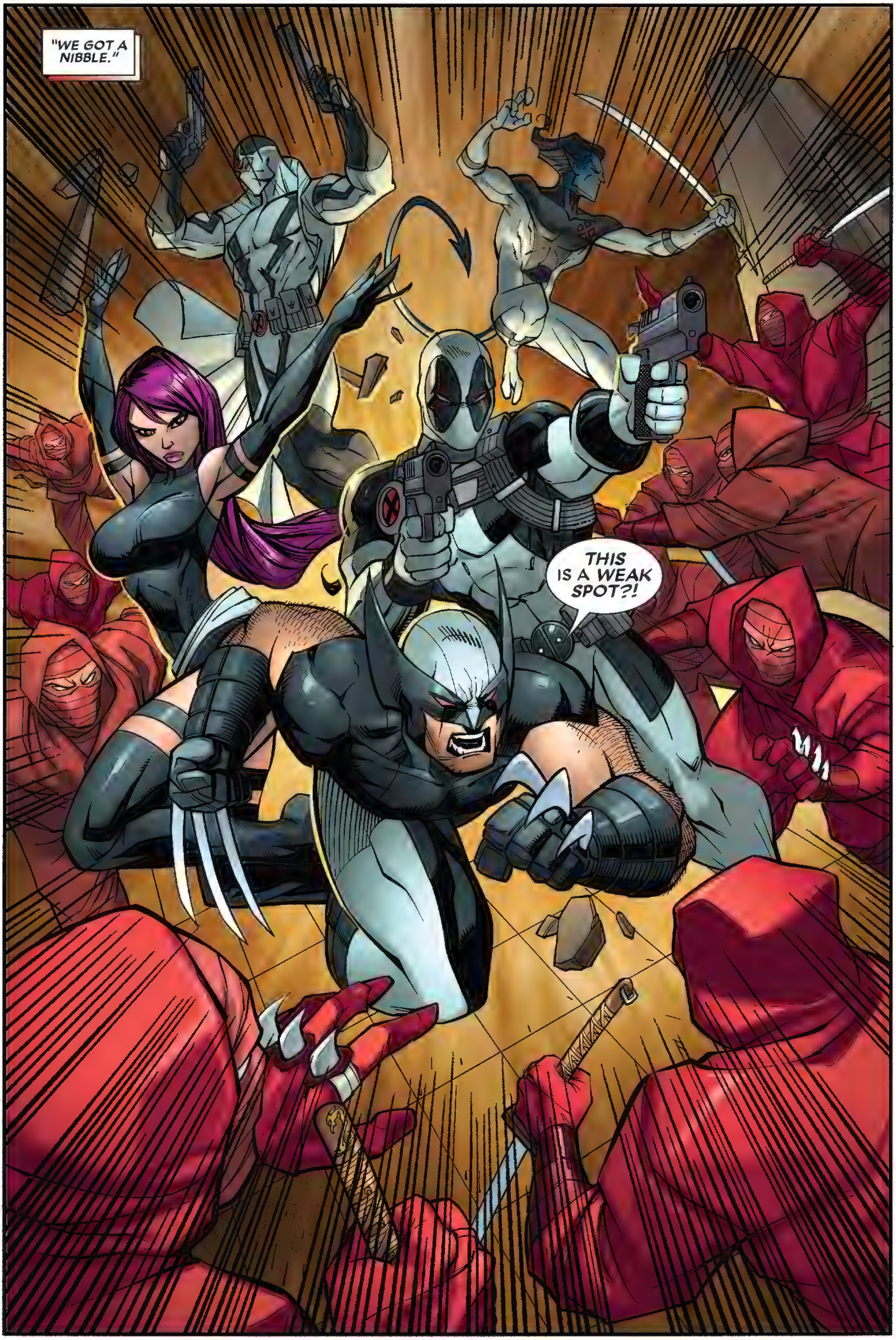

HAD TO KNOW WHERE TO PLACE THE C-4 CHARGE, Y'KNOW WHAT I'M SAYIN'?
SO...I HAVE YOUR ATTENTION NOW, RIGHT? YOU'RE NOT GONNA HANG UP ON ME?
YES.
COOL BEANS 'CAUSE, OUR LITTLE THING ASIDE, I'M ACTUALLY HERE TO DELIVER A MESSAGE.
IT'S FROM YOUR DAD.
HE SAYS "GET THE HELL OUT OF NEW YORK CITY."

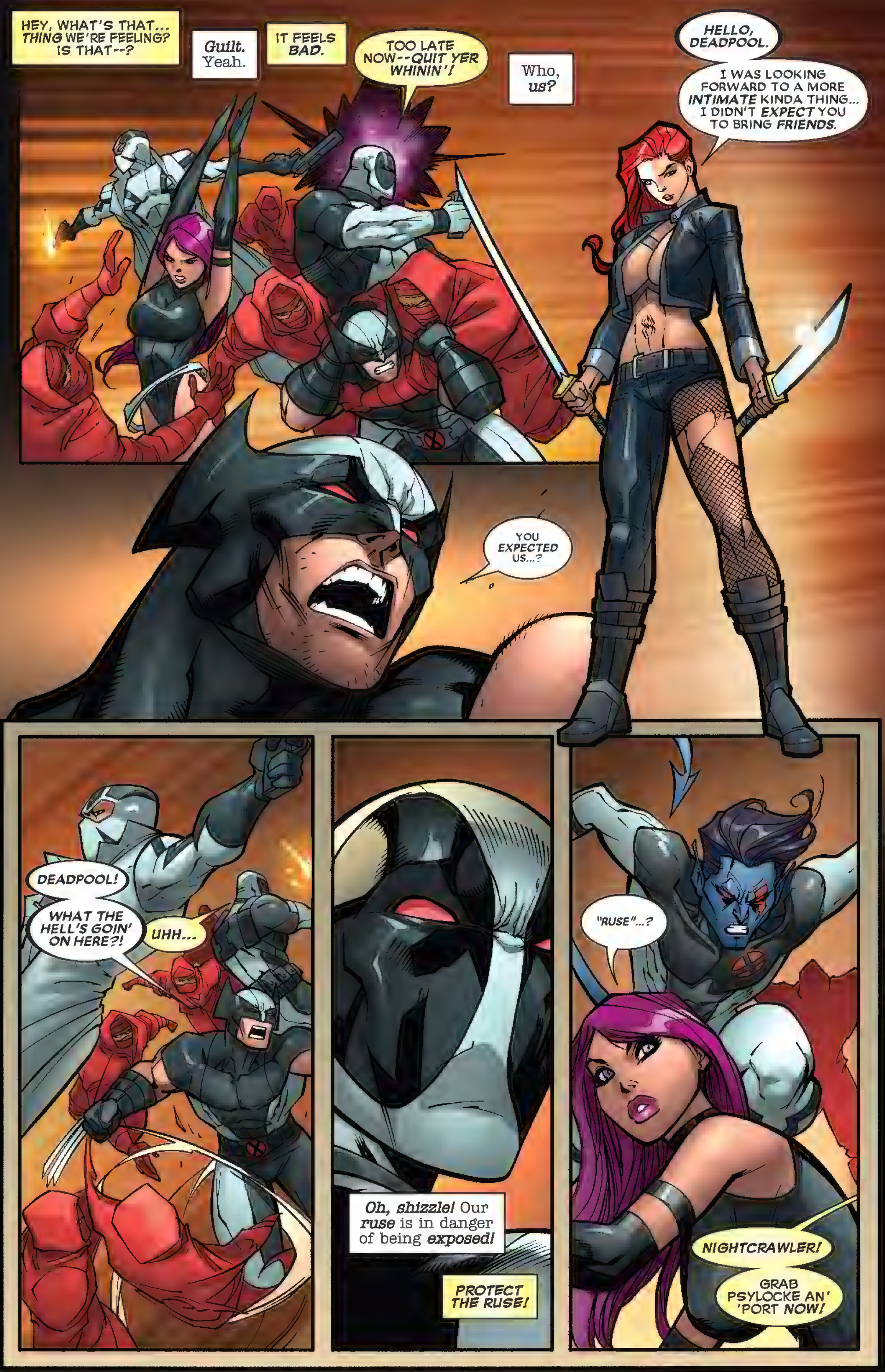

AND WHY...
...DIDN'T HE DELIVER THAT MESSAGE IN PERSON?
EH, HE'S GOT MORE IMPORTANT STUFF TO DO RIGHT NOW.
MORE IMPORTANT THAN YOU AT LEAST...
ANYWAY, THAT'S IT.
YOU CAN GO NOW.
"I DUNNO WHERE DAKEN IS."
KRAK

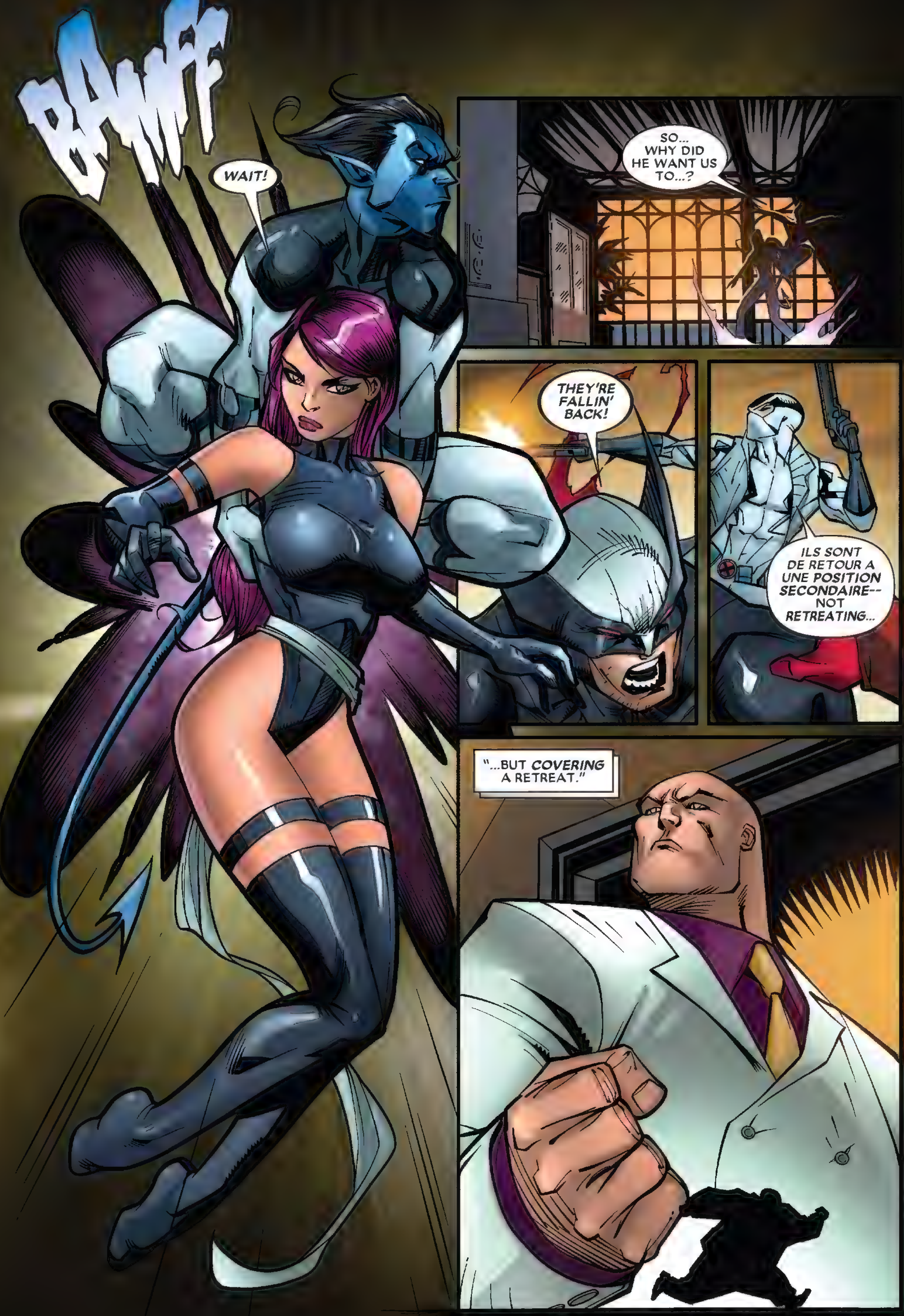

WHAT ABOUT YOU GUYS? ANY LUCK?
KINGPIN'S DUG IN LIKE A TICK.
HASN'T COME OUTTA THE BUILDING IN TWO DAYS.
NO DOUBT HE'S PREPARED FOR A SIEGE.
OUR CAUSE, I FEAR, IS LOST.
HMM...
WELL, AH, DON'T GET MAD AT ME, BUT...
...I'VE BEEN WORKIN' ON SOMETHIN'.
"SOMETHIN'"?
I GOT A GUY ON THE INSIDE.
INSIDE KINGPIN'S BUILDING, I MEAN.
HE'S GONNA CONTACT ME LATER TODAY, TELL ME WHERE THE WEAK SPOTS ARE. AN' BELIEVE ME, IF THERE'S ONE THING THIS GUY KNOWS...

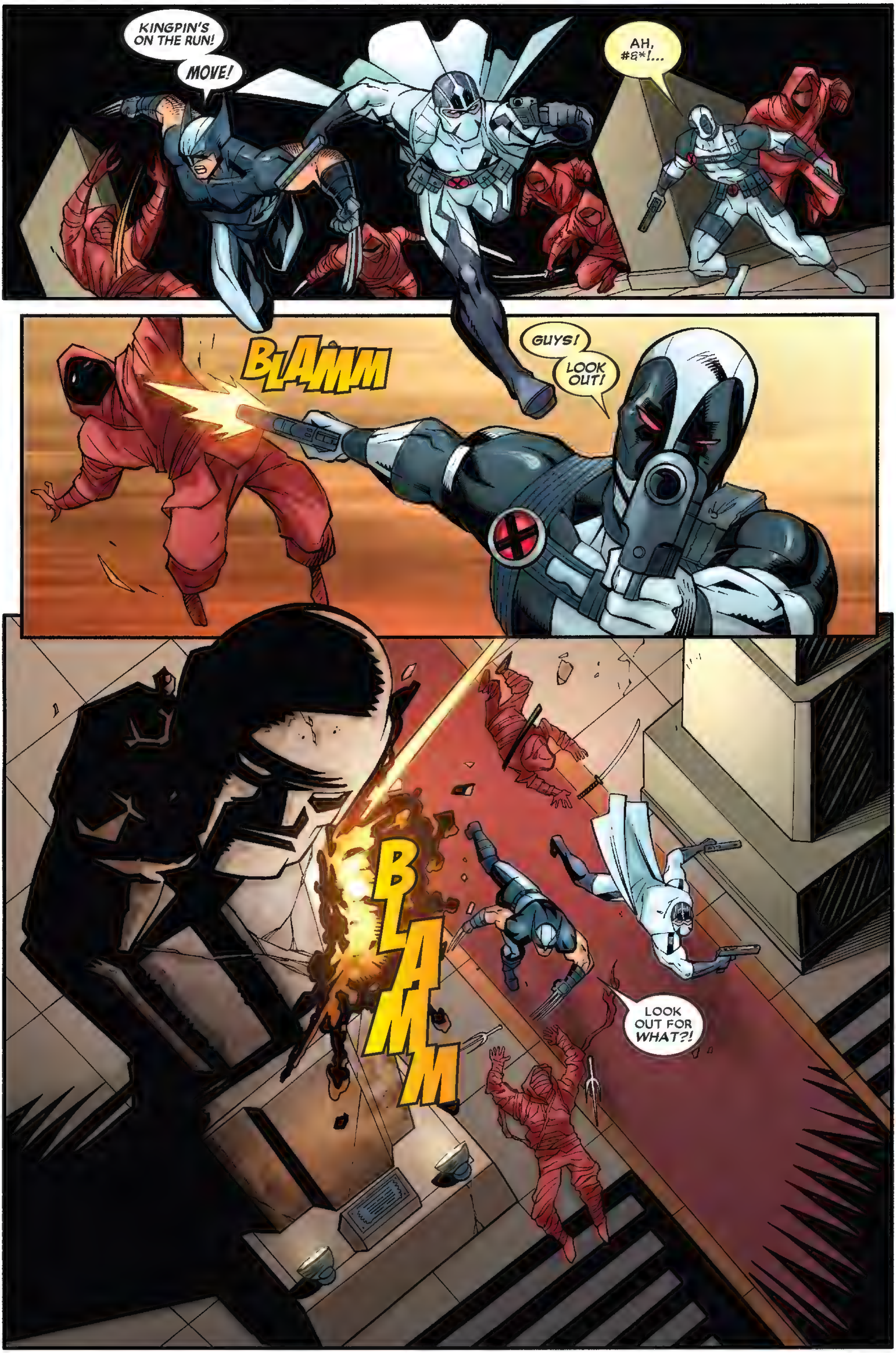

"...IT'S *WEAKNESS.*"
EEEEEEEEEEKK--!
DID YOU THINK WE WOULDN'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE UP TO?
I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'M UP TO!
HMM.
JUST YOU AND *ME* NOW...
LISTEN, THERE'S NO NEED T-TO *TORTURE* ME, *OKAY?* J-JUST THE *THREAT* OF IT'S ENOUGH TO M-MAKE ME SPILL MY GUTS...
THESE GUTS....?

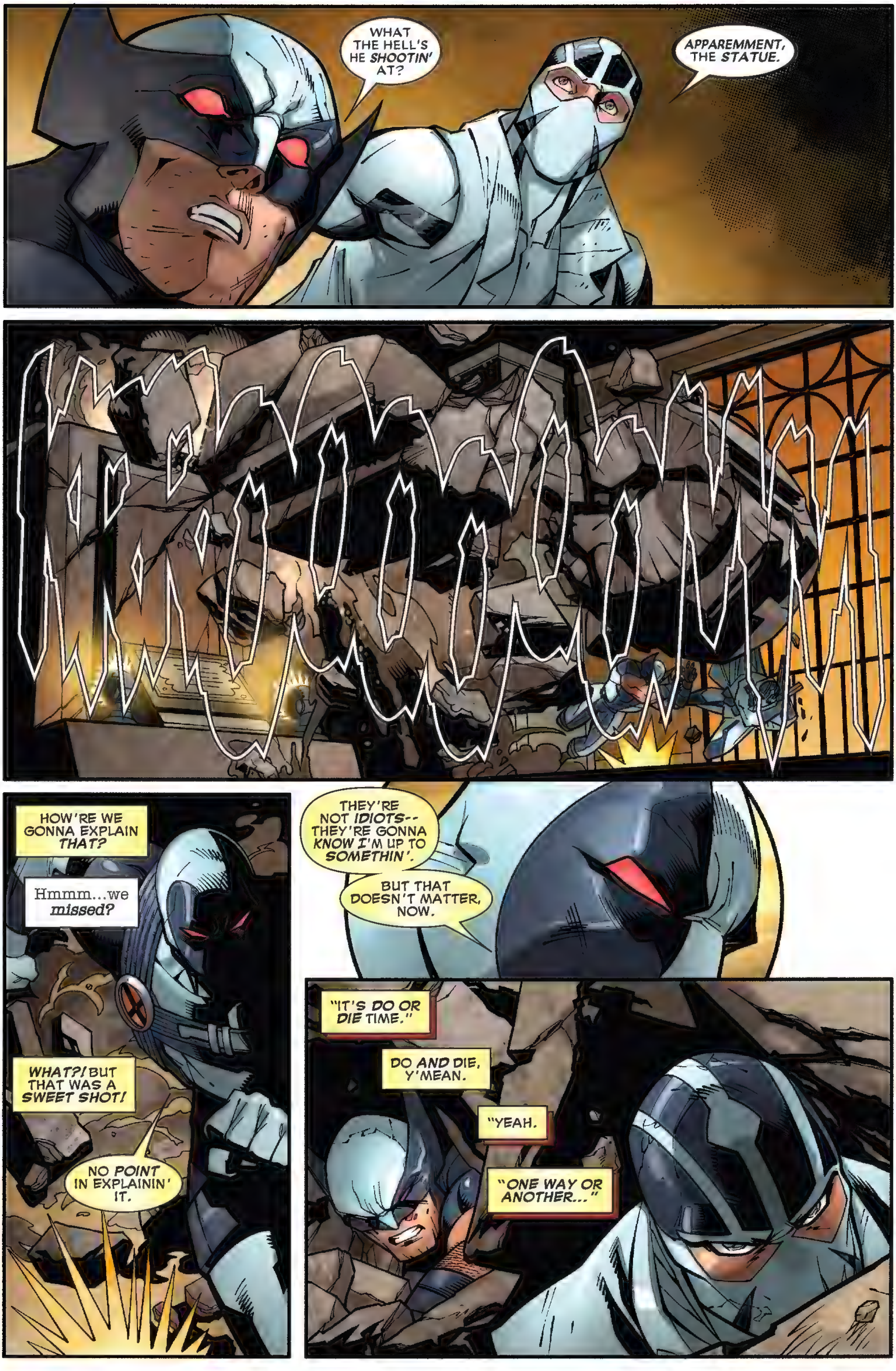

PLEASE...I DON'T KNOW *ANYTHI-HI-HING...*
RELAX.
WE DIDN'T *KIDNAP* YOU BECAUSE WE NEEDED *INFORMATION...*
...WE KIDNAPPED YOU BECAUSE WE NEEDED *BAIT.*
...HUH?
B-BOOOOOMM
W-WHAT WAS--?
WELL, WELL.

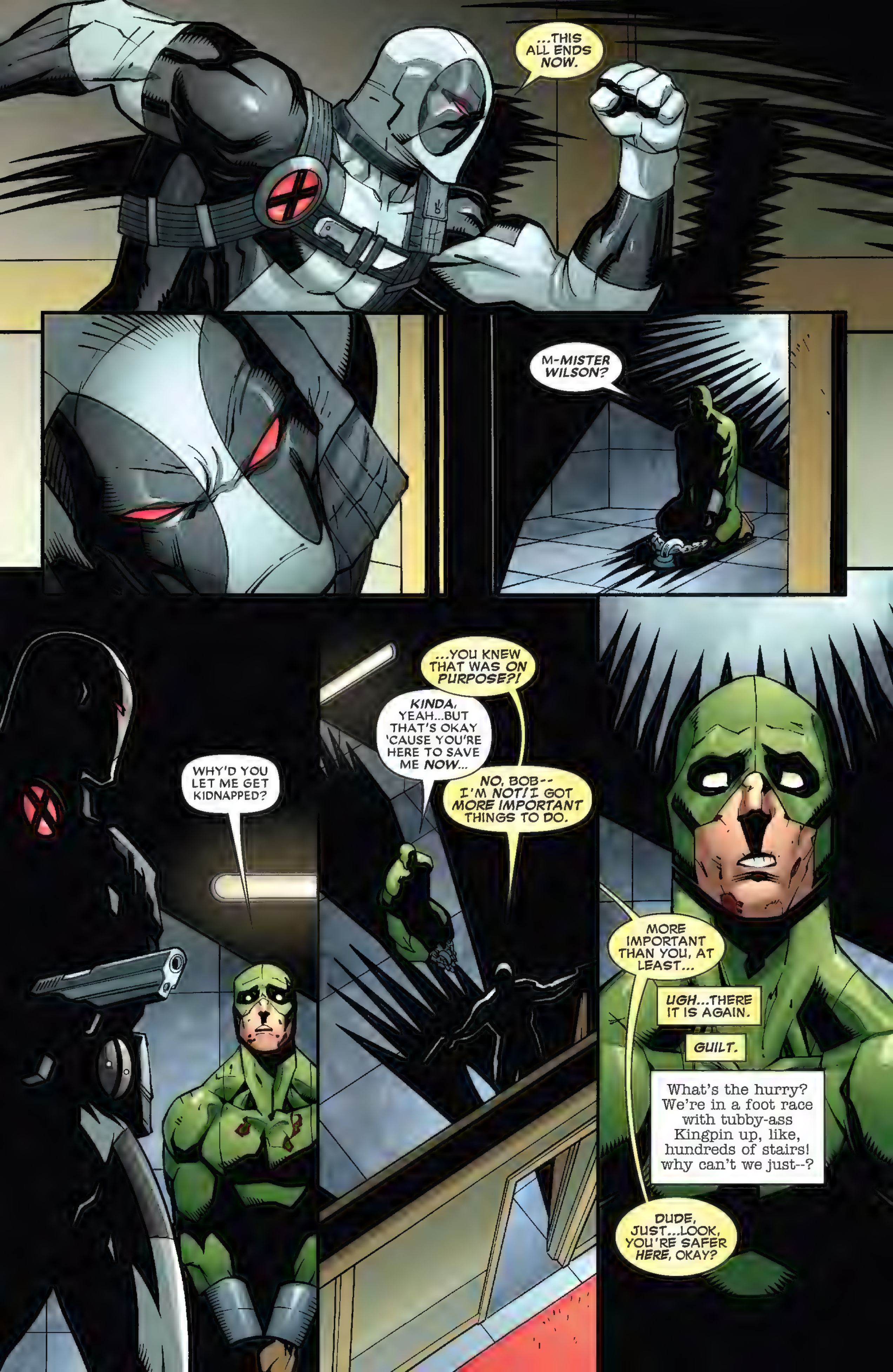

"WE GOT A NIBBLE."
THIS IS A WEAK SPOT?!

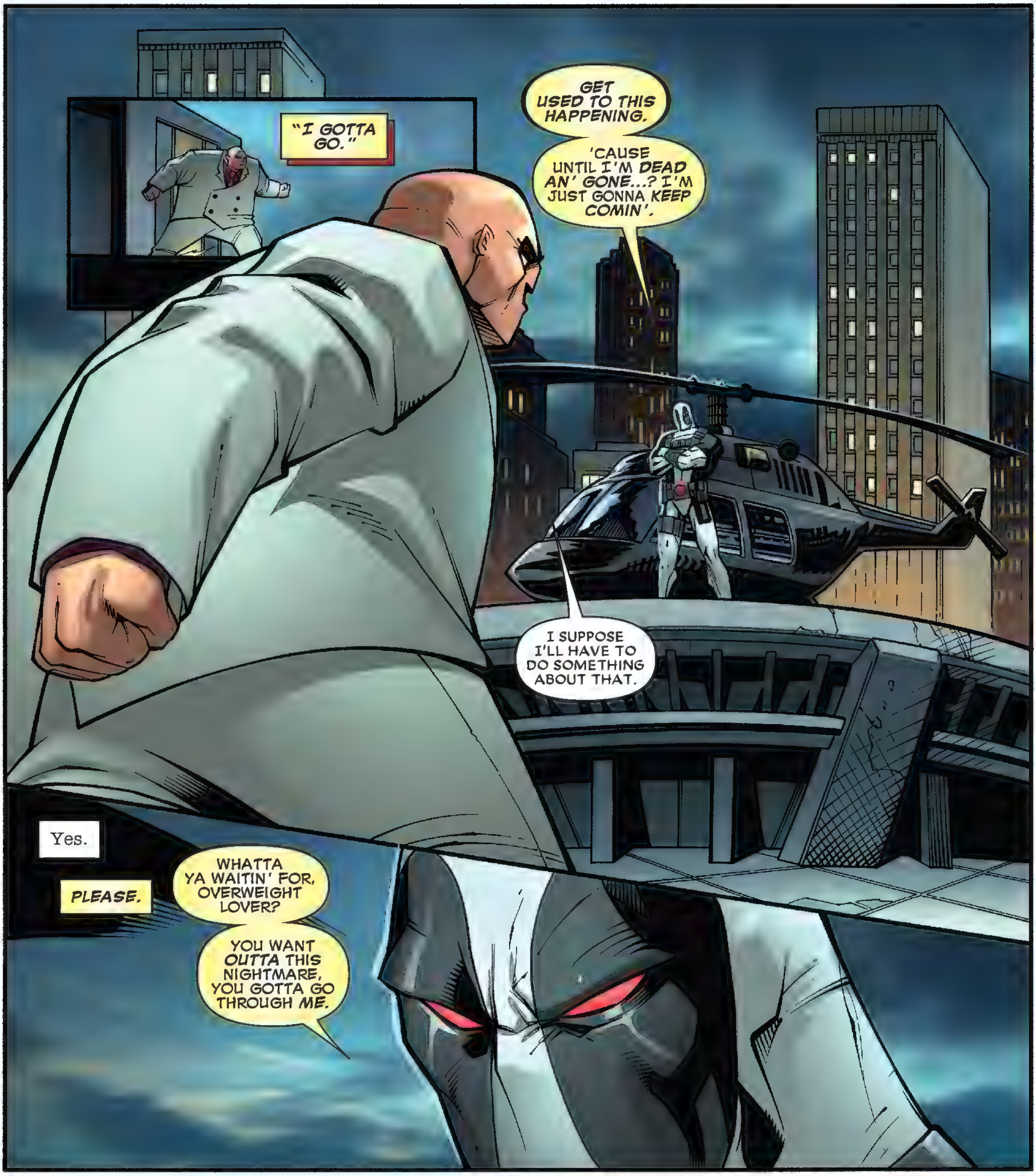

HEY, WHAT'S THAT... *THING* WE'RE FEELING? IS THAT--?
Guilt. Yeah.
IT FEELS *BAD.*
TOO LATE NOW--*QUIT YER WHININ'!*
Who, *us?*
HELLO, DEADPOOL.
I WAS LOOKING FORWARD TO A MORE *INTIMATE* KINDA THING... I DIDN'T *EXPECT* YOU TO BRING *FRIENDS.*
YOU EXPECTED US...?
DEADPOOL!
WHAT THE HELL'S GOIN' ON HERE?!
UHH...
Oh, shizzle! Our *ruse* is in danger of being *exposed!*
PROTECT THE RUSE!
"RUSE"...?
NIGHTCRAWLER!
GRAB PSYLOCKE AN' 'PORT *NOW!*

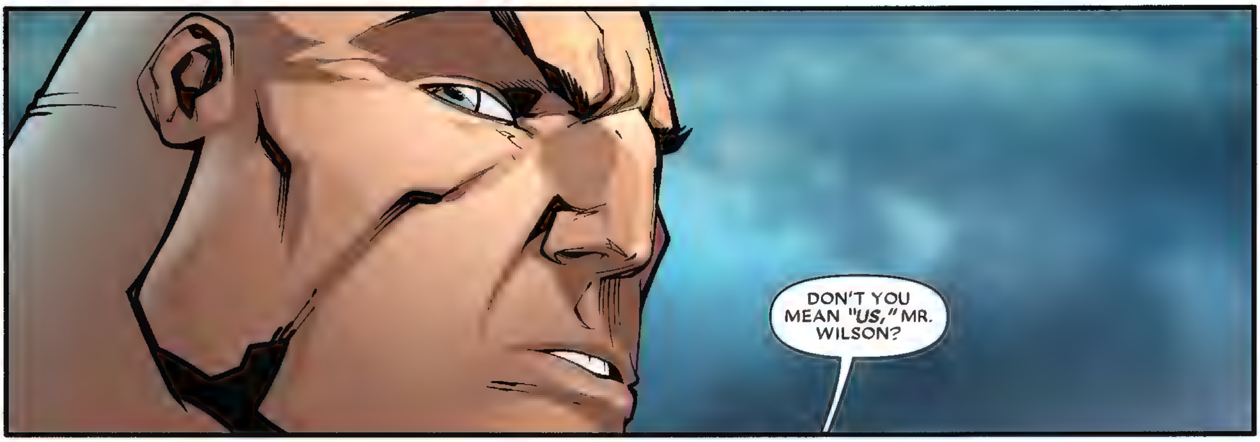

BAMF
WAIT!
SO... WHY DID HE WANT US TO...?
THEY'RE FALLIN' BACK!
ILS SONT DE RETOUR A UNE POSITION SECONDAIRE-- NOT RETREATING...
"...BUT *COVERING* A RETREAT."

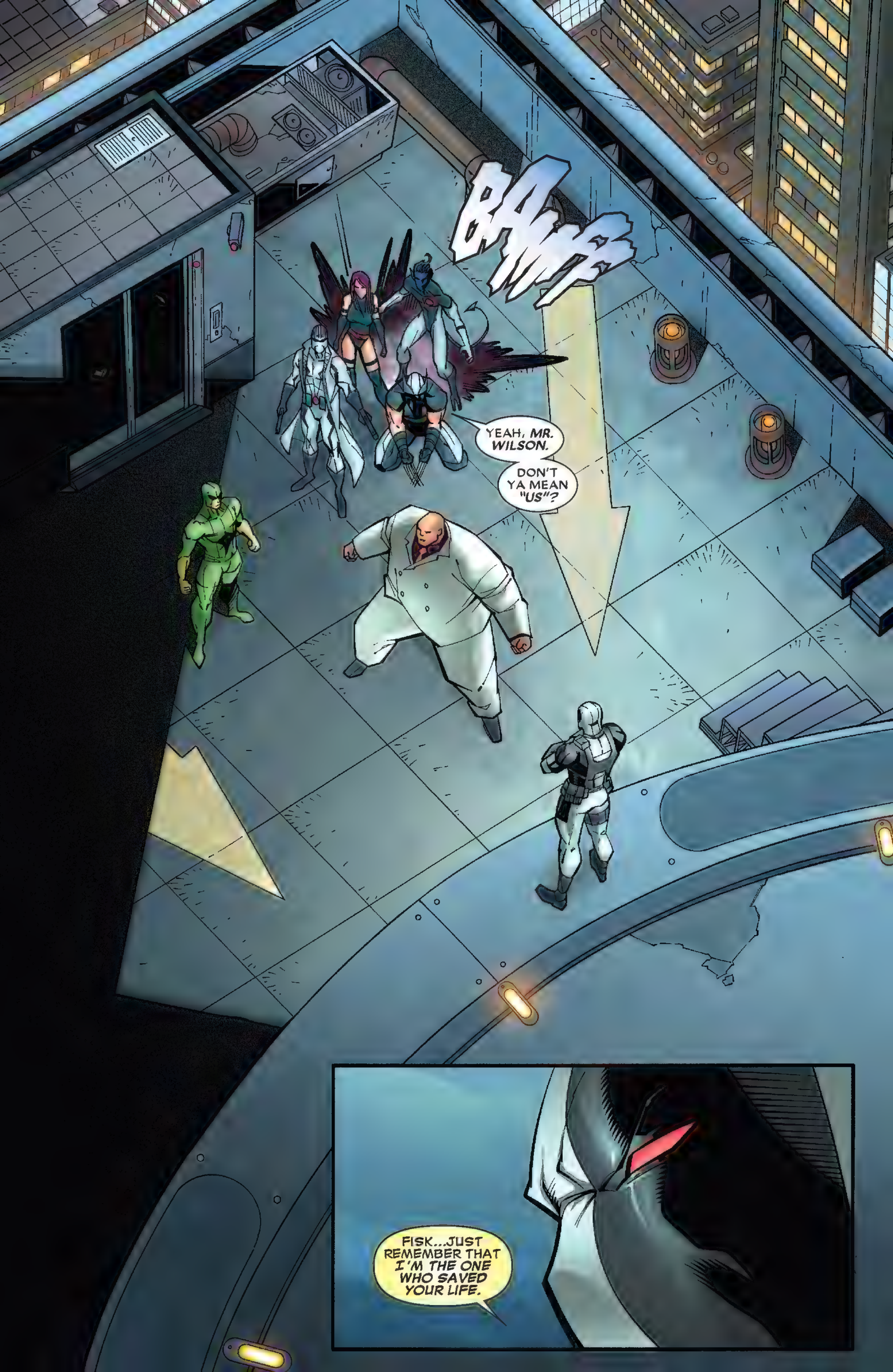

KINGPIN'S ON THE RUN!
MOVE!
AH, #&*!...
BLAMM
GUYS!
LOOK OUT!
BLAMM
LOOK OUT FOR WHAT?!

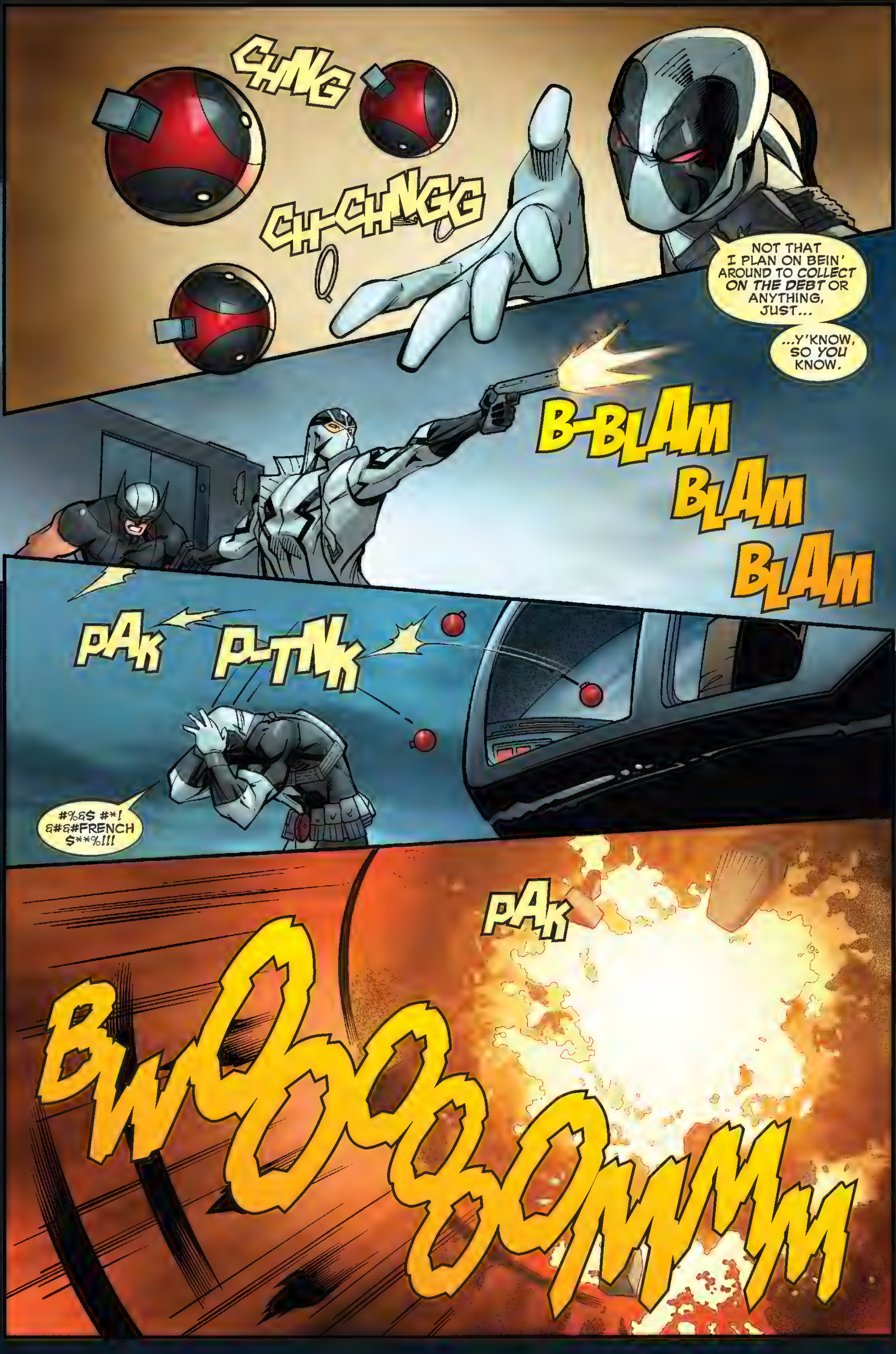

WHAT THE HELL'S HE *SHOOTIN'* AT?
APPAREMMENT, THE *STATUE.*
HOW'RE WE GONNA EXPLAIN *THAT?*
Hmmm...we *missed?*
WHAT?! BUT THAT WAS A *SWEET SHOT!*
NO *POINT* IN EXPLAININ' IT.
THEY'RE NOT *IDIOTS*-- THEY'RE GONNA *KNOW I'M* UP TO *SOMETHIN'.*
BUT THAT DOESN'T MATTER, NOW.
"IT'S *DO* OR *DIE* TIME."
DO *AND* DIE, Y'MEAN.
"YEAH.
"*ONE WAY OR ANOTHER...*"

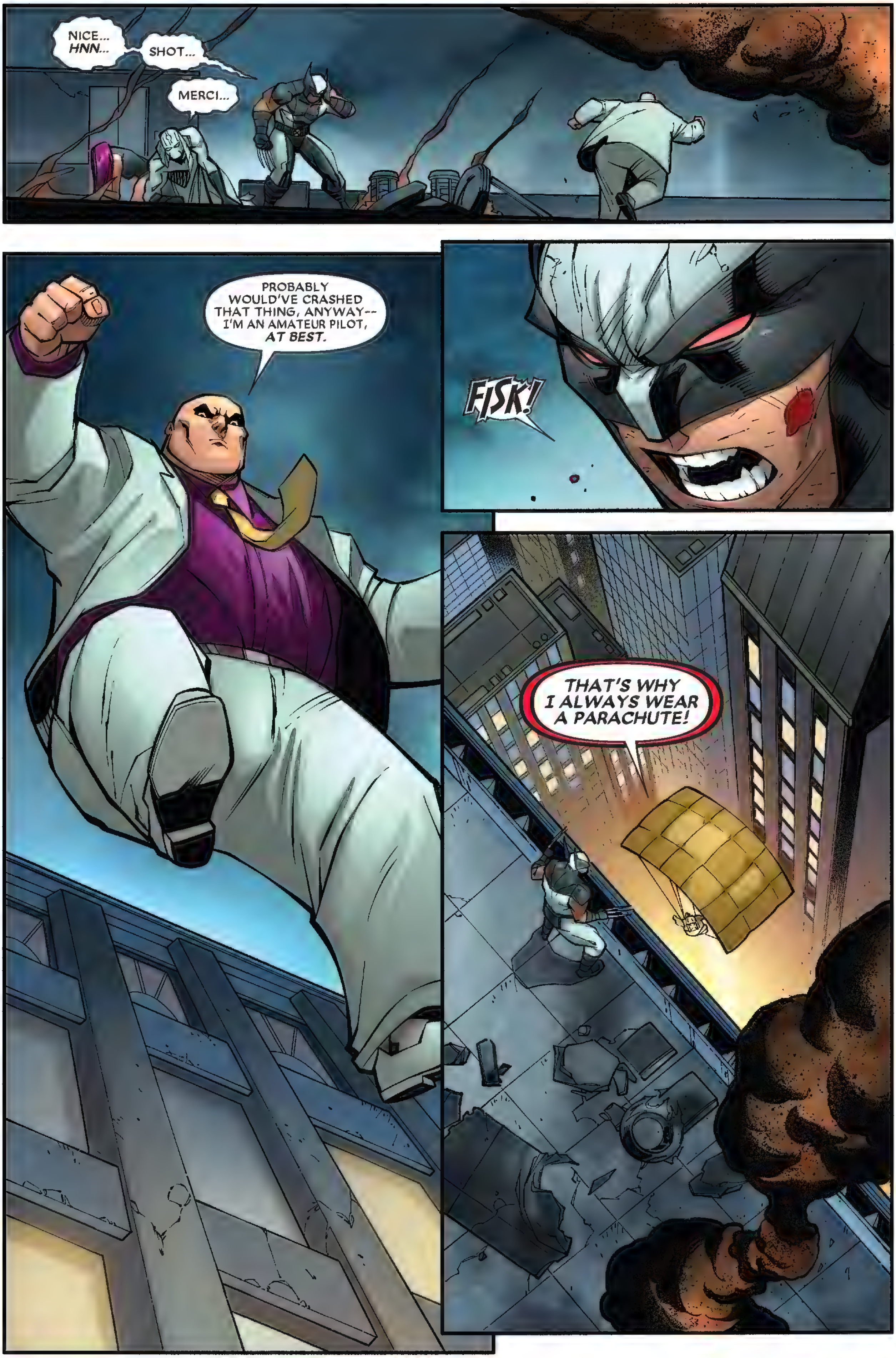

...THIS ALL ENDS NOW.
M-MISTER WILSON?
WHY'D YOU LET ME GET KIDNAPPED?
...YOU KNEW THAT WAS ON PURPOSE?!
KINDA, YEAH...BUT THAT'S OKAY 'CAUSE YOU'RE HERE TO SAVE ME NOW...
NO, BOB-- I'M NOT! I GOT MORE IMPORTANT THINGS TO DO.
MORE IMPORTANT THAN YOU, AT LEAST...
UGH...THERE IT IS AGAIN.
GUILT.
What's the hurry? We're in a foot race with tubby-ass Kingpin up, like, hundreds of stairs! why can't we just--?
DUDE, JUST...LOOK, YOU'RE SAFER HERE, OKAY?

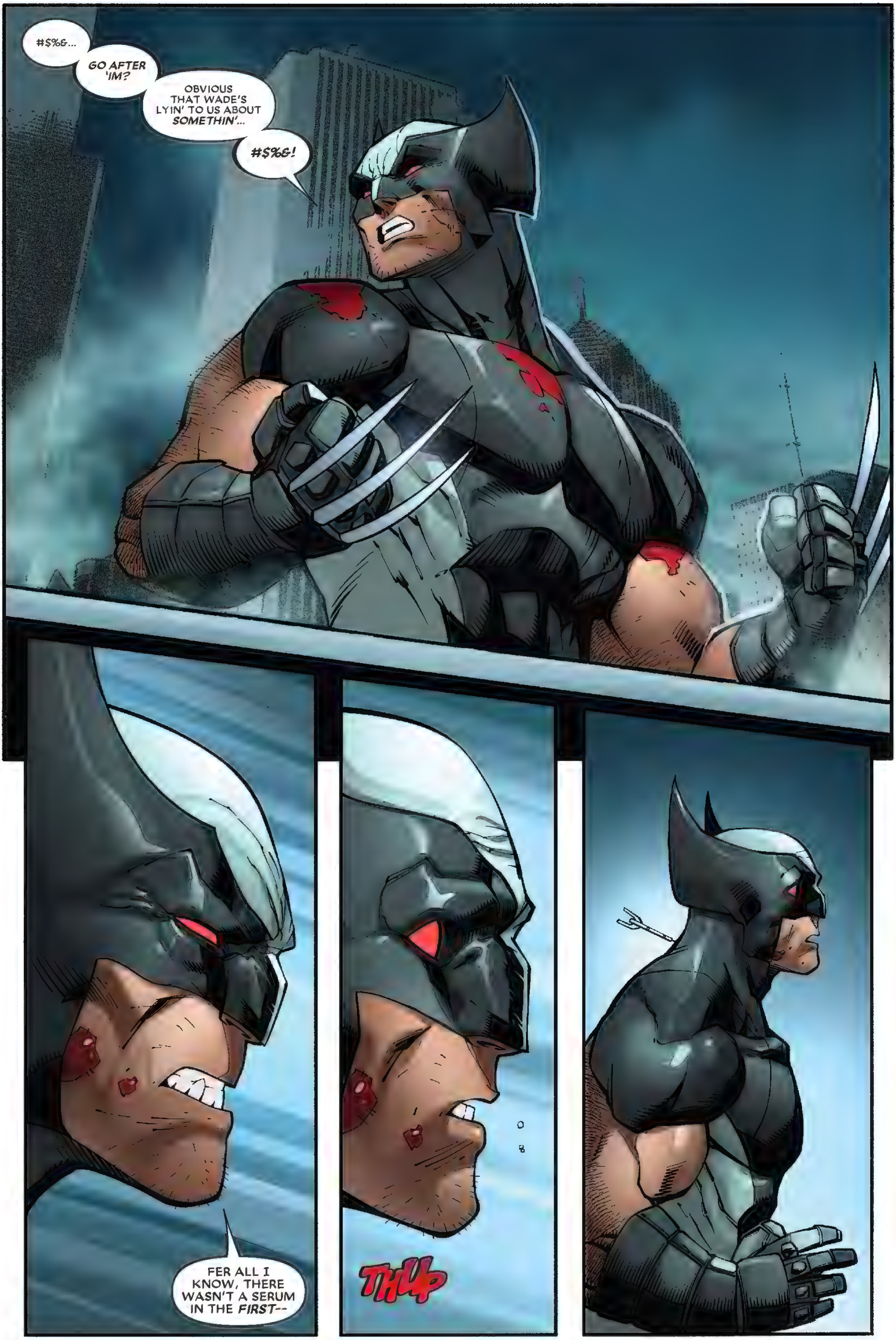

"I GOTTA GO."
GET USED TO THIS HAPPENING.
'CAUSE UNTIL I'M DEAD AN' GONE...? I'M JUST GONNA KEEP COMIN'.
I SUPPOSE I'LL HAVE TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THAT.
Yes.
PLEASE.
WHATTA YA WAITIN' FOR, OVERWEIGHT LOVER?
YOU WANT OUTTA THIS NIGHTMARE, YOU GOTTA GO THROUGH ME.

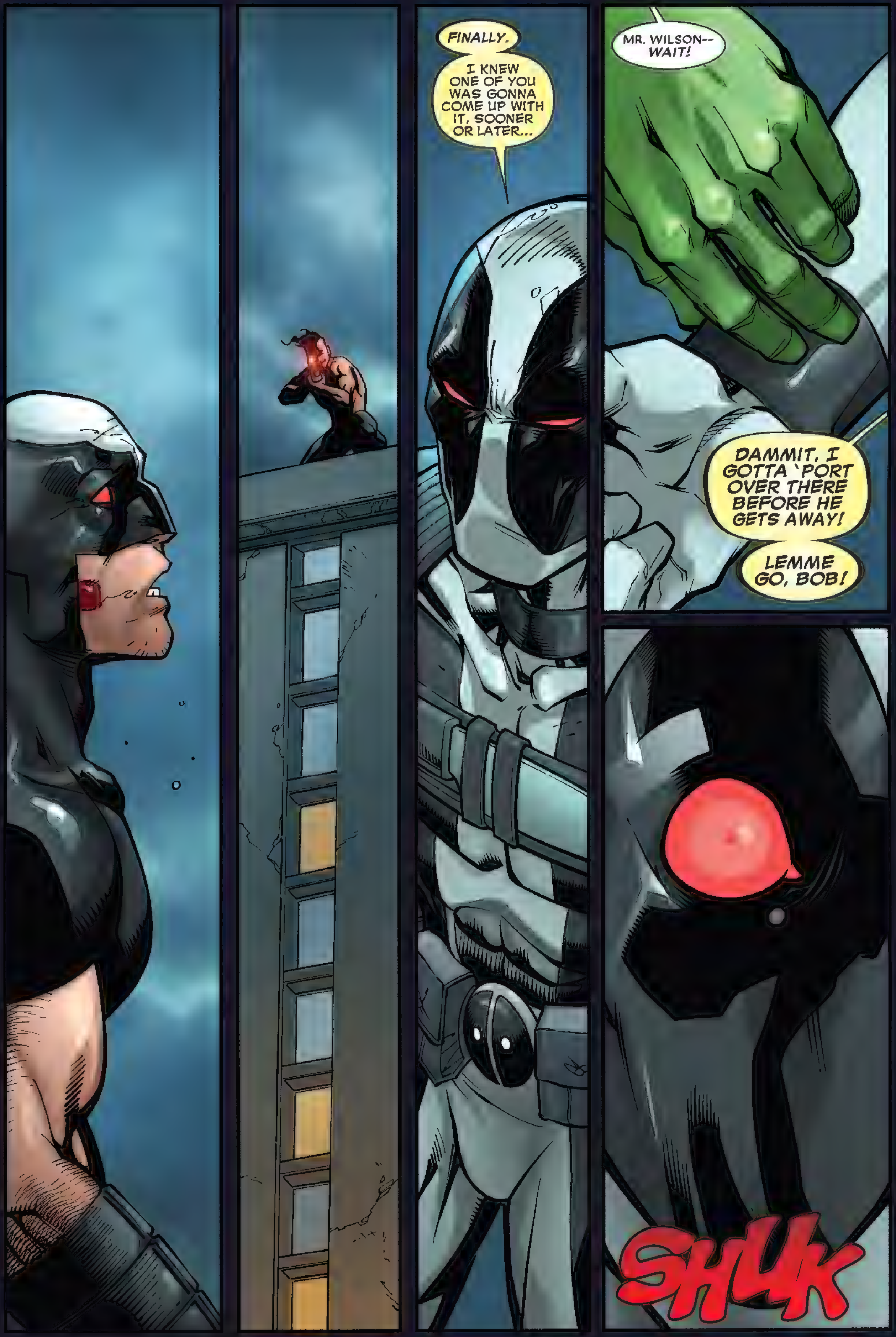

DON'T YOU MEAN "US," MR. WILSON?

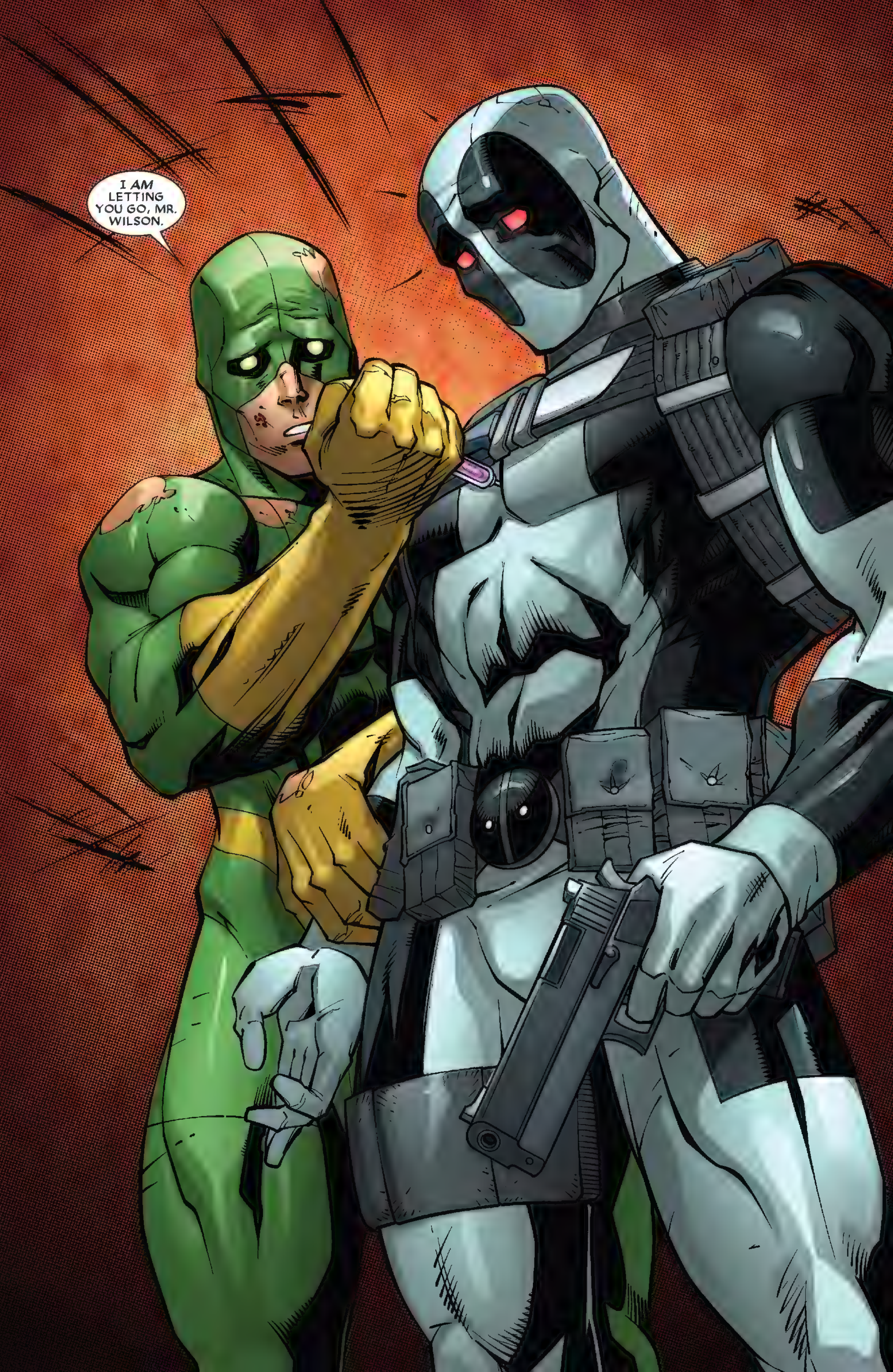

BAMF
YEAH, *MR. WILSON.*
DON'T YA MEAN *"US"*?
FISK...JUST REMEMBER THAT *I'M THE ONE WHO SAVED YOUR LIFE.*


CHING
CH-CHINGG
NOT THAT I PLAN ON BEIN' AROUND TO COLLECT ON THE DEBT OR ANYTHING, JUST...
...Y'KNOW, SO YOU KNOW.
B-BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
PAK
P-TINK
#%&$ #*! &#&#FRENCH $**%!!!
PAK
BWOOOOOMMMM

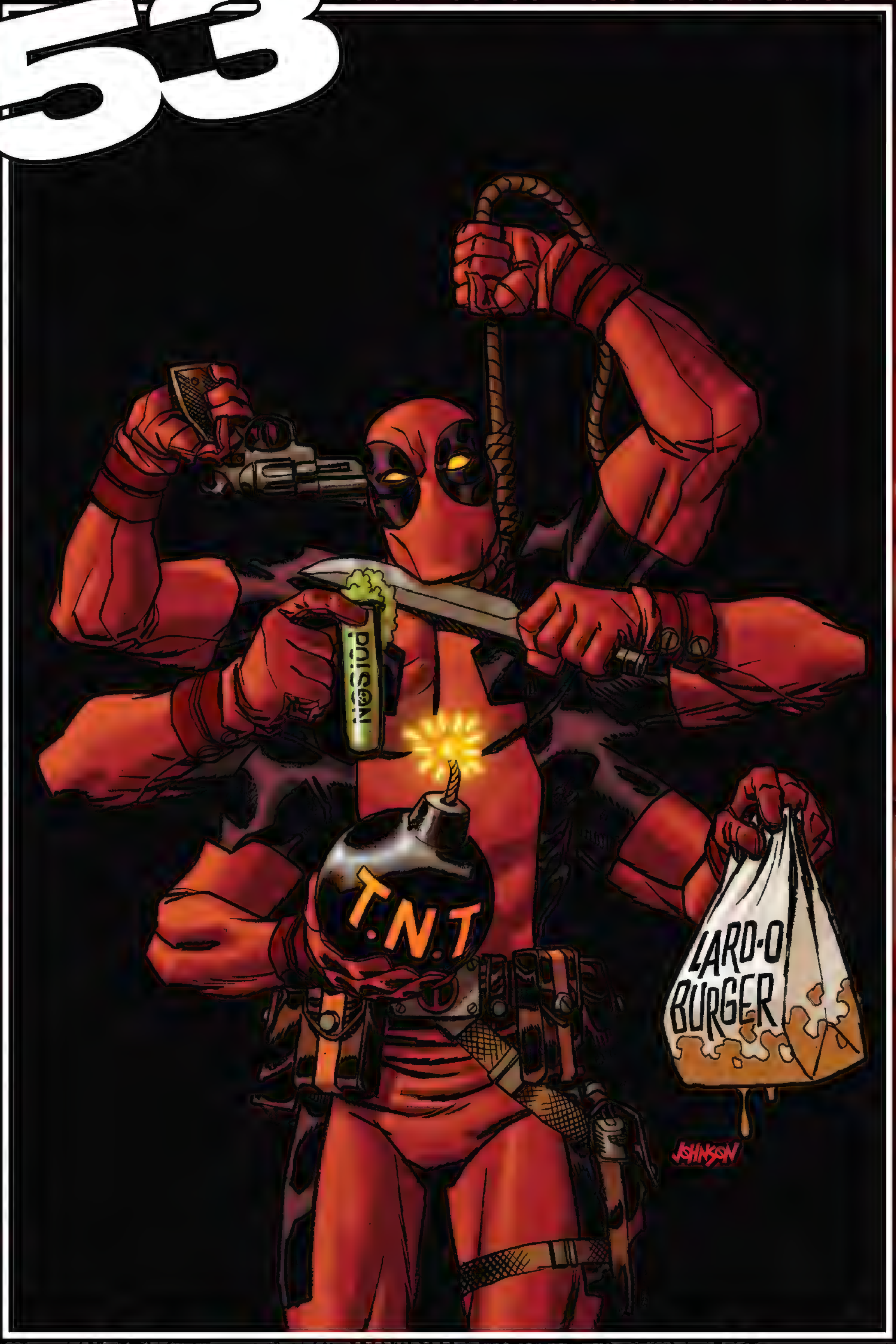

NICE... *HNN...*
SHOT...
MERCI...
PROBABLY WOULD'VE CRASHED THAT THING, ANYWAY-- I'M AN AMATEUR PILOT, *AT BEST.*
FISK!
THAT'S WHY I ALWAYS WEAR A PARACHUTE!

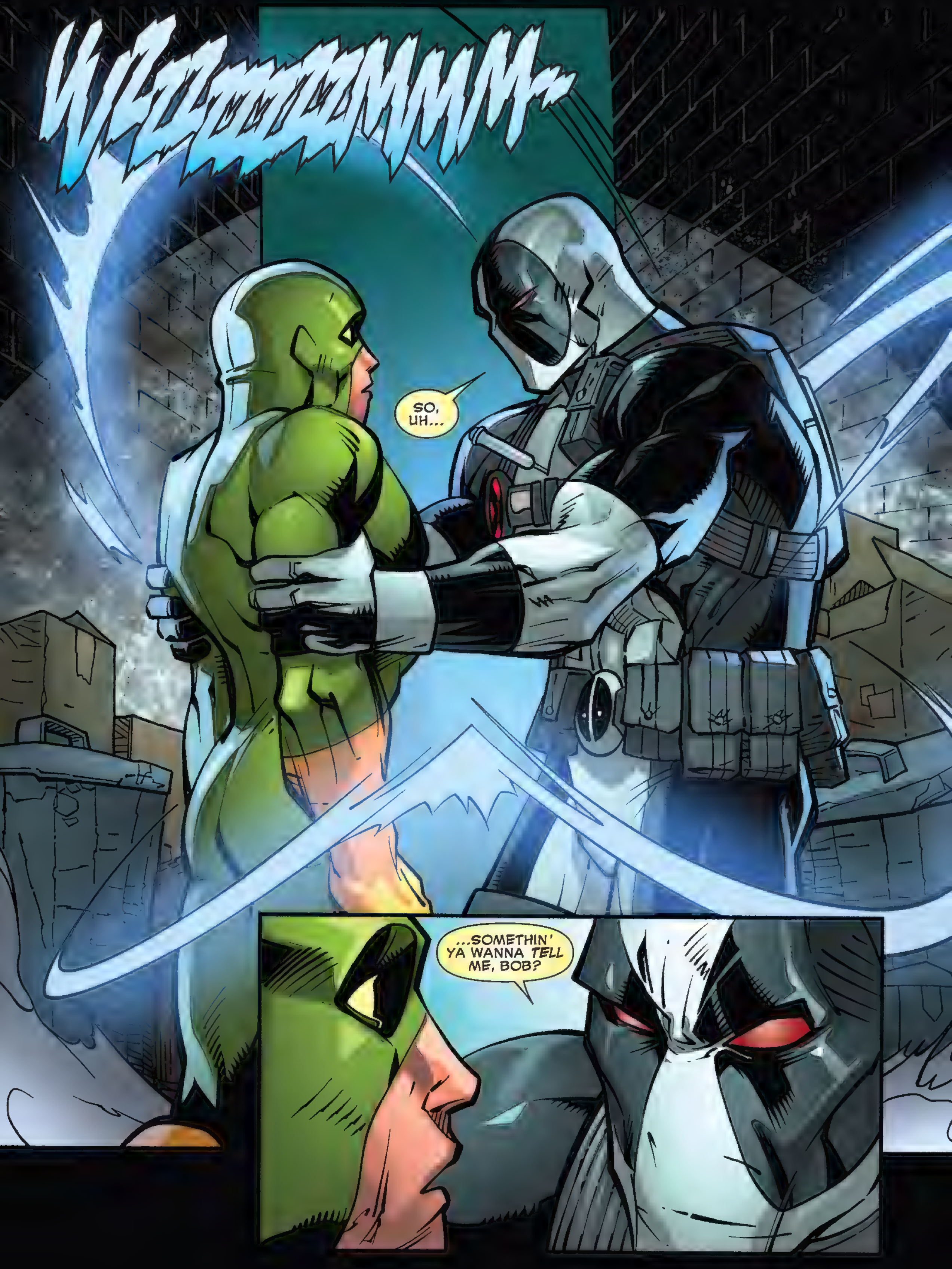

#$%&...
GO AFTER 'IM?
OBVIOUS THAT WADE'S LYIN' TO US ABOUT *SOMETHIN'*...
#$%&!
FER ALL I KNOW, THERE WASN'T A SERUM IN THE *FIRST*--
THUP

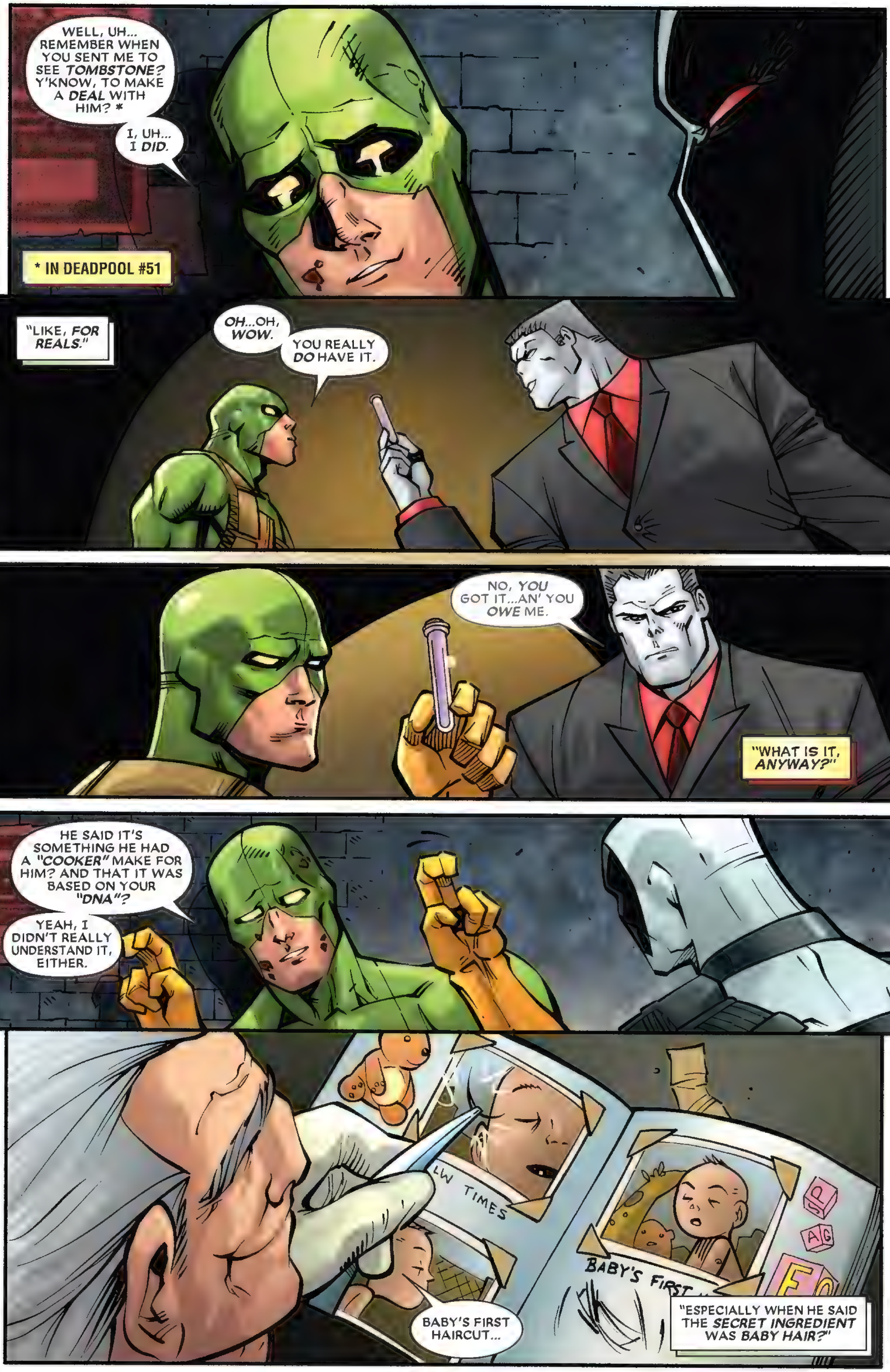

FINALLY.
I KNEW ONE OF YOU WAS GONNA COME UP WITH IT, SOONER OR LATER...
MR. WILSON-- WAIT!
DAMMIT, I GOTTA 'PORT OVER THERE BEFORE HE GETS AWAY!
LEMME GO, BOB!
SHUK

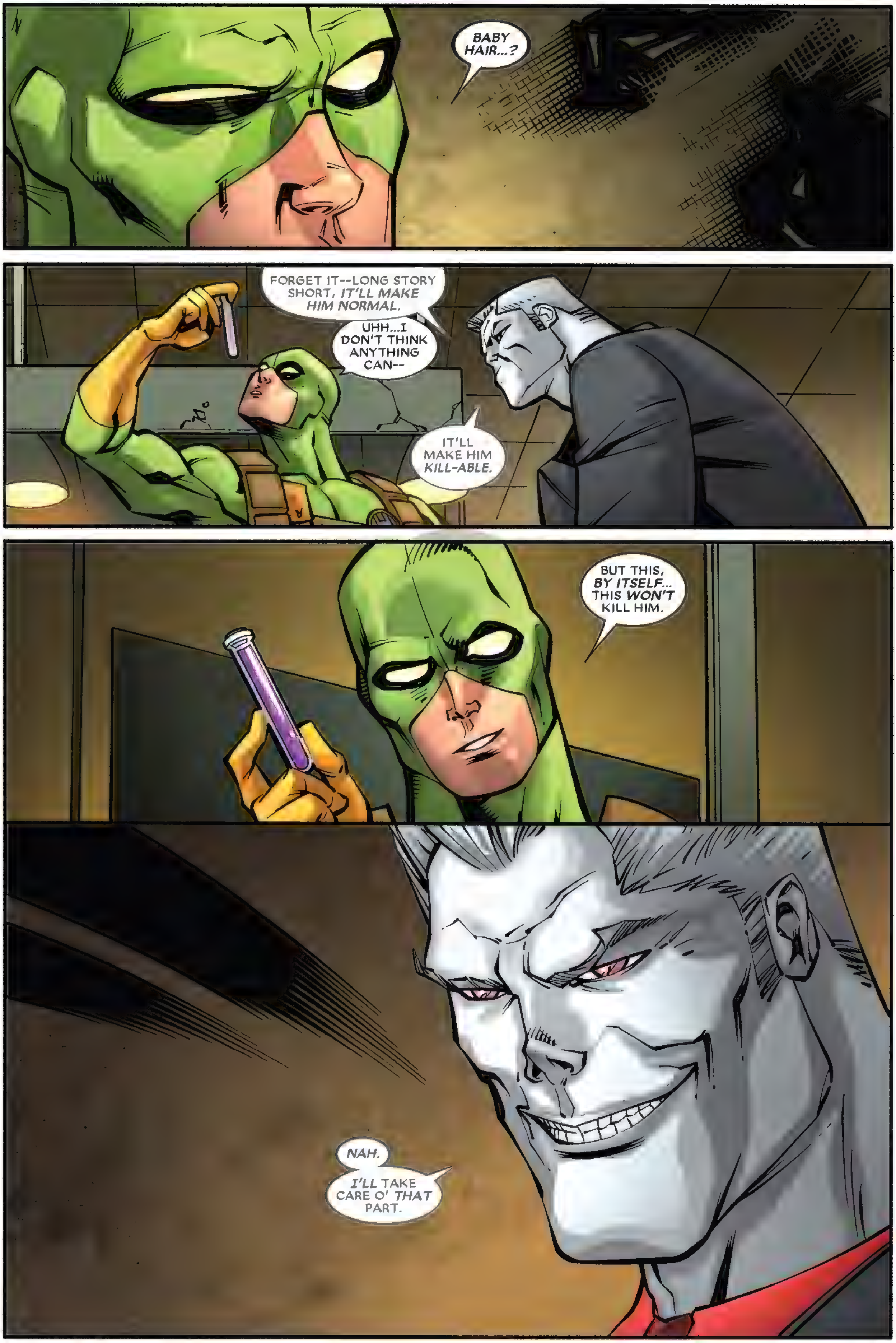

I *AM* LETTING YOU GO, MR. WILSON.

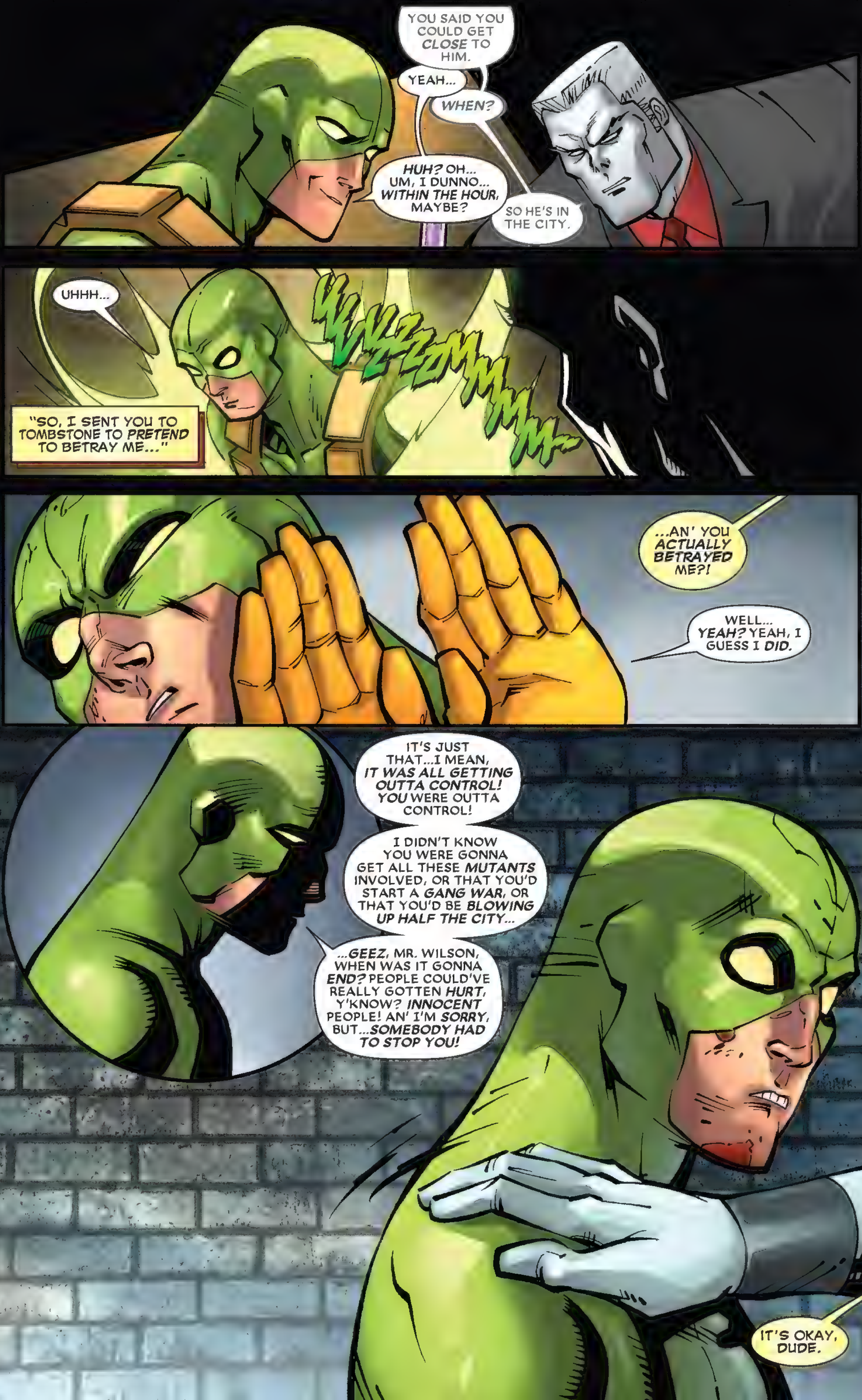
53

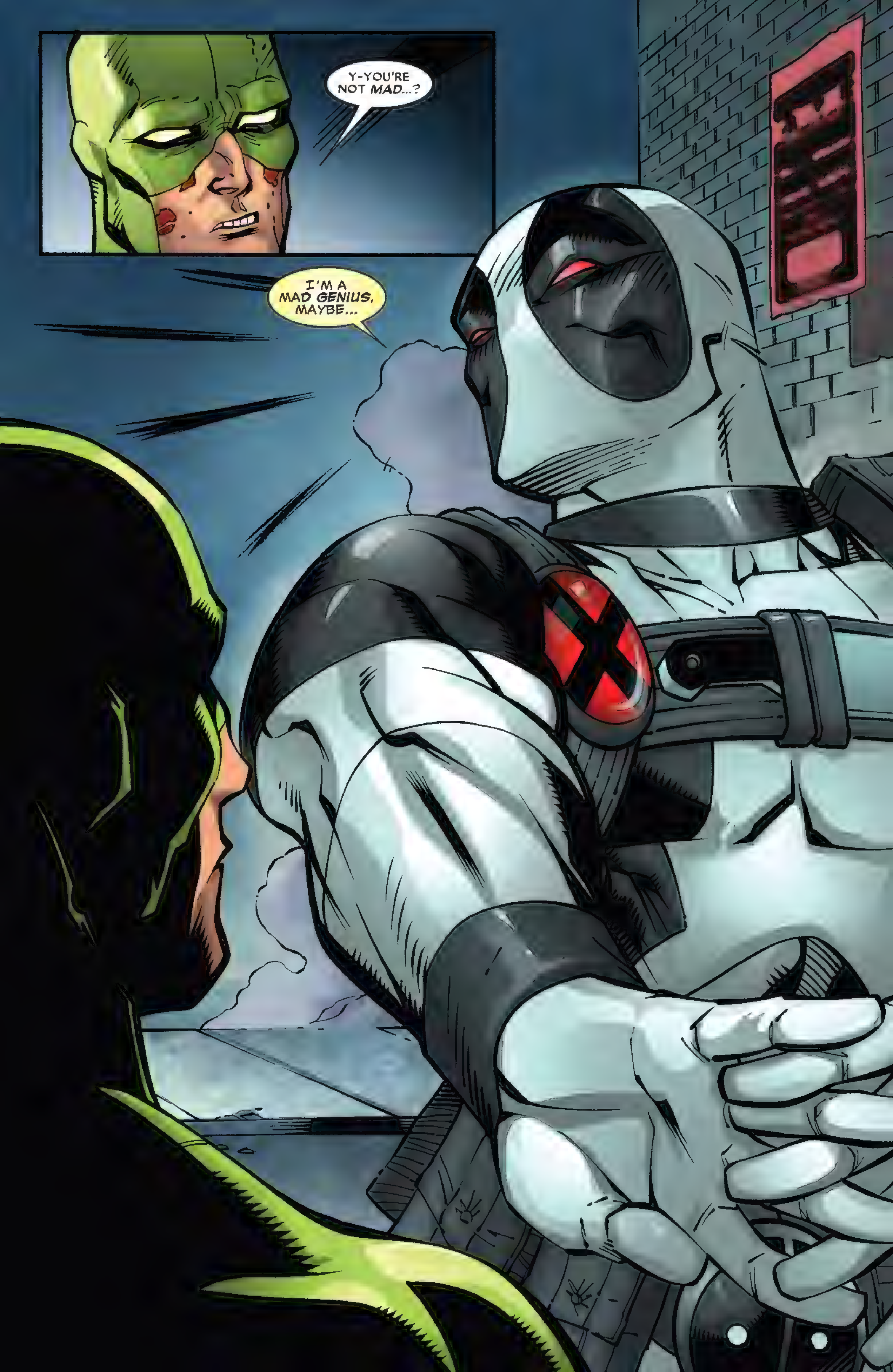

POISON
T.N.T
LARD-O BURGER
JOHNSON

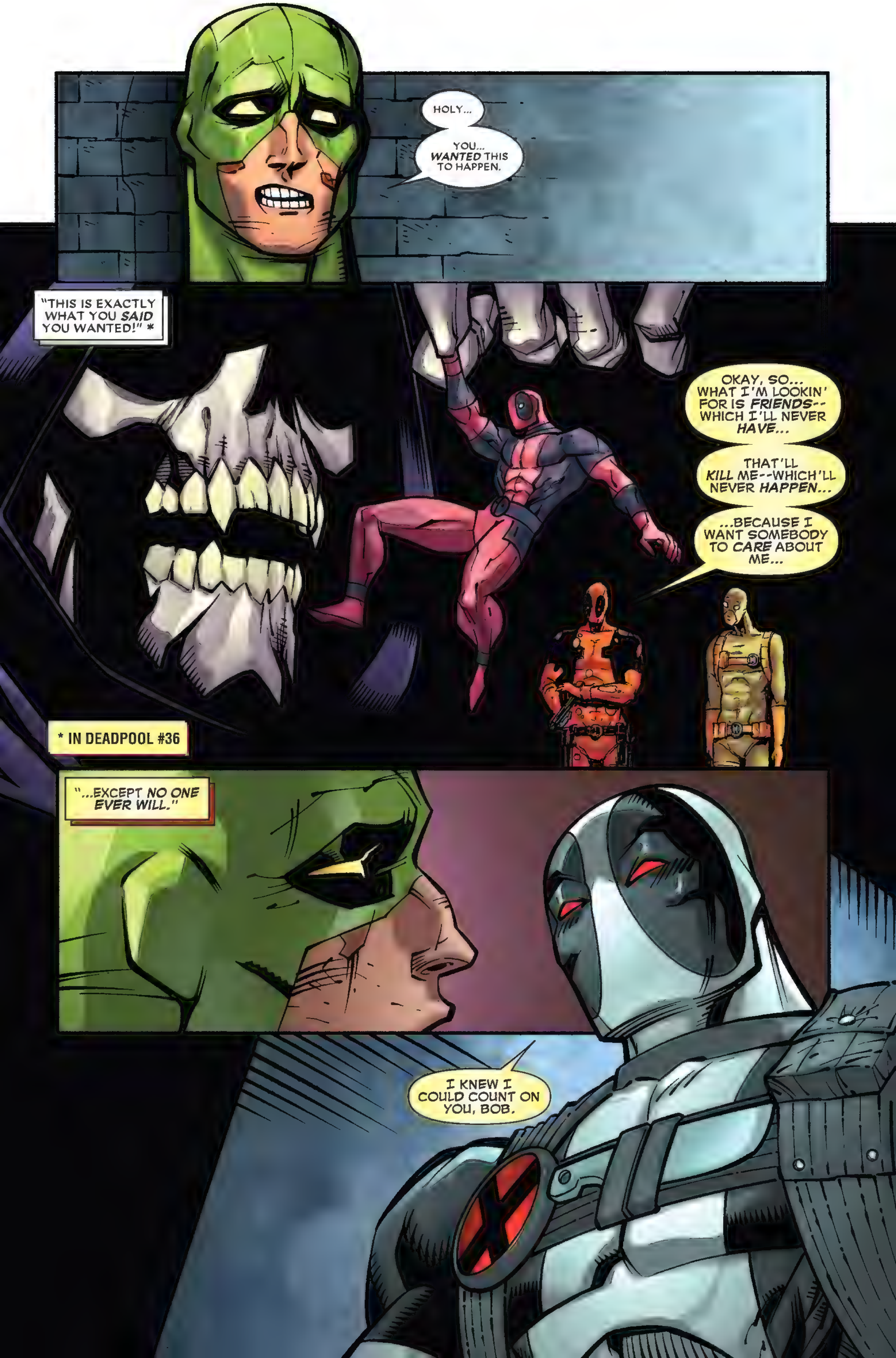

WZZZZZZMMMM-
SO, UH...
...SOMETHIN' YA WANNA *TELL* ME, BOB?

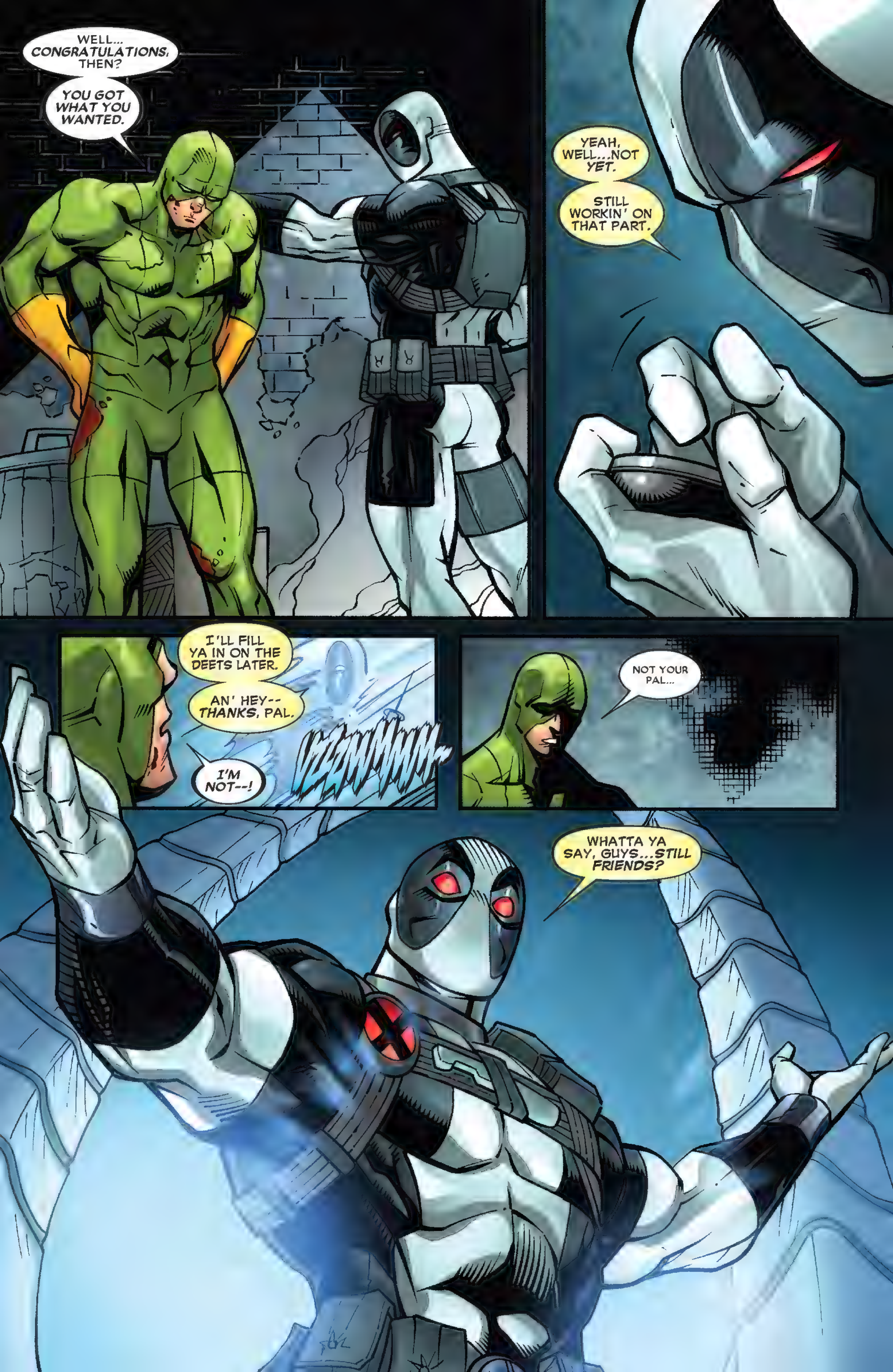

WELL, UH... REMEMBER WHEN YOU SENT ME TO SEE *TOMBSTONE*? Y'KNOW, TO MAKE A *DEAL* WITH HIM? *
I, UH... I *DID*.
* IN DEADPOOL #51
"LIKE, *FOR REALS*."
OH...OH, WOW.
YOU REALLY *DO* HAVE IT.
NO, *YOU* GOT IT...AN' YOU *OWE* ME.
"WHAT IS IT, *ANYWAY?*"
HE SAID IT'S SOMETHING HE HAD A *"COOKER"* MAKE FOR HIM? AND THAT IT WAS BASED ON YOUR *"DNA"*?
YEAH, I DIDN'T REALLY UNDERSTAND IT, EITHER.
LW TIMES
BABY'S FIRST
BABY'S FIRST HAIRCUT...
"ESPECIALLY WHEN HE SAID THE *SECRET INGREDIENT* WAS *BABY HAIR?*"

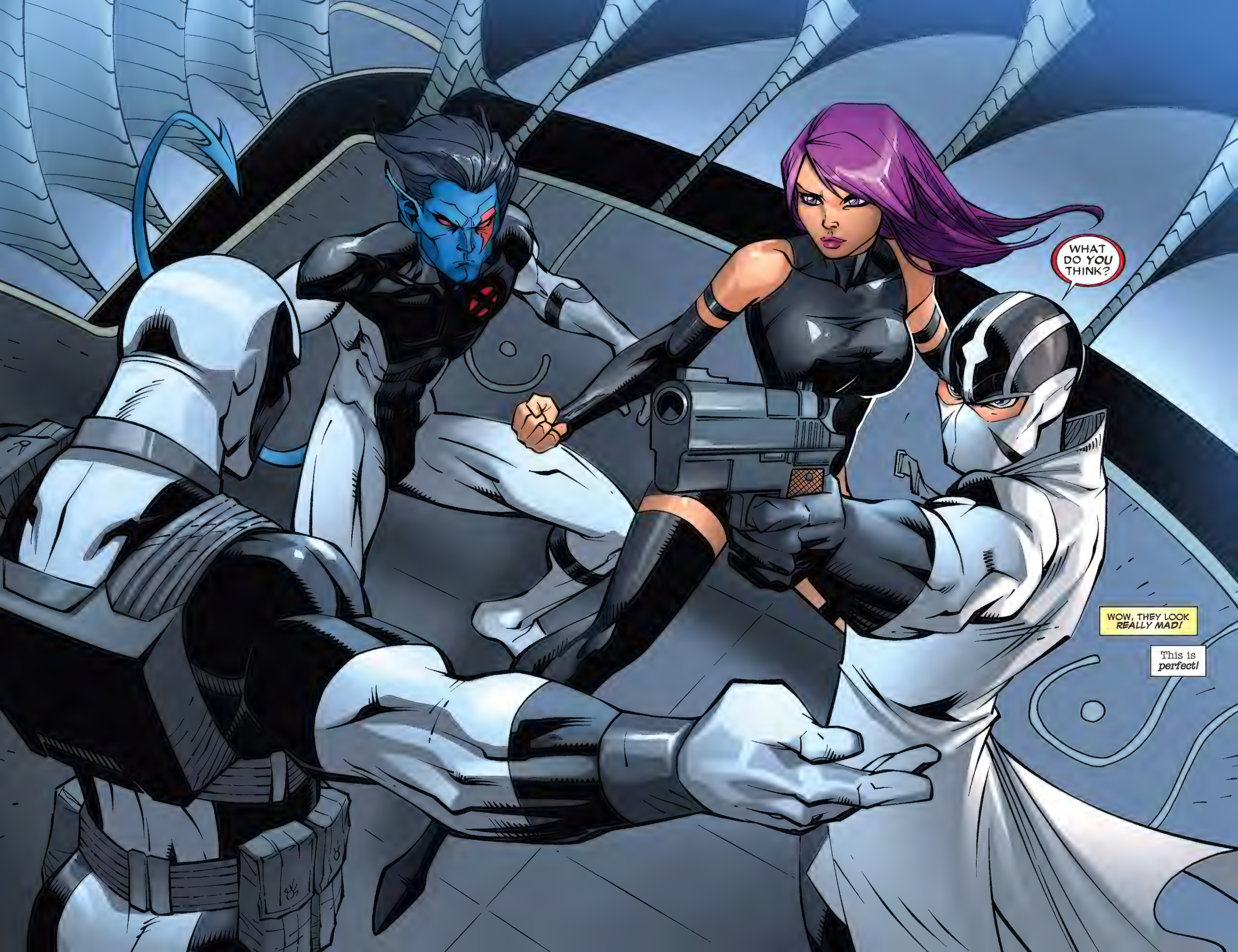

BABY HAIR...?
FORGET IT--LONG STORY SHORT, *IT'LL MAKE HIM NORMAL.*
UHH...I DON'T THINK ANYTHING CAN--
IT'LL MAKE HIM *KILL-ABLE.*
BUT THIS, *BY ITSELF...* THIS *WON'T* KILL HIM.
NAH.
I'LL TAKE CARE O' *THAT* PART.

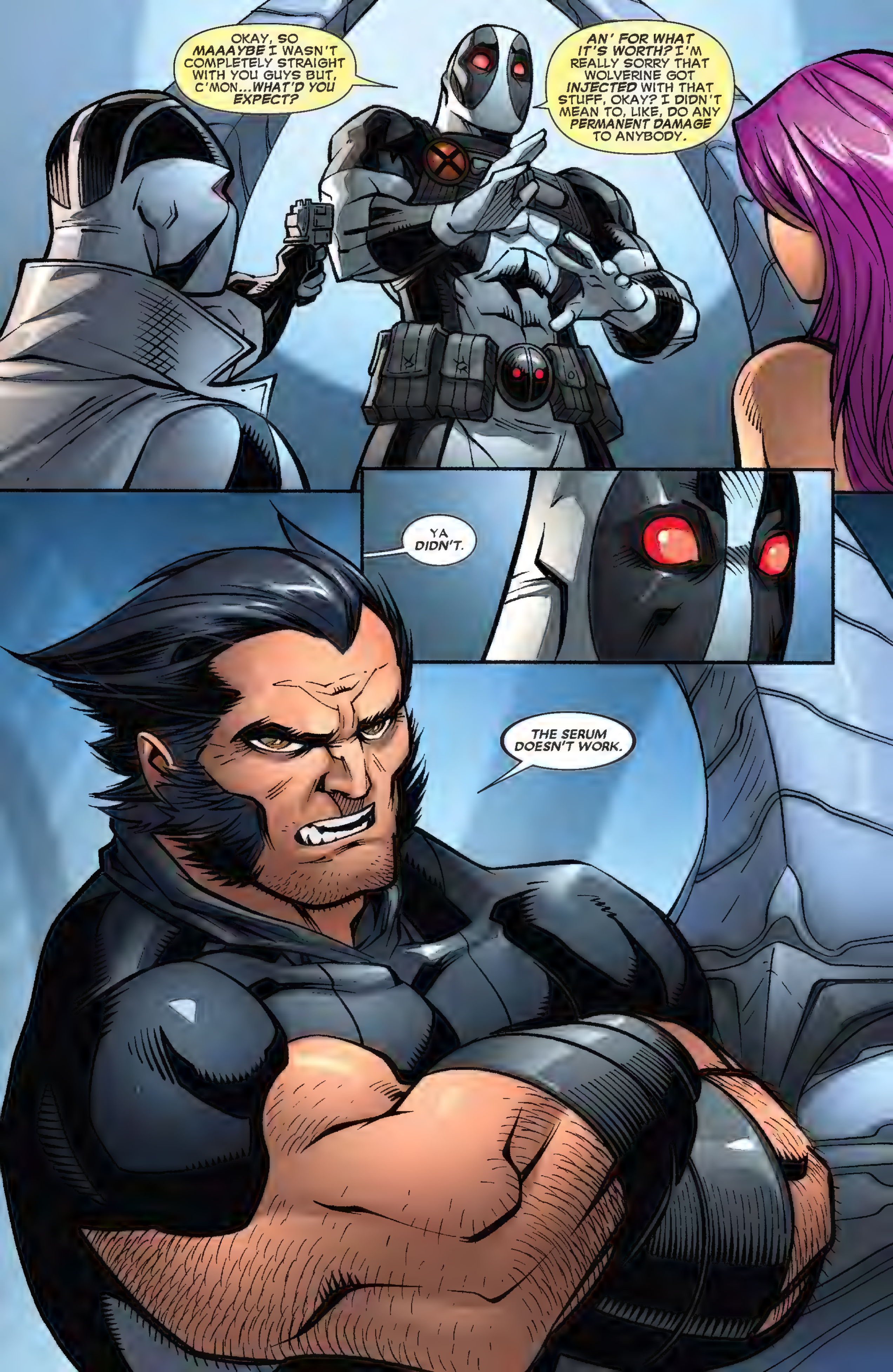

YOU SAID YOU COULD GET CLOSE TO HIM.
YEAH...
WHEN?
HUH? OH... UM, I DUNNO... WITHIN THE HOUR, MAYBE?
SO HE'S IN THE CITY.
UHHH...
"SO, I SENT YOU TO TOMBSTONE TO PRETEND TO BETRAY ME..."
VVVZZZOMMMMM
...AN' YOU ACTUALLY BETRAYED ME?!
WELL... YEAH? YEAH, I GUESS I DID.
IT'S JUST THAT...I MEAN, IT WAS ALL GETTING OUTTA CONTROL! YOU WERE OUTTA CONTROL!
I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE GONNA GET ALL THESE MUTANTS INVOLVED, OR THAT YOU'D START A GANG WAR, OR THAT YOU'D BE BLOWING UP HALF THE CITY...
...GEEZ, MR. WILSON, WHEN WAS IT GONNA END? PEOPLE COULD'VE REALLY GOTTEN HURT, Y'KNOW? INNOCENT PEOPLE! AN' I'M SORRY, BUT...SOMEBODY HAD TO STOP YOU!
IT'S OKAY, DUDE.

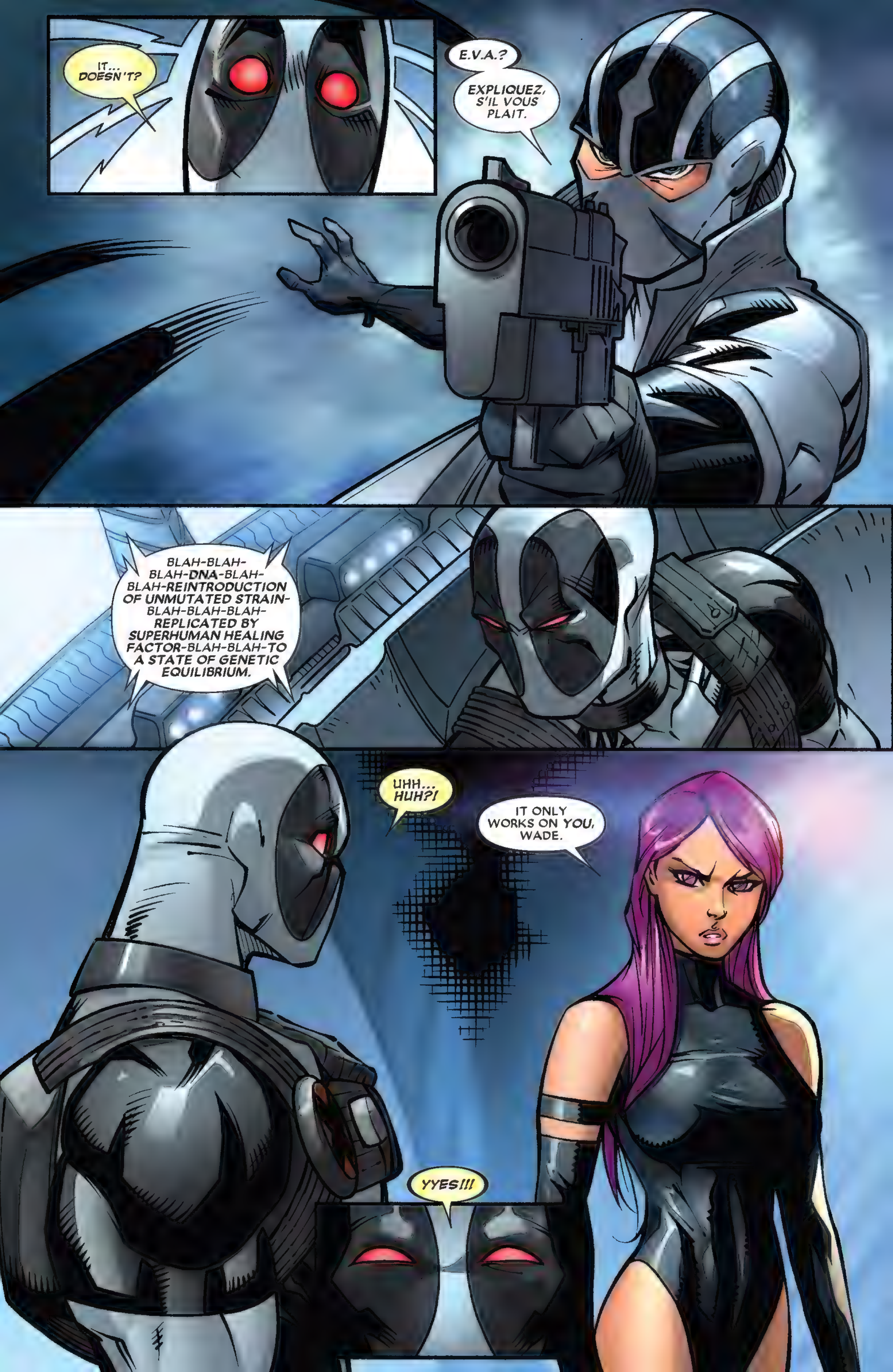

Y-YOU'RE NOT *MAD*...?
I'M A MAD *GENIUS*, MAYBE...

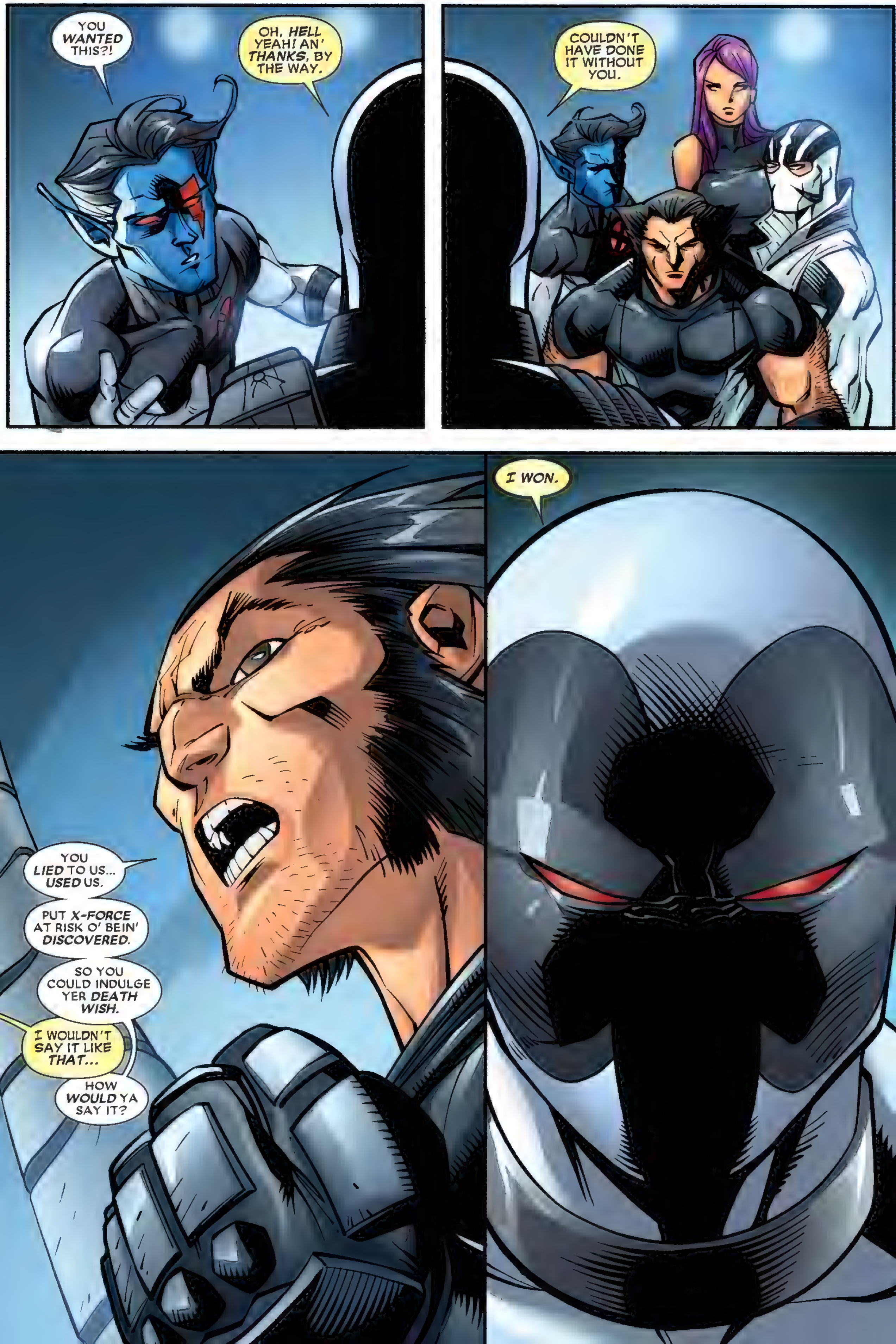

HOLY...
YOU... *WANTED* THIS TO HAPPEN.
"THIS IS EXACTLY WHAT YOU *SAID* YOU WANTED!" *
OKAY, SO... WHAT I'M LOOKIN' FOR IS *FRIENDS*-- WHICH I'LL NEVER *HAVE*...
THAT'LL *KILL* ME--WHICH'LL NEVER *HAPPEN*...
...BECAUSE I WANT SOMEBODY TO *CARE* ABOUT ME...
* IN DEADPOOL #36
"...EXCEPT *NO ONE EVER WILL*."
I KNEW I COULD COUNT ON YOU, BOB.

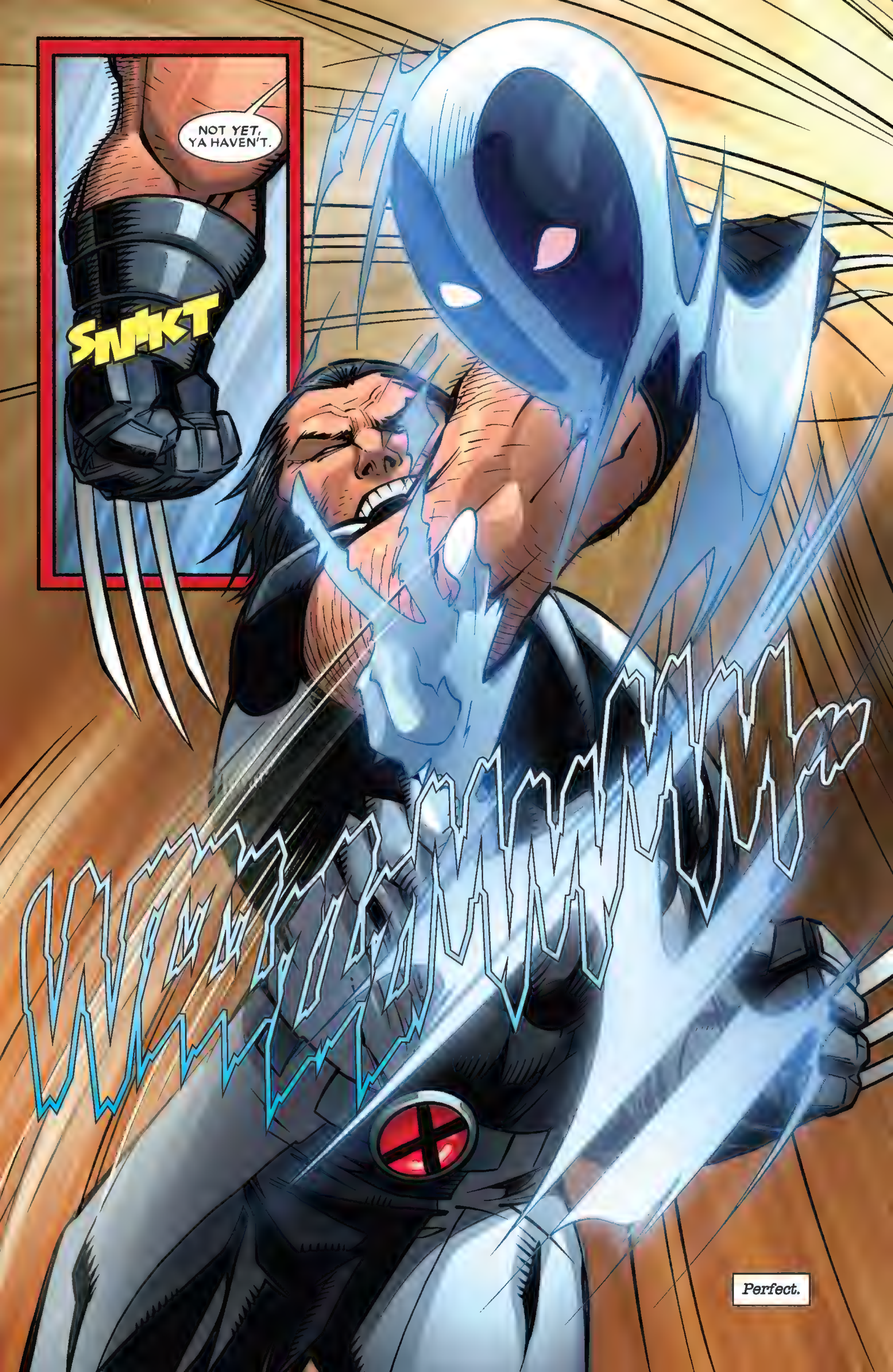

WELL... CONGRATULATIONS, THEN?
YOU GOT WHAT YOU WANTED.
YEAH, WELL...NOT YET.
STILL WORKIN' ON THAT PART.
I'LL FILL YA IN ON THE DEETS LATER.
AN' HEY-- THANKS, PAL.
I'M NOT--!
VZZMMMM
NOT YOUR PAL...
WHATTA YA SAY, GUYS...STILL FRIENDS?

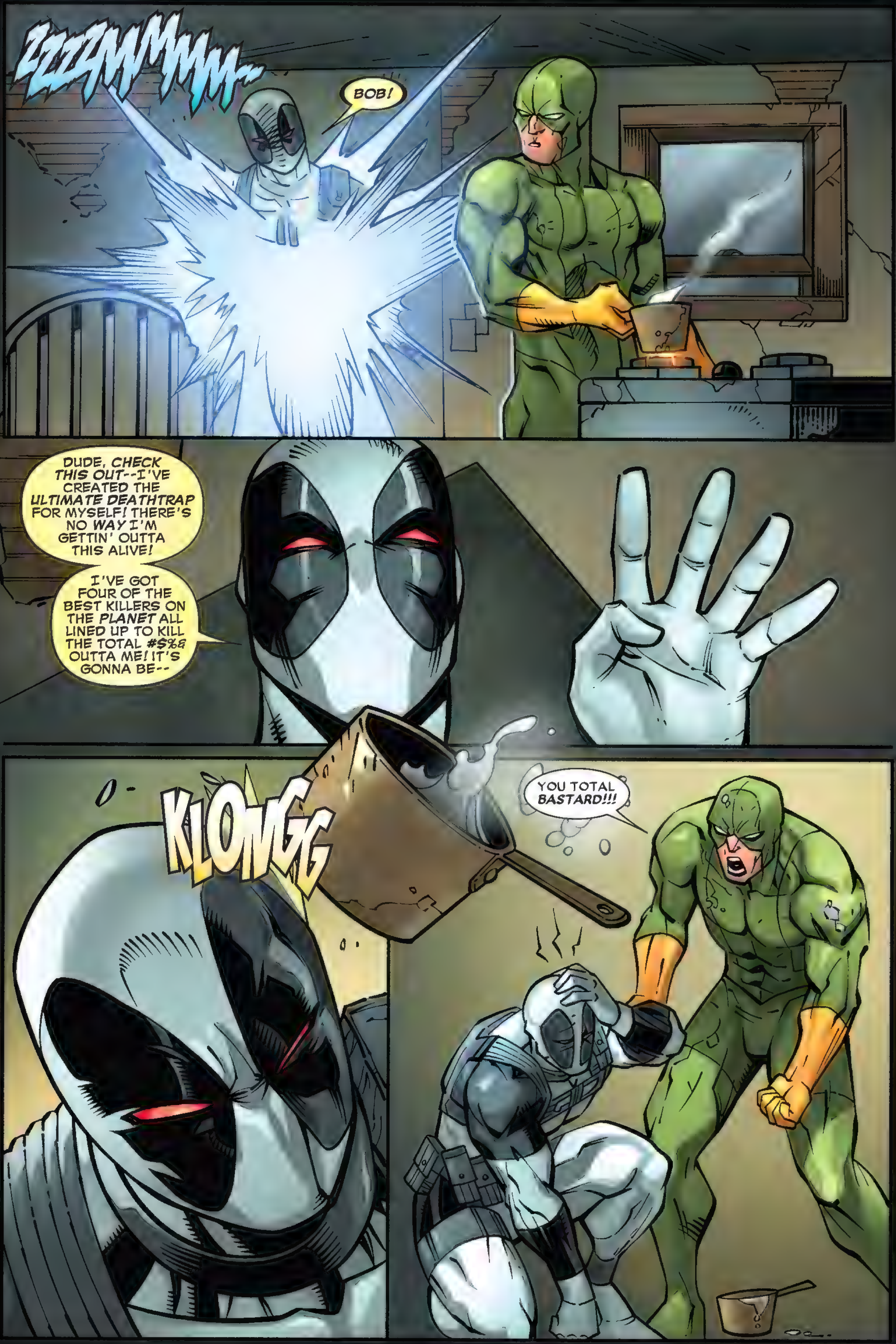

WHAT DO *YOU* THINK?
WOW, THEY LOOK *REALLY MAD!*
This is *perfect!*

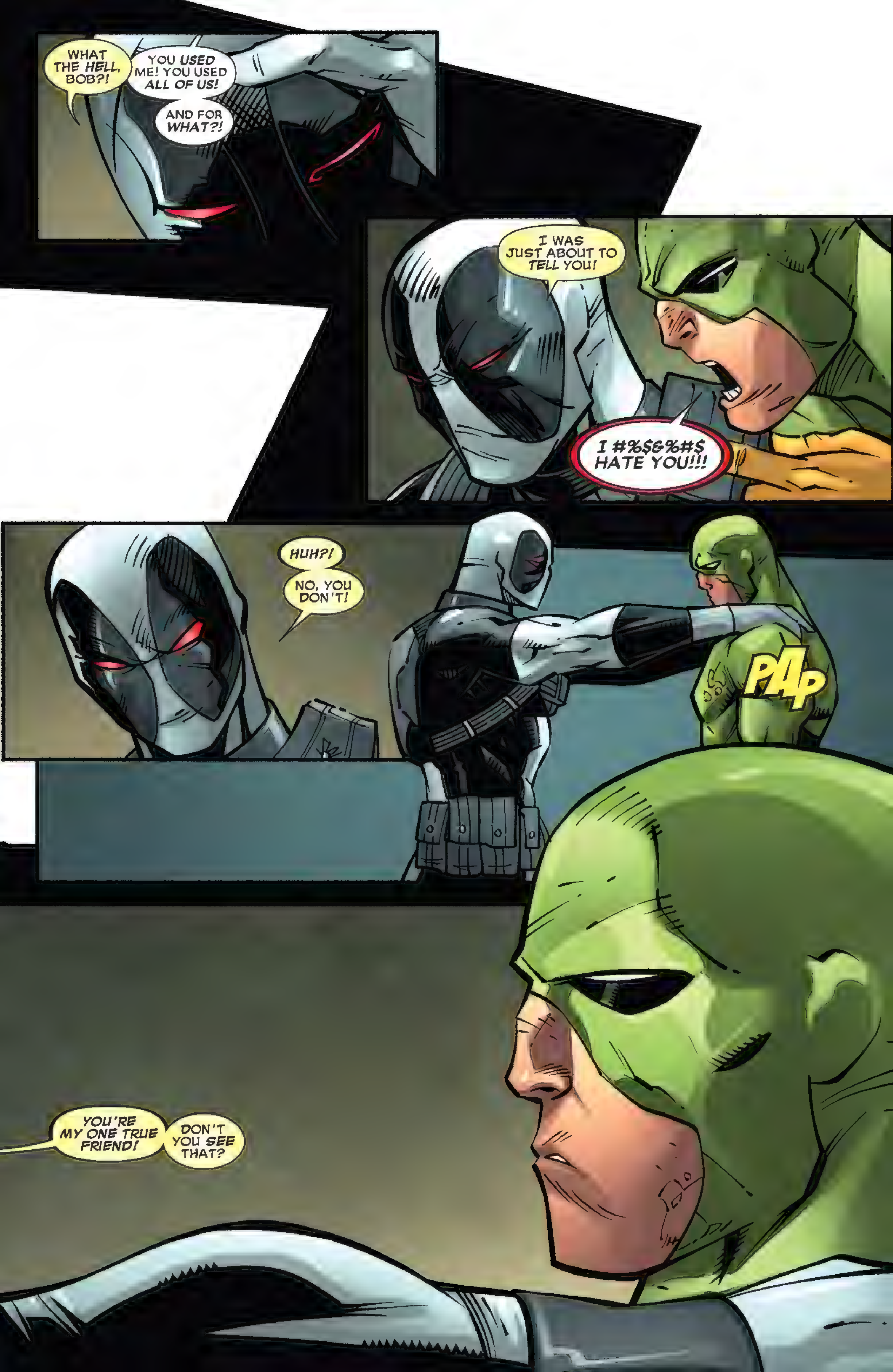

OKAY, SO *MAAAYBE* I WASN'T COMPLETELY STRAIGHT WITH YOU GUYS BUT, C'MON... *WHAT'D YOU EXPECT?*
AN' FOR WHAT IT'S WORTH? I'M REALLY SORRY THAT WOLVERINE GOT *INJECTED* WITH THAT STUFF, OKAY? I DIDN'T MEAN TO, LIKE, DO ANY *PERMANENT DAMAGE* TO ANYBODY.
YA *DIDN'T.*
THE SERUM DOESN'T WORK.

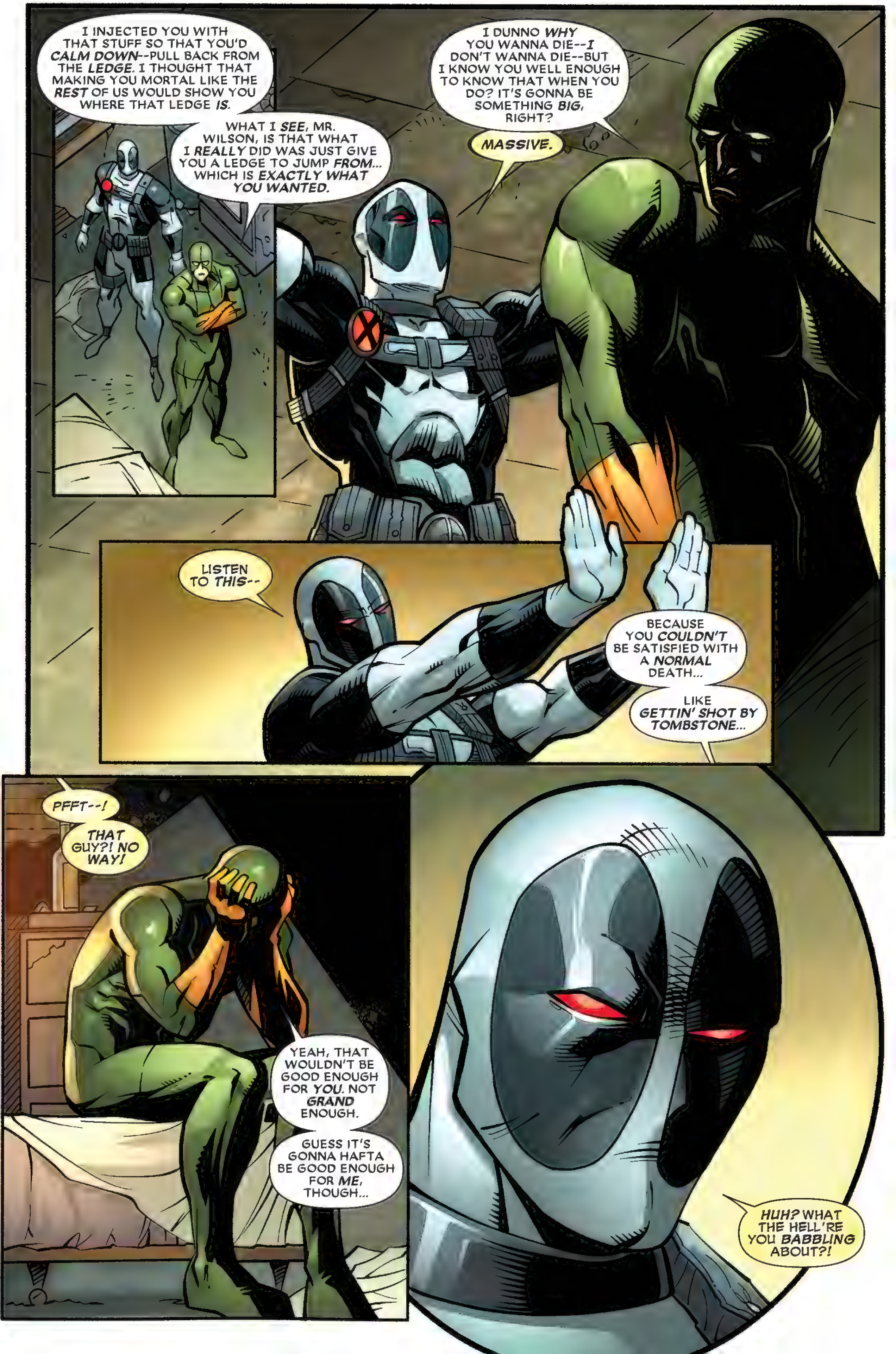

IT... DOESN'T?
E.V.A.?
EXPLIQUEZ, S'IL VOUS PLAIT.
BLAH-BLAH-BLAH-DNA-BLAH-BLAH-REINTRODUCTION OF UNMUTATED STRAIN-BLAH-BLAH-BLAH-REPLICATED BY SUPERHUMAN HEALING FACTOR-BLAH-BLAH-TO A STATE OF GENETIC EQUILIBRIUM.
UHH... HUH?!
IT ONLY WORKS ON YOU, WADE.
YYES!!!

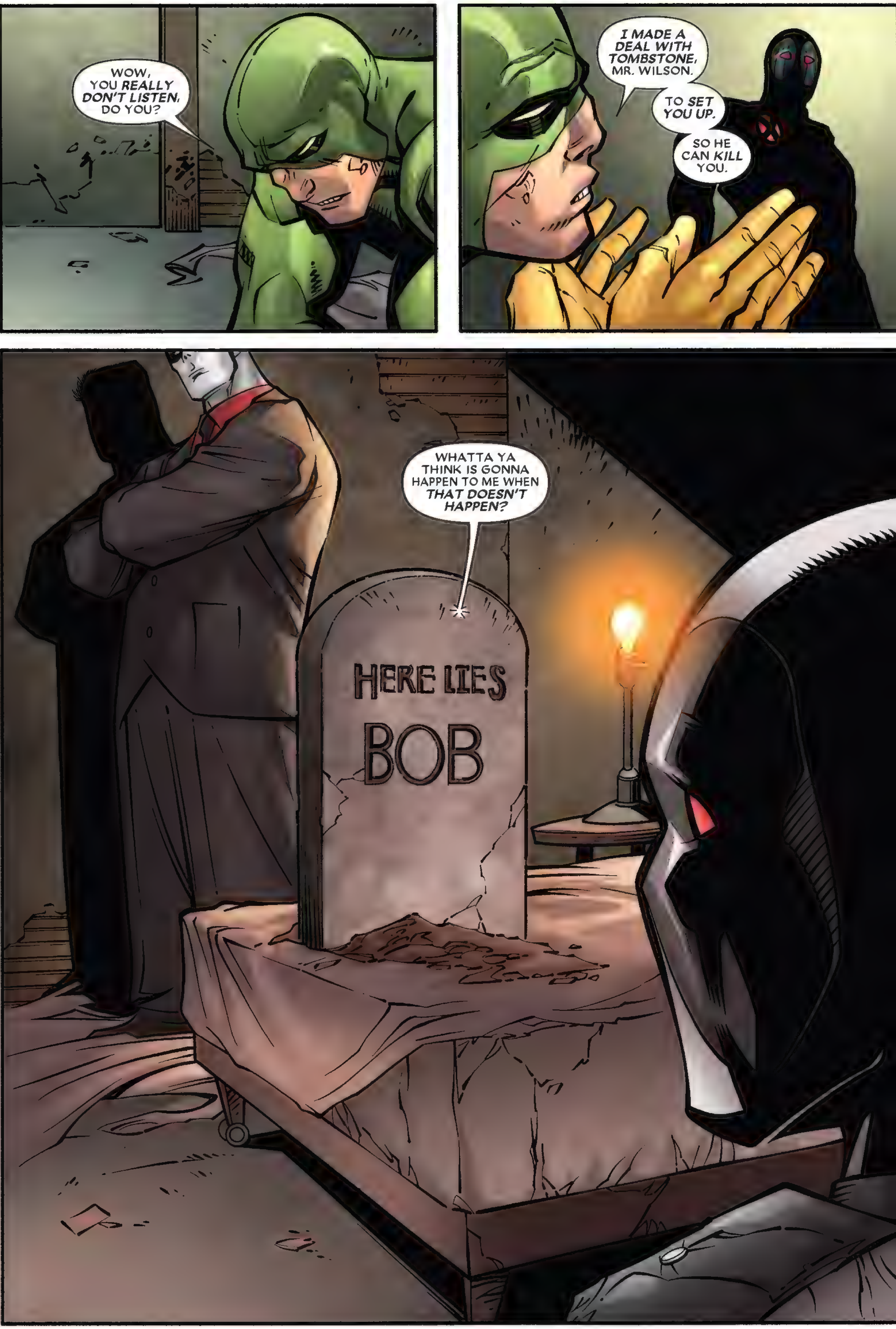

YOU *WANTED* THIS?!
OH, *HELL* YEAH! AN' *THANKS*, BY THE WAY.
COULDN'T HAVE DONE IT WITHOUT YOU.
I WON.
YOU *LIED* TO US... *USED* US.
PUT *X-FORCE* AT RISK O' BEIN' *DISCOVERED*.
SO YOU COULD INDULGE YER *DEATH WISH*.
I WOULDN'T SAY IT LIKE THAT...
HOW *WOULD* YA SAY IT?

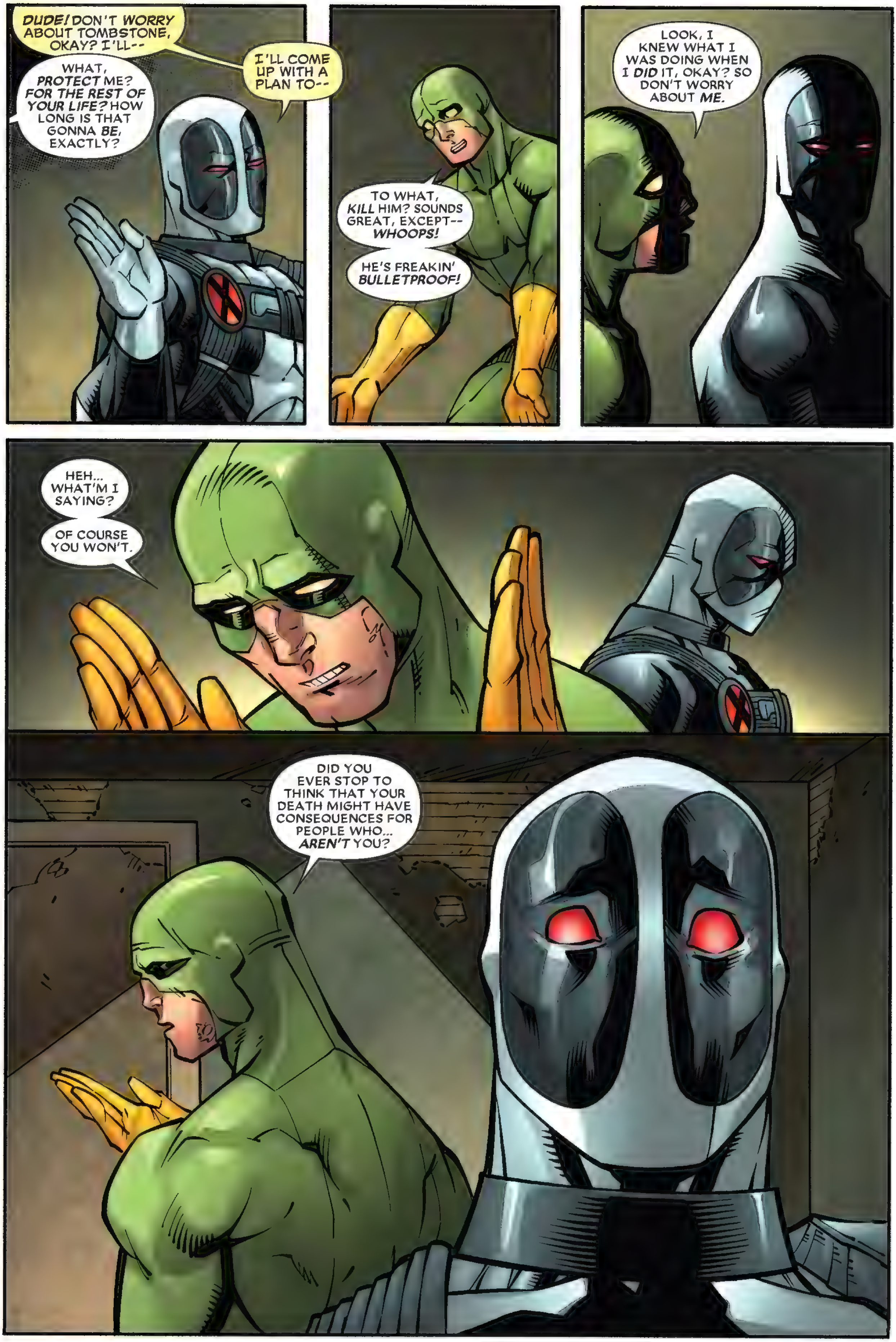

NOT YET, YA HAVEN'T.
SNIKT
WHAMMMM
Perfect.

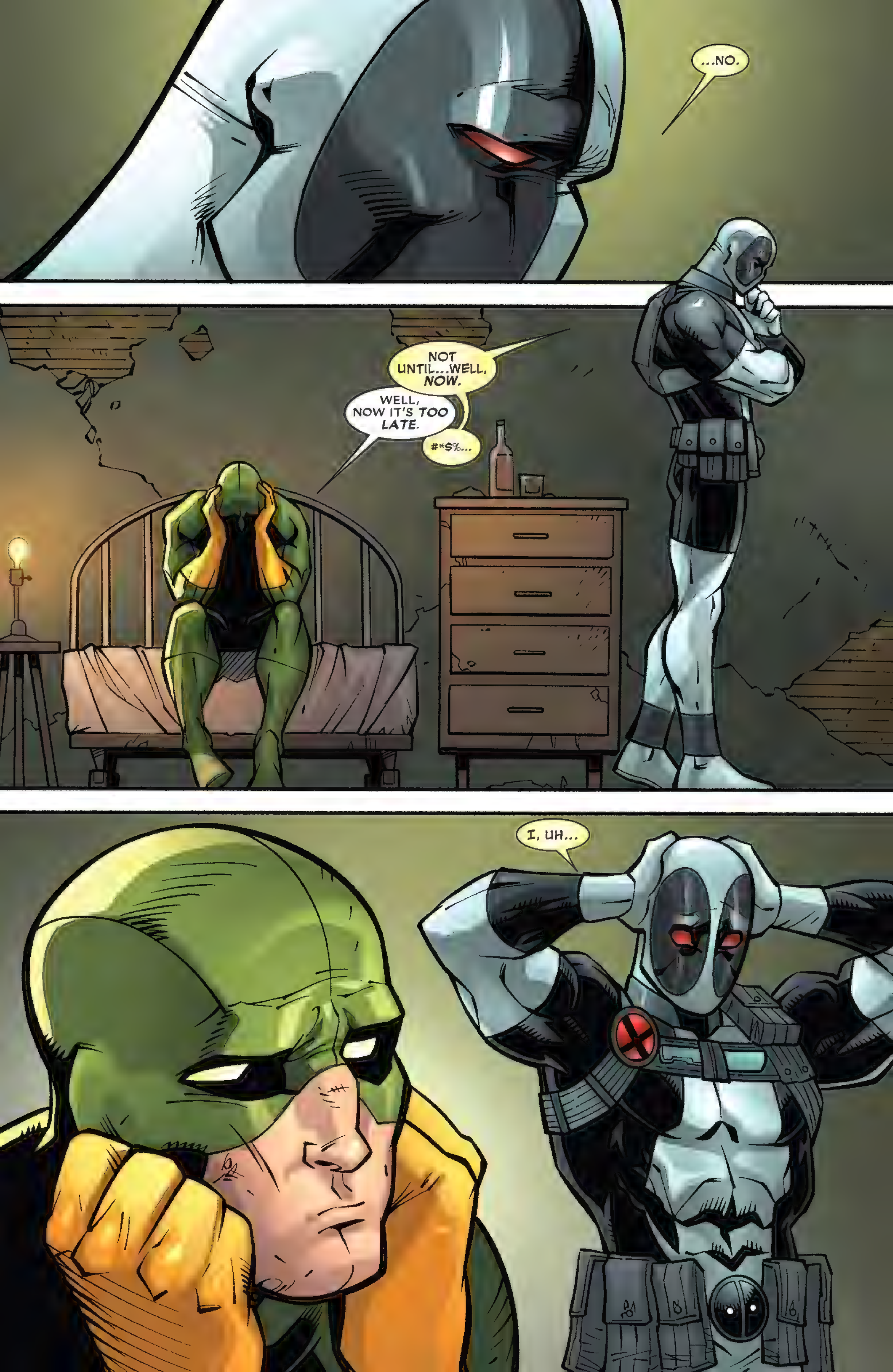

ZZZZMMMMM--
BOB!
DUDE, CHECK THIS OUT--I'VE CREATED THE ULTIMATE DEATHTRAP FOR MYSELF! THERE'S NO WAY I'M GETTIN' OUTTA THIS ALIVE!
I'VE GOT FOUR OF THE BEST KILLERS ON THE PLANET ALL LINED UP TO KILL THE TOTAL #$%& OUTTA ME! IT'S GONNA BE--
KLONGG
YOU TOTAL BASTARD!!!

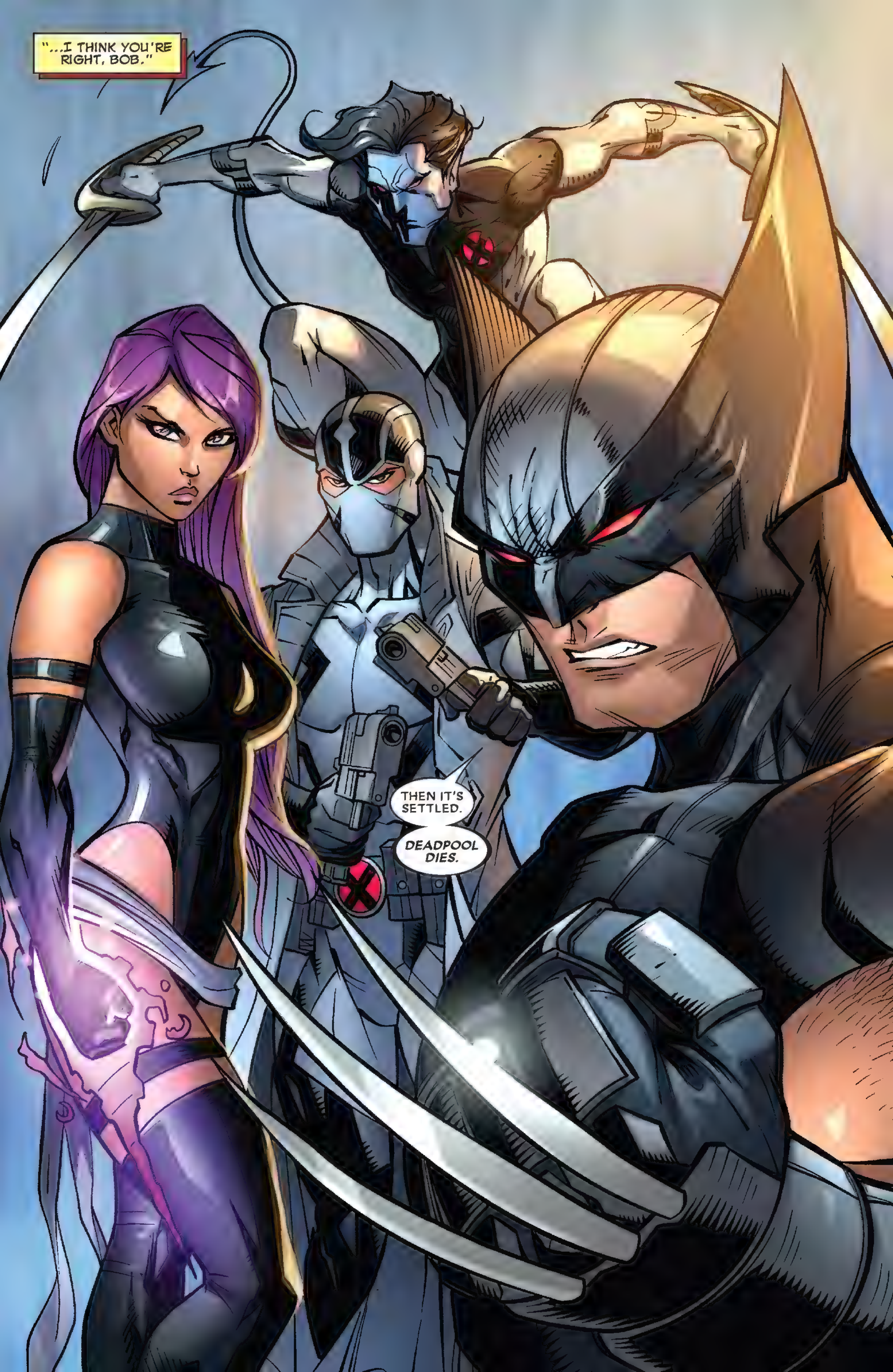

WHAT THE HELL, BOB?!
YOU USED ME! YOU USED ALL OF US!
AND FOR WHAT?!
I WAS JUST ABOUT TO TELL YOU!
I #%$&%#$ HATE YOU!!!
HUH?!
NO, YOU DON'T!
PAP
YOU'RE MY ONE TRUE FRIEND!
DON'T YOU SEE THAT?

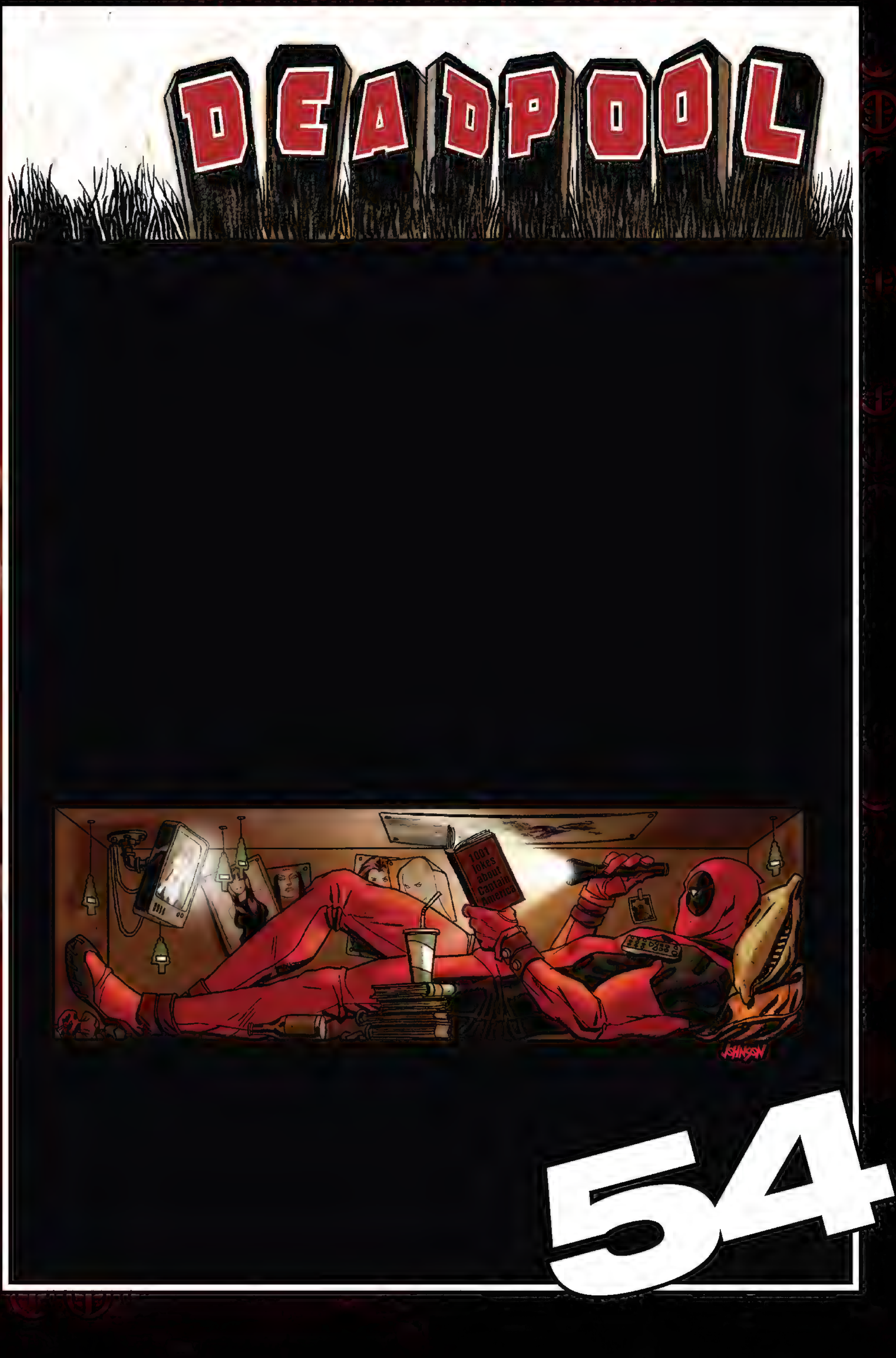

I INJECTED YOU WITH THAT STUFF SO THAT YOU'D *CALM DOWN*--PULL BACK FROM THE *LEDGE*. I THOUGHT THAT MAKING YOU MORTAL LIKE THE *REST* OF US WOULD SHOW YOU WHERE THAT LEDGE *IS*.
WHAT I *SEE*, MR. WILSON, IS THAT WHAT I *REALLY* DID WAS JUST GIVE YOU A LEDGE TO JUMP *FROM*... WHICH IS *EXACTLY WHAT YOU WANTED*.
I DUNNO *WHY* YOU WANNA DIE--*I* DON'T WANNA DIE--BUT I KNOW YOU WELL ENOUGH TO KNOW THAT WHEN YOU DO? IT'S GONNA BE SOMETHING *BIG*, RIGHT?
MASSIVE.
LISTEN TO *THIS*--
BECAUSE YOU *COULDN'T* BE SATISFIED WITH A *NORMAL* DEATH...
LIKE *GETTIN' SHOT BY TOMBSTONE*...
PFFT--!
THAT GUY?! *NO WAY!*
YEAH, THAT WOULDN'T BE GOOD ENOUGH FOR *YOU*. NOT *GRAND* ENOUGH.
GUESS IT'S GONNA HAFTA BE GOOD ENOUGH FOR *ME*, THOUGH...
HUH? WHAT THE HELL'RE YOU *BABBLING* ABOUT?!

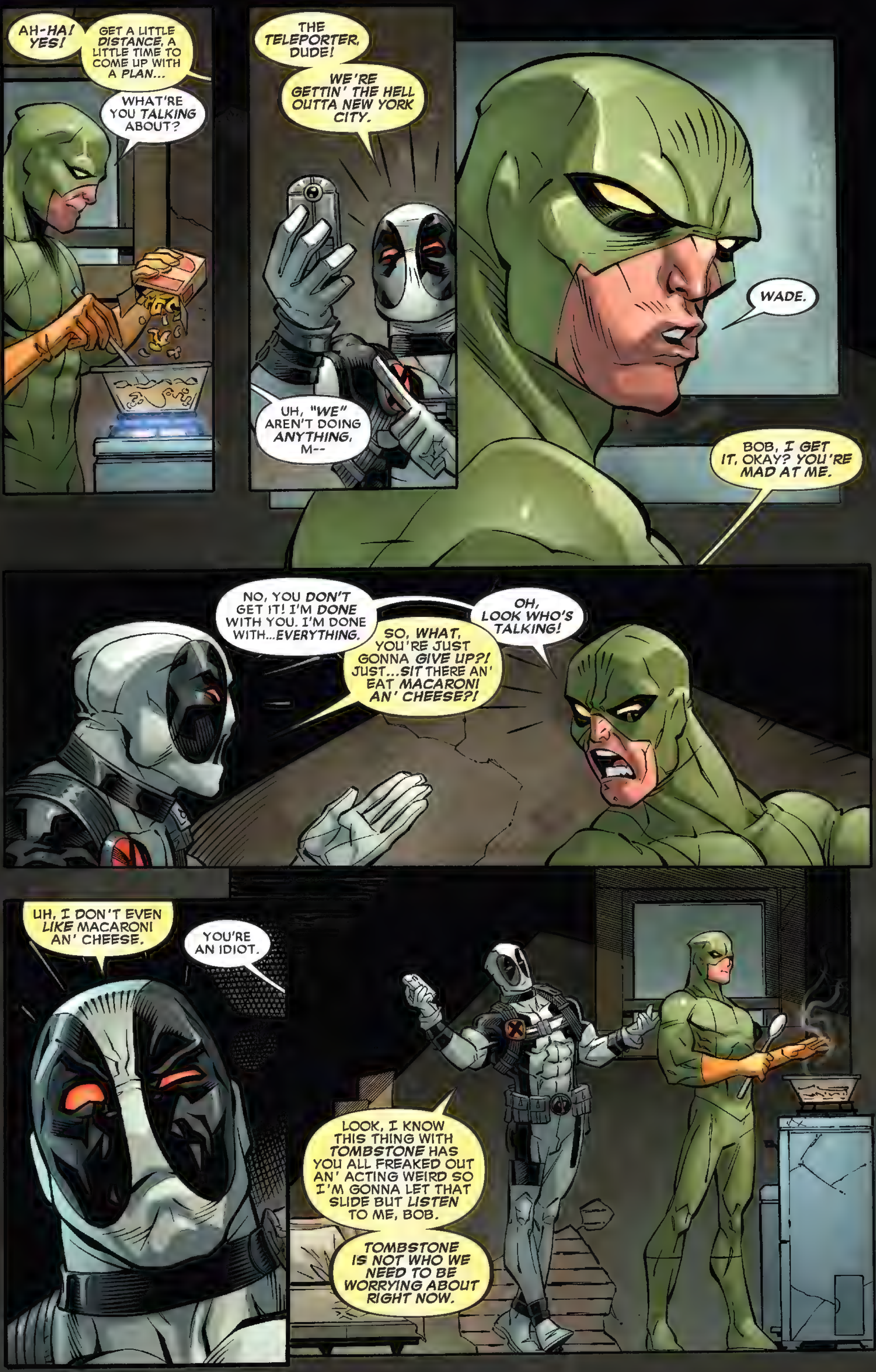

WOW, YOU *REALLY DON'T LISTEN,* DO YOU?
I MADE A DEAL WITH TOMBSTONE, MR. WILSON.
TO *SET YOU UP.*
SO HE CAN *KILL* YOU.
WHATTA YA THINK IS GONNA HAPPEN TO ME WHEN *THAT DOESN'T HAPPEN?*
HERE LIES
BOB

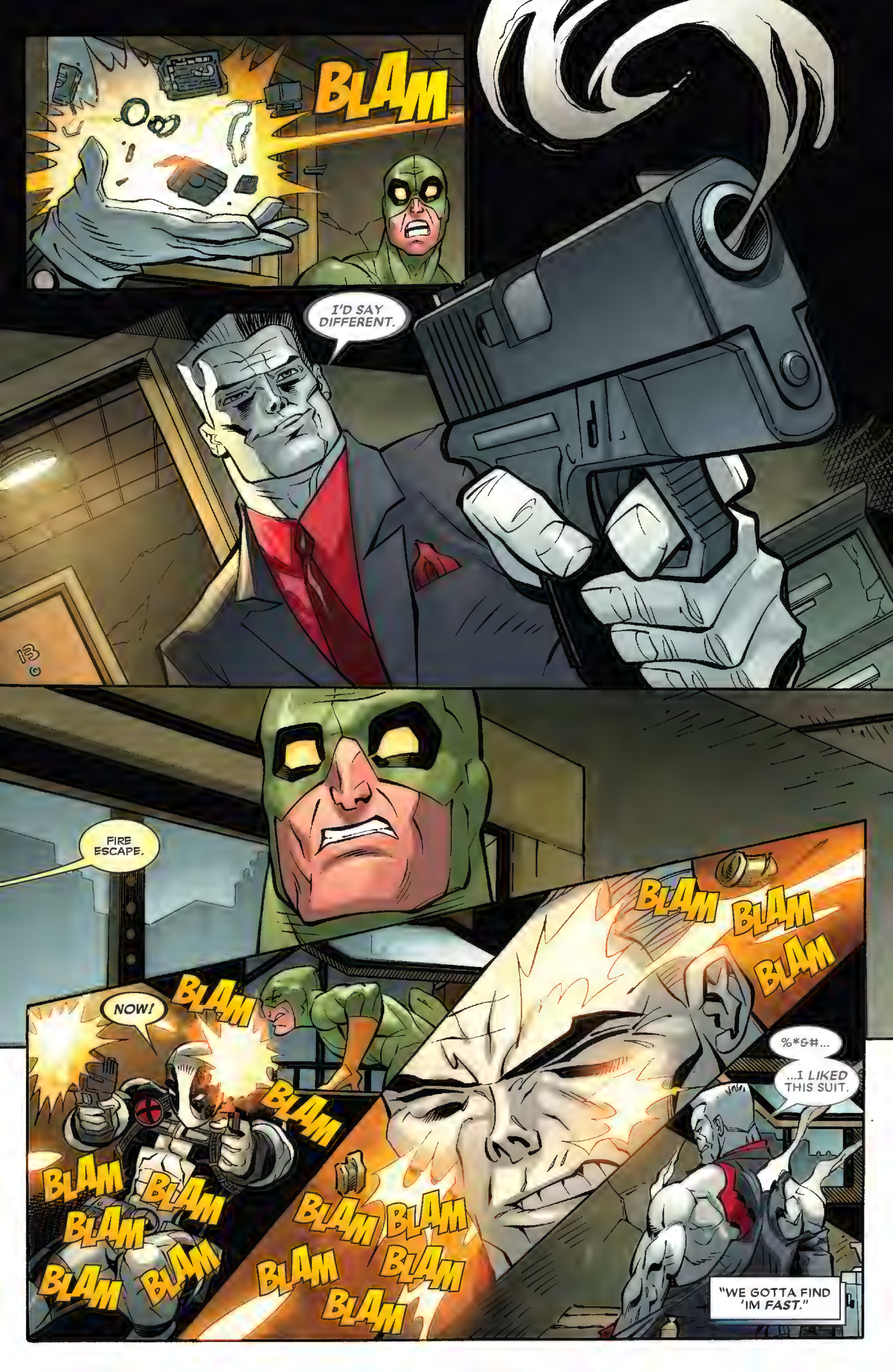

DUDE! DON'T WORRY ABOUT TOMBSTONE, OKAY? I'LL--
WHAT, PROTECT ME? FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE? HOW LONG IS THAT GONNA BE, EXACTLY?
I'LL COME UP WITH A PLAN TO--
TO WHAT, KILL HIM? SOUNDS GREAT, EXCEPT-- WHOOPS!
HE'S FREAKIN' BULLETPROOF!
LOOK, I KNEW WHAT I WAS DOING WHEN I DID IT, OKAY? SO DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME.
HEH... WHAT'M I SAYING?
OF COURSE YOU WON'T.
DID YOU EVER STOP TO THINK THAT YOUR DEATH MIGHT HAVE CONSEQUENCES FOR PEOPLE WHO... AREN'T YOU?

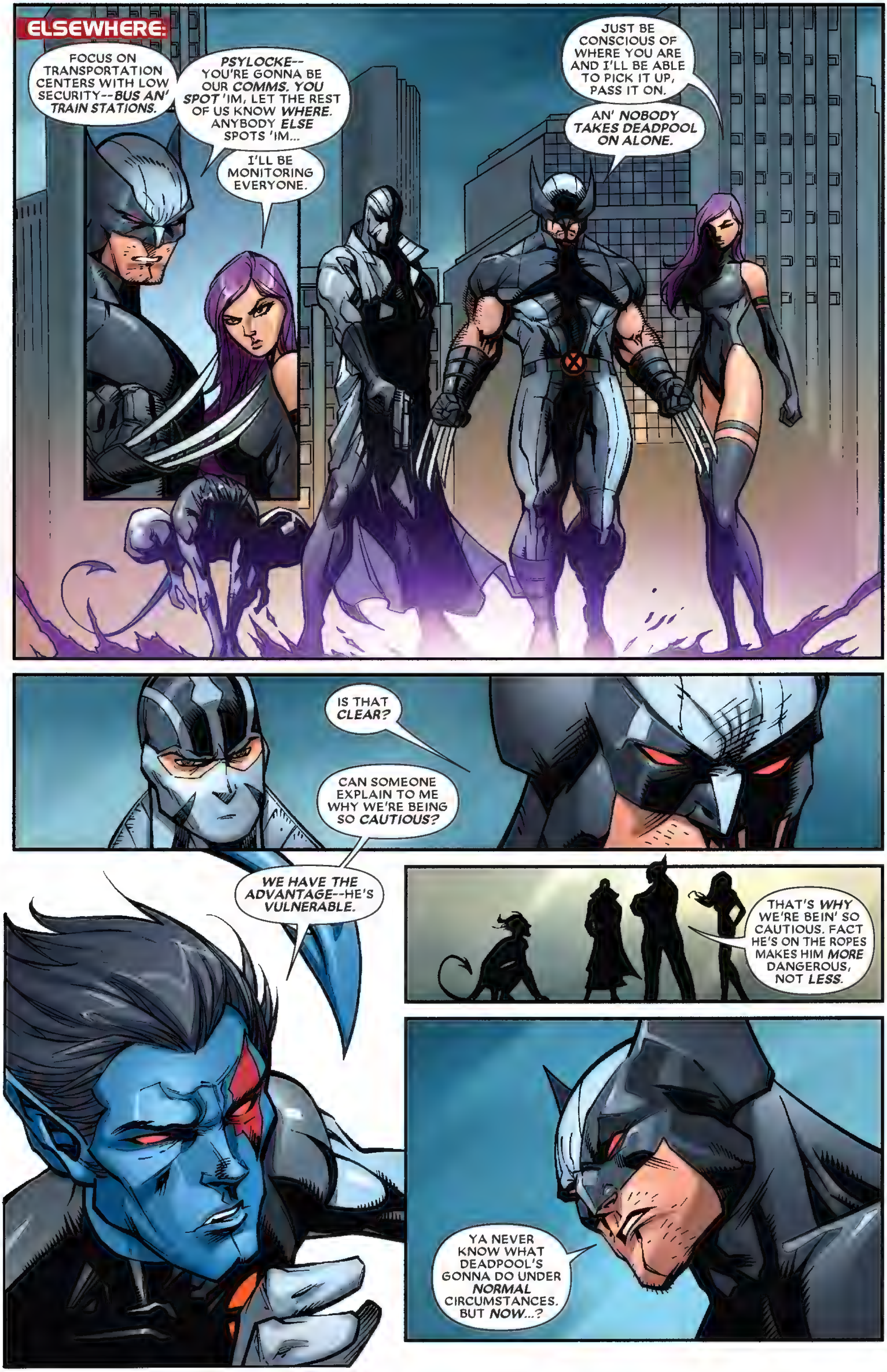

...NO.
NOT UNTIL...WELL, *NOW.*
WELL, NOW IT'S TOO *LATE.*
#*$%...
I, UH...

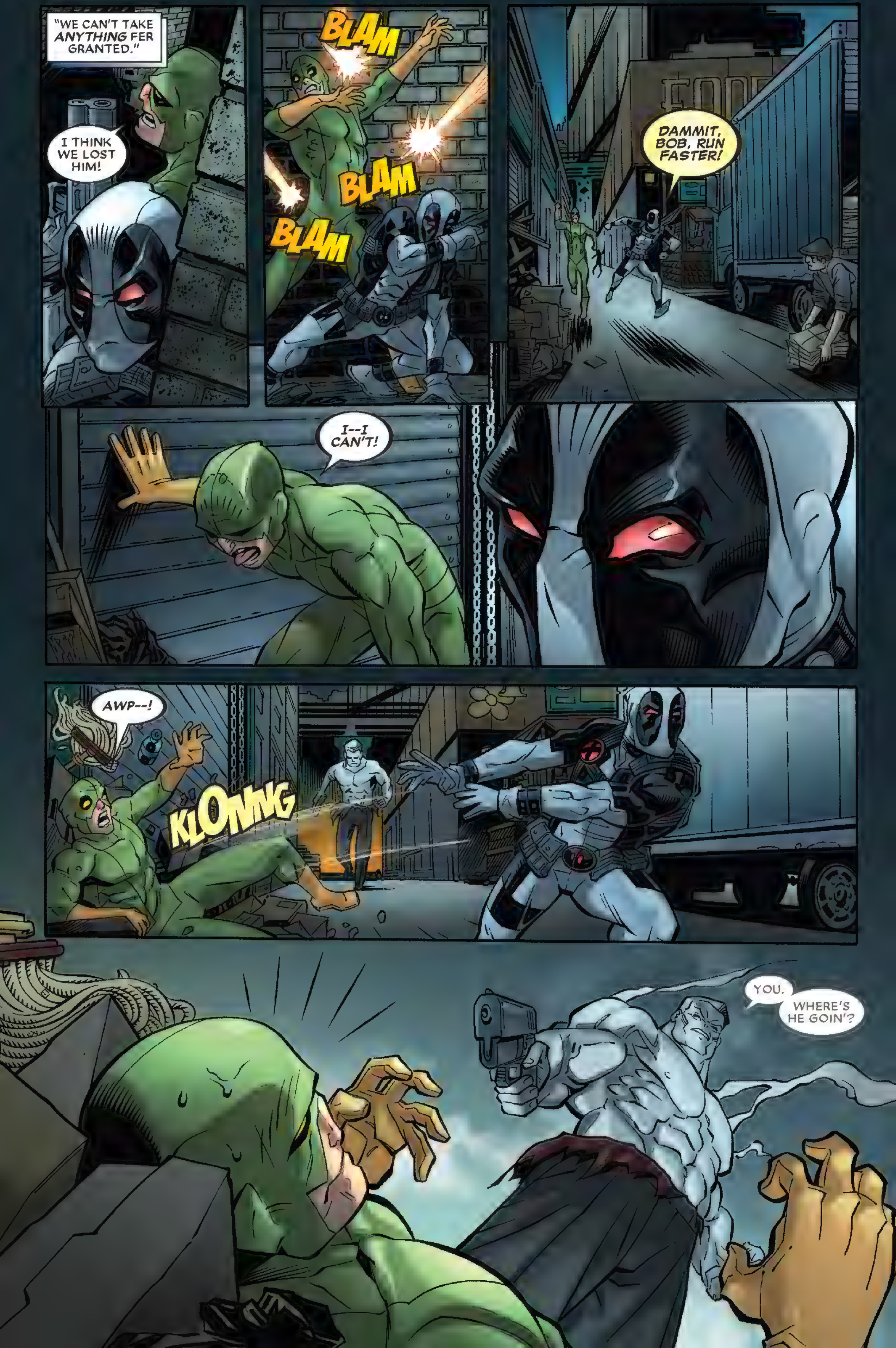

"...I THINK YOU'RE RIGHT, BOB."
THEN IT'S SETTLED.
DEADPOOL DIES.

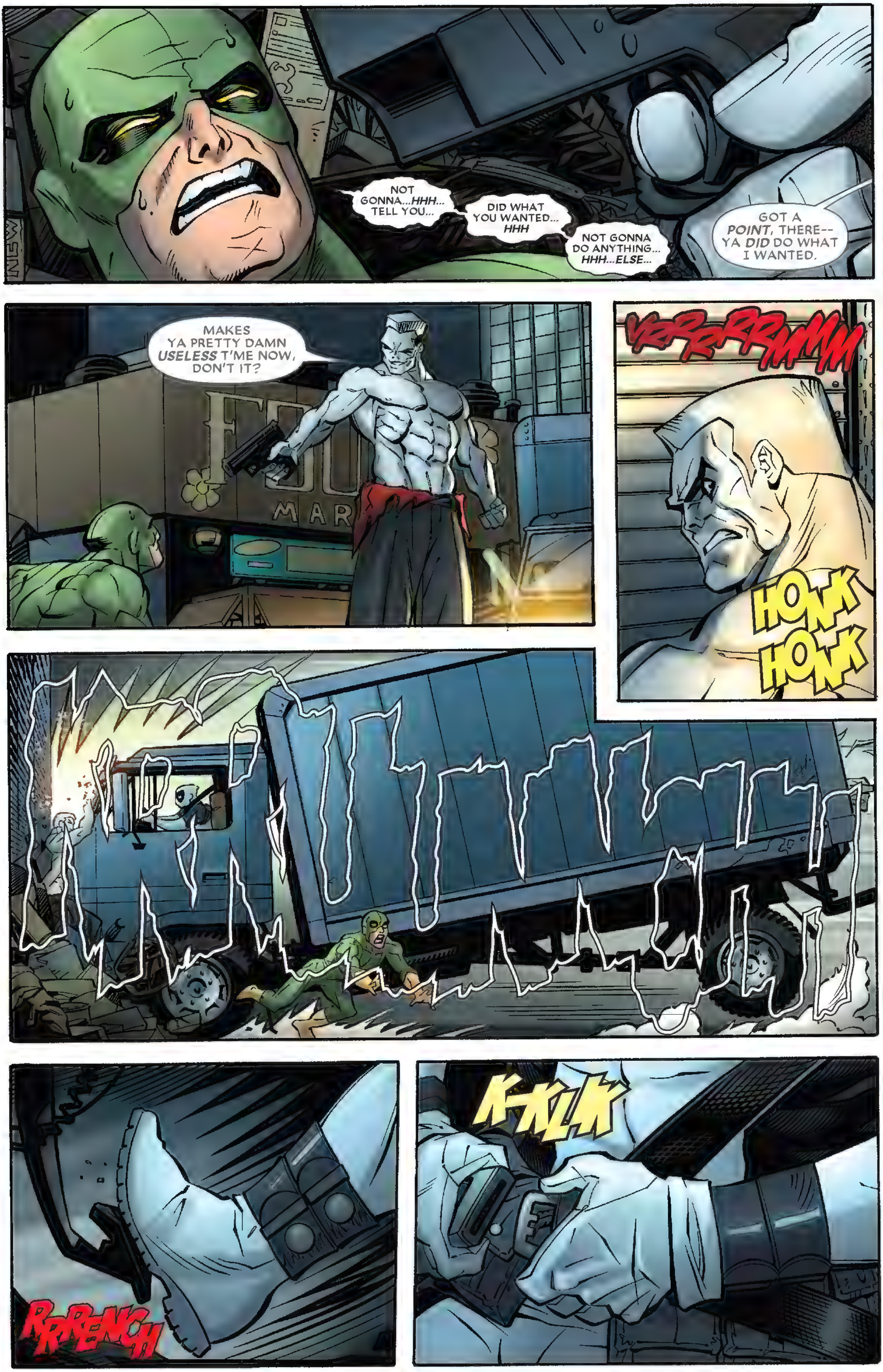

DEADPOOL
1001 Jokes about Captain America
JOHNSON
54

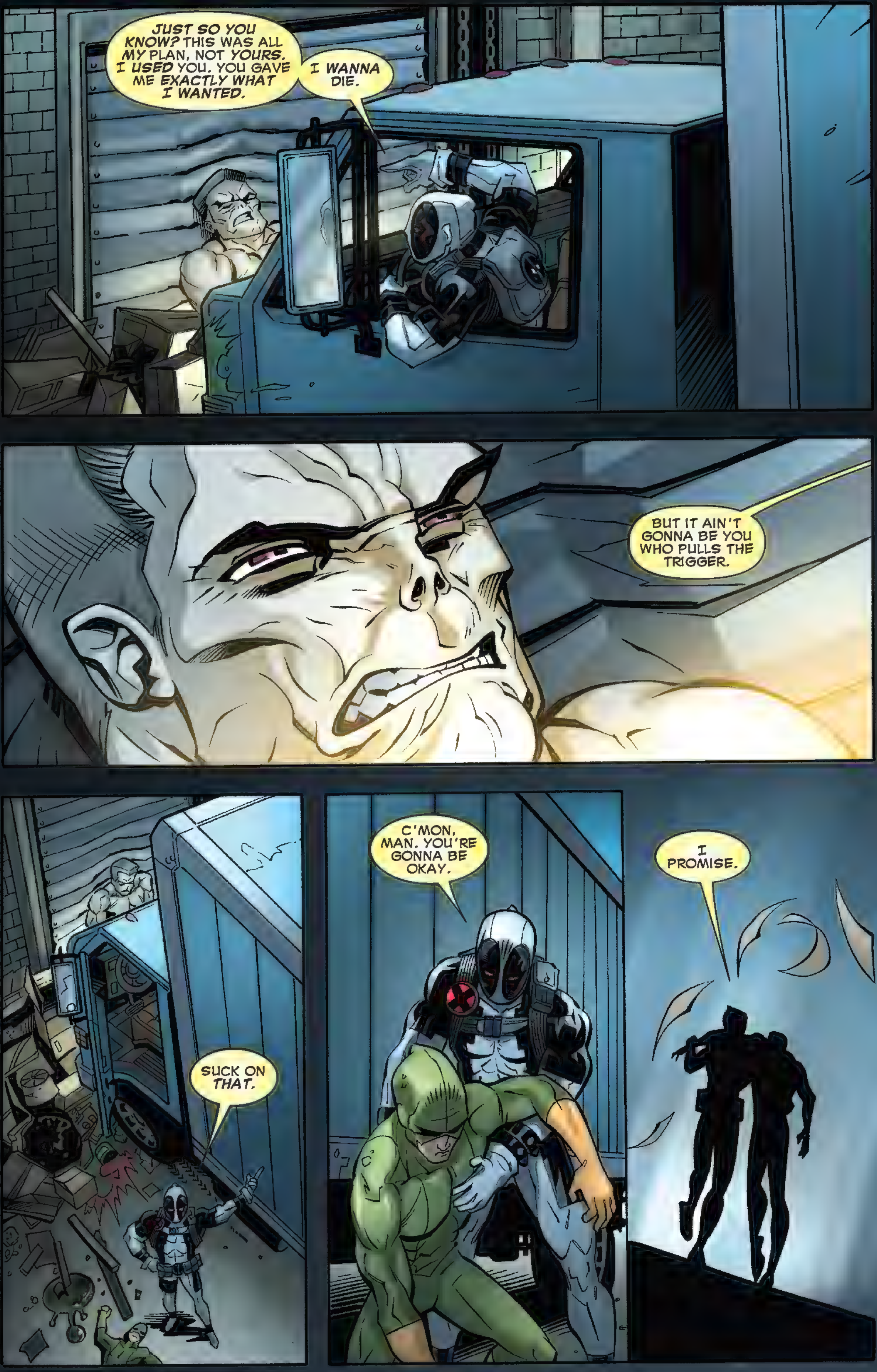

AH-HA! YES!
GET A LITTLE DISTANCE, A LITTLE TIME TO COME UP WITH A PLAN...
WHAT'RE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
THE TELEPORTER, DUDE!
WE'RE GETTIN' THE HELL OUTTA NEW YORK CITY.
UH, "WE" AREN'T DOING ANYTHING, M--
WADE.
BOB, I GET IT, OKAY? YOU'RE MAD AT ME.
NO, YOU DON'T GET IT! I'M DONE WITH YOU. I'M DONE WITH...EVERYTHING.
OH, LOOK WHO'S TALKING!
SO, WHAT, YOU'RE JUST GONNA GIVE UP?! JUST...SIT THERE AN' EAT MACARONI AN' CHEESE?!
UH, I DON'T EVEN LIKE MACARONI AN' CHEESE.
YOU'RE AN IDIOT.
LOOK, I KNOW THIS THING WITH TOMBSTONE HAS YOU ALL FREAKED OUT AN' ACTING WEIRD SO I'M GONNA LET THAT SLIDE BUT LISTEN TO ME, BOB.
TOMBSTONE IS NOT WHO WE NEED TO BE WORRYING ABOUT RIGHT NOW.

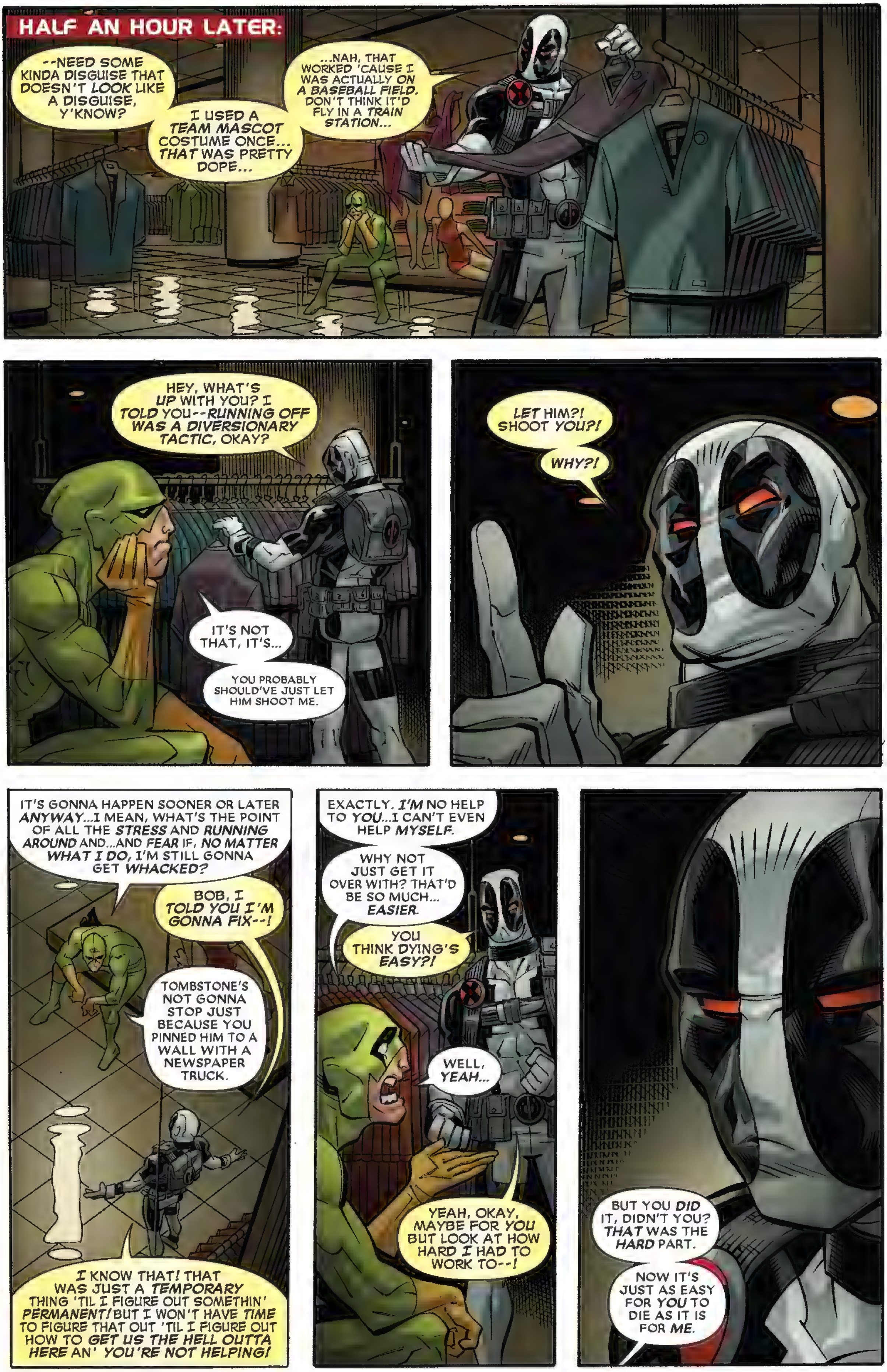

BLAM
I'D SAY DIFFERENT.
FIRE ESCAPE.
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
NOW!
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
%*&#...
...I LIKED THIS SUIT.
"WE GOTTA FIND 'IM FAST."

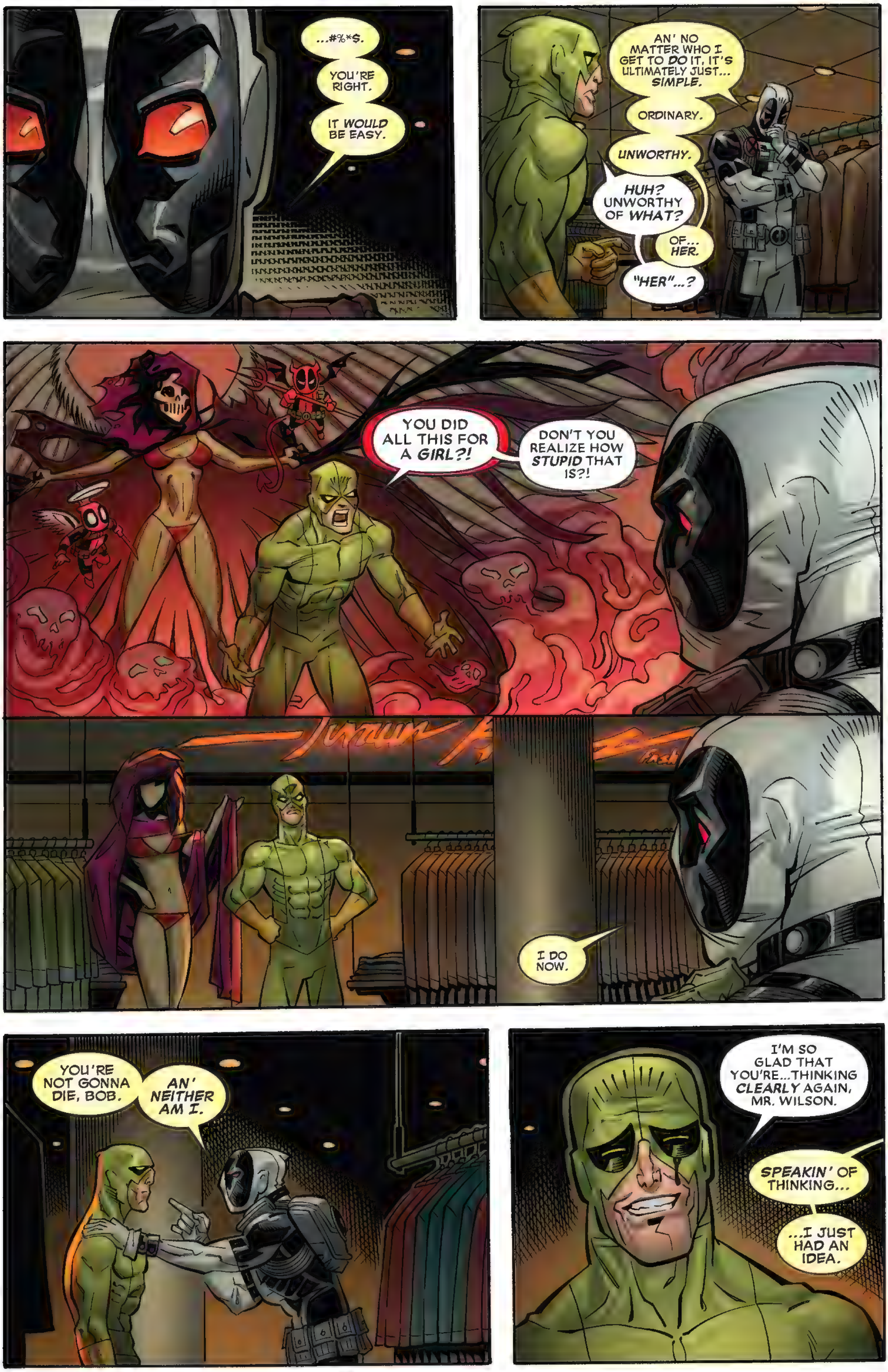

ELSEWHERE:
FOCUS ON TRANSPORTATION CENTERS WITH LOW SECURITY--BUS AN' TRAIN STATIONS.
PSYLOCKE-- YOU'RE GONNA BE OUR COMMS. YOU SPOT 'IM, LET THE REST OF US KNOW WHERE. ANYBODY ELSE SPOTS 'IM...
I'LL BE MONITORING EVERYONE.
JUST BE CONSCIOUS OF WHERE YOU ARE AND I'LL BE ABLE TO PICK IT UP, PASS IT ON.
AN' NOBODY TAKES DEADPOOL ON ALONE.
IS THAT CLEAR?
CAN SOMEONE EXPLAIN TO ME WHY WE'RE BEING SO CAUTIOUS?
WE HAVE THE ADVANTAGE--HE'S VULNERABLE.
THAT'S WHY WE'RE BEIN' SO CAUTIOUS. FACT HE'S ON THE ROPES MAKES HIM MORE DANGEROUS, NOT LESS.
YA NEVER KNOW WHAT DEADPOOL'S GONNA DO UNDER NORMAL CIRCUMSTANCES. BUT NOW...?

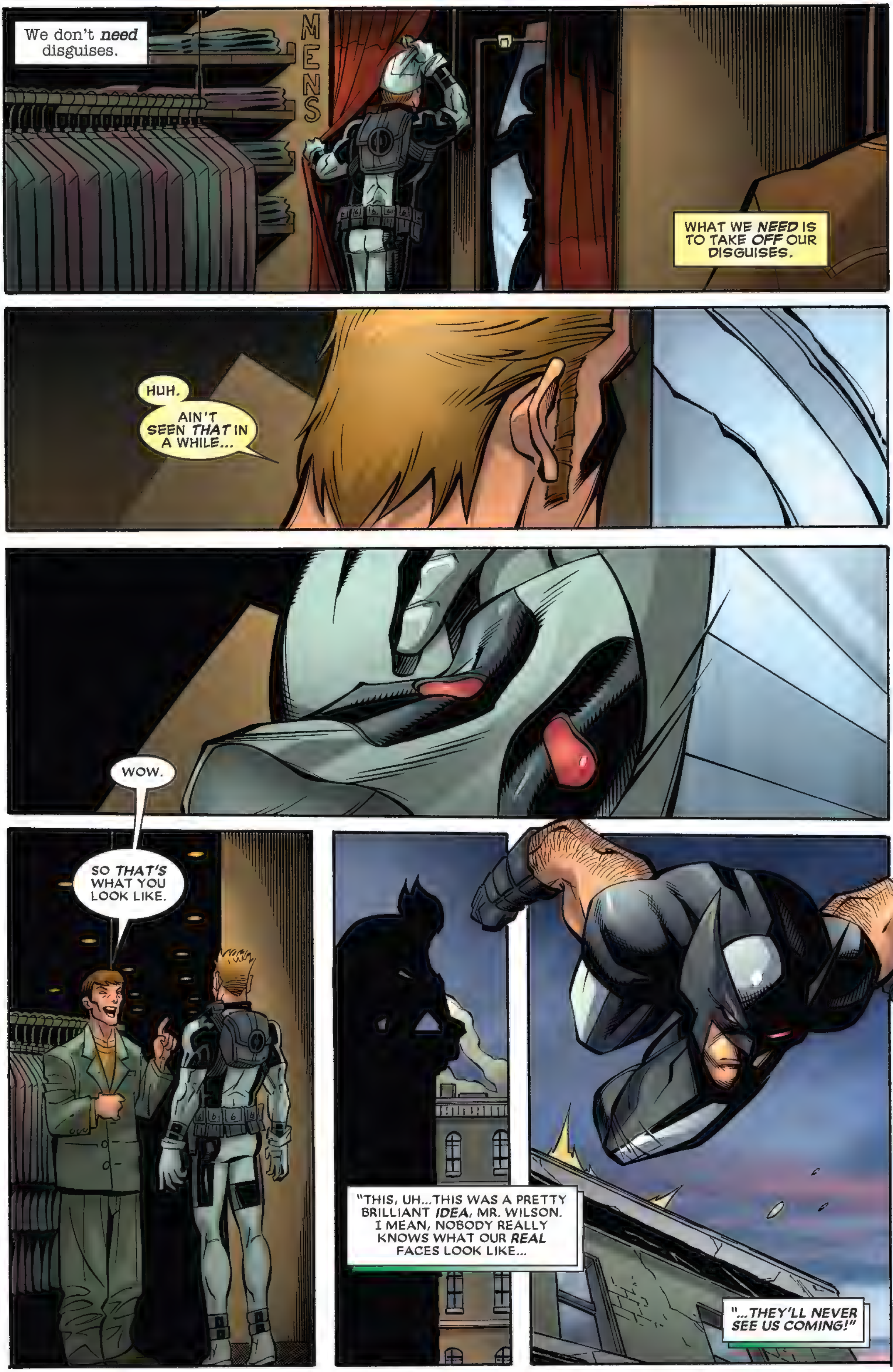

"WE CAN'T TAKE *ANYTHING* FER GRANTED."
I THINK WE LOST HIM!
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
DAMMIT, BOB, RUN FASTER!
I--I CAN'T!
AWP--!
KLONNNG
YOU.
WHERE'S HE GOIN'?

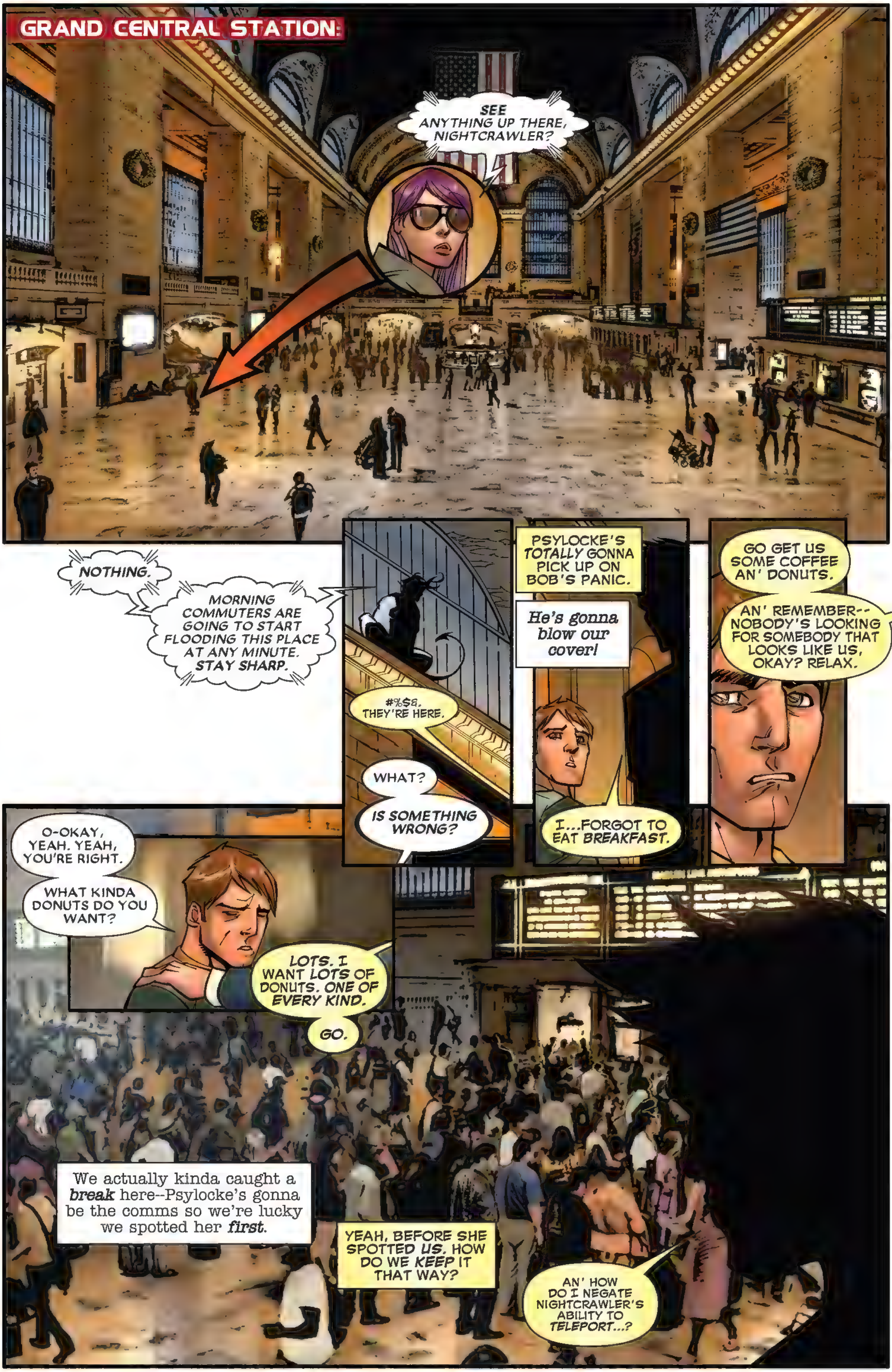

NEW
NOT GONNA...*HHH*... TELL YOU...
DID WHAT YOU WANTED... *HHH*
NOT GONNA DO ANYTHING... *HHH*...*ELSE*...
GOT A *POINT*, THERE-- YA *DID* DO WHAT I WANTED.
MAKES YA PRETTY DAMN *USELESS* T'ME NOW, DON'T IT?
FOO
MAR
VRRRRMMMM
HONK HONK
RRRENCH
K-KLIK

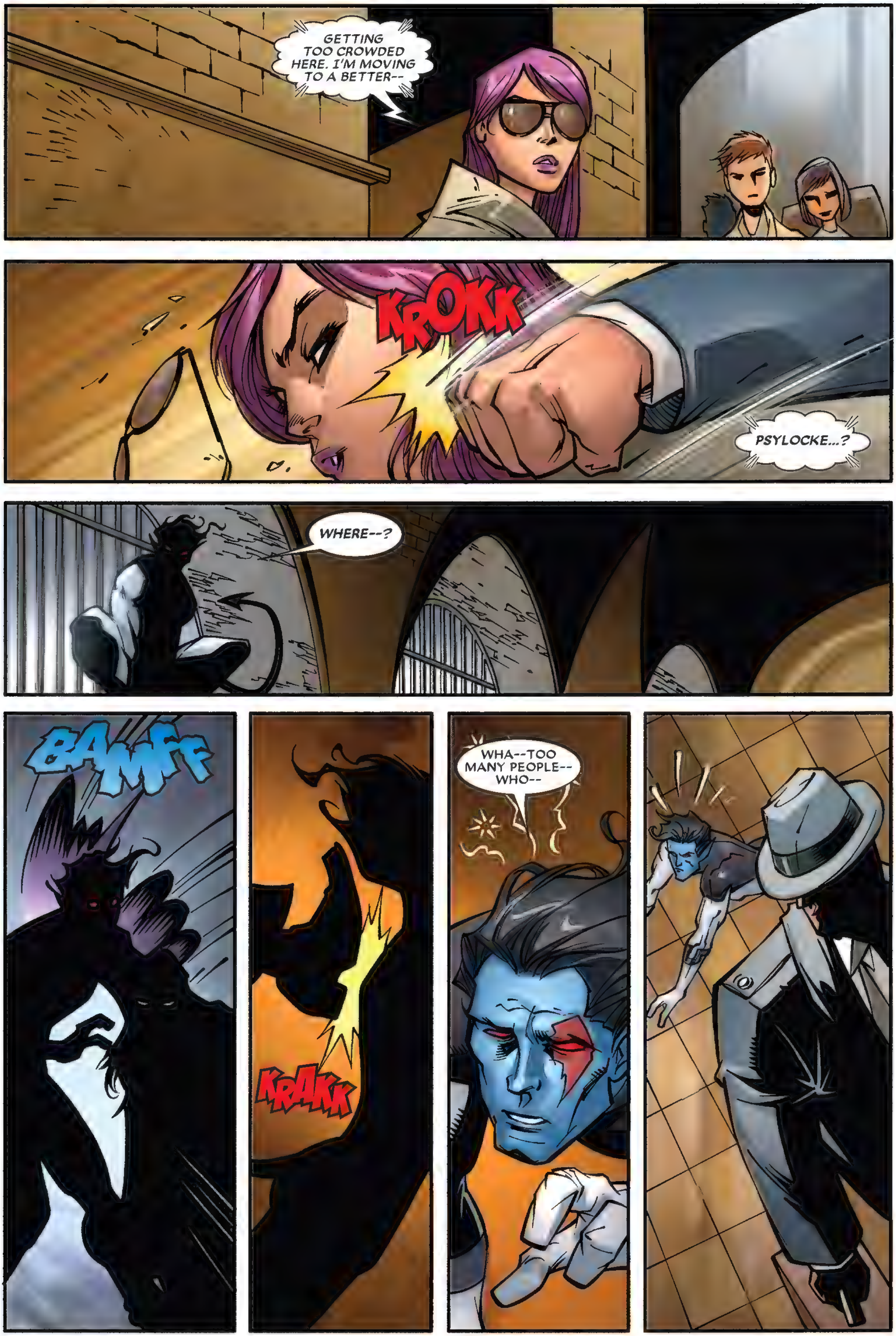

JUST SO YOU KNOW? THIS WAS ALL MY PLAN, NOT YOURS. I USED YOU. YOU GAVE ME EXACTLY WHAT I WANTED.
I WANNA DIE.
BUT IT AIN'T GONNA BE YOU WHO PULLS THE TRIGGER.
SUCK ON THAT.
C'MON, MAN. YOU'RE GONNA BE OKAY.
I PROMISE.

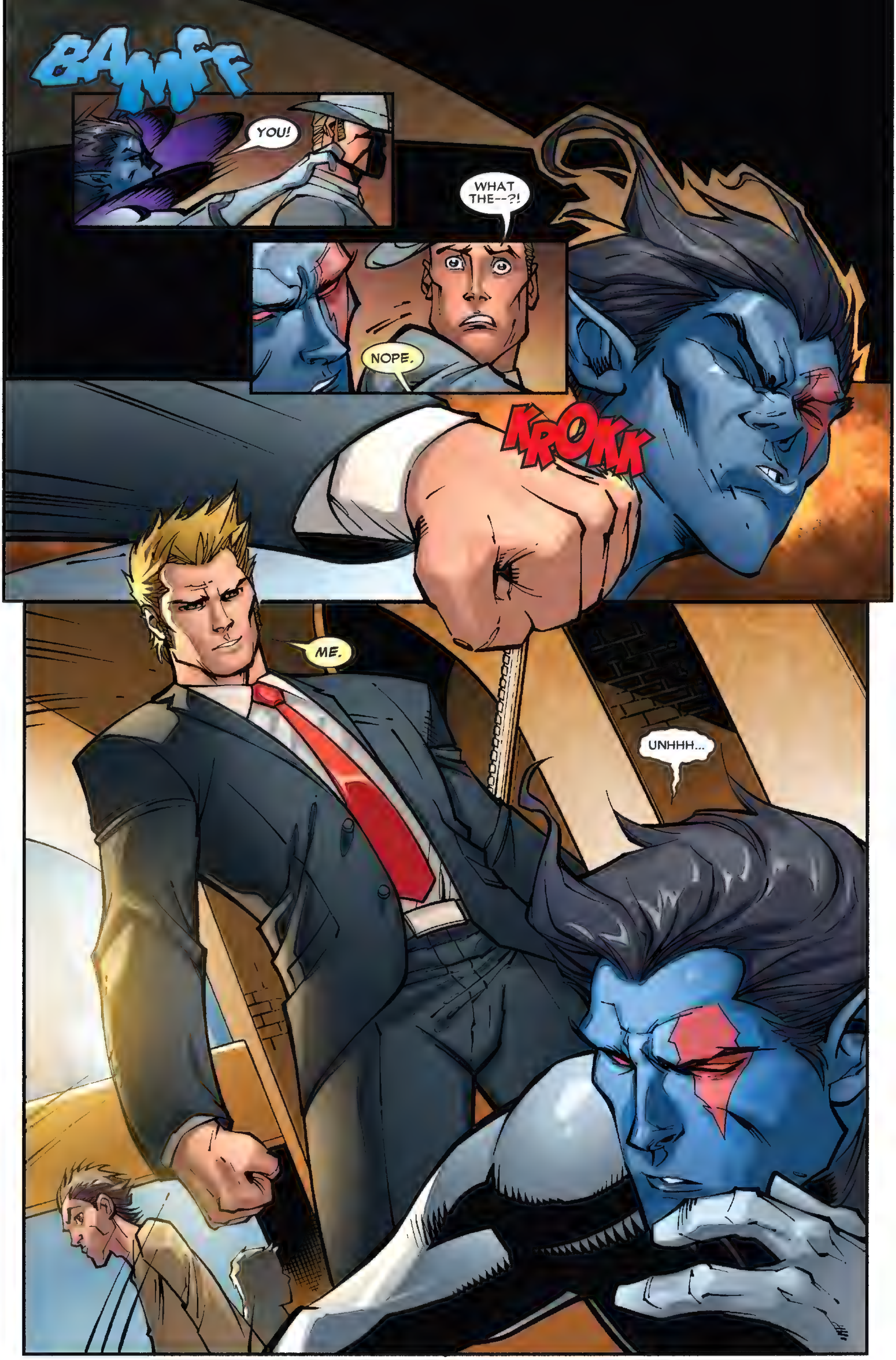

HALF AN HOUR LATER:
--NEED SOME KINDA DISGUISE THAT DOESN'T *LOOK* LIKE A DISGUISE, Y'KNOW?
I USED A *TEAM MASCOT* COSTUME ONCE... *THAT* WAS PRETTY DOPE...
...NAH, THAT WORKED 'CAUSE I WAS ACTUALLY *ON* A *BASEBALL FIELD.* DON'T THINK IT'D FLY IN A *TRAIN* STATION...
HEY, WHAT'S *UP* WITH YOU? I *TOLD* YOU--*RUNNING OFF* WAS A *DIVERSIONARY TACTIC,* OKAY?
IT'S NOT THAT, IT'S...
YOU PROBABLY SHOULD'VE JUST LET HIM SHOOT ME.
LET HIM?! SHOOT *YOU?!*
WHY?!
IT'S GONNA HAPPEN SOONER OR LATER *ANYWAY*...I MEAN, WHAT'S THE POINT OF ALL THE *STRESS* AND *RUNNING AROUND* AND...AND *FEAR* IF, *NO MATTER WHAT I DO,* I'M STILL GONNA GET *WHACKED?*
BOB, I *TOLD YOU I'M GONNA FIX--!*
TOMBSTONE'S NOT GONNA STOP JUST BECAUSE YOU PINNED HIM TO A WALL WITH A NEWSPAPER TRUCK.
I KNOW THAT! THAT WAS JUST A *TEMPORARY* THING 'TIL I FIGURE OUT SOMETHIN' *PERMANENT!* BUT I WON'T HAVE *TIME* TO FIGURE THAT OUT 'TIL I FIGURE OUT HOW TO *GET US THE HELL OUTTA HERE* AN' *YOU'RE NOT HELPING!*
EXACTLY. *I'M* NO HELP TO *YOU*...I CAN'T EVEN HELP *MYSELF.*
WHY NOT JUST GET IT OVER WITH? THAT'D BE SO MUCH... *EASIER.*
YOU THINK DYING'S *EASY?!*
WELL, *YEAH...*
YEAH, OKAY, MAYBE FOR *YOU* BUT LOOK AT HOW HARD *I* HAD TO WORK TO--!
BUT YOU *DID* IT, DIDN'T YOU? *THAT* WAS THE *HARD* PART.
NOW IT'S JUST AS EASY FOR *YOU* TO DIE AS IT IS FOR *ME.*

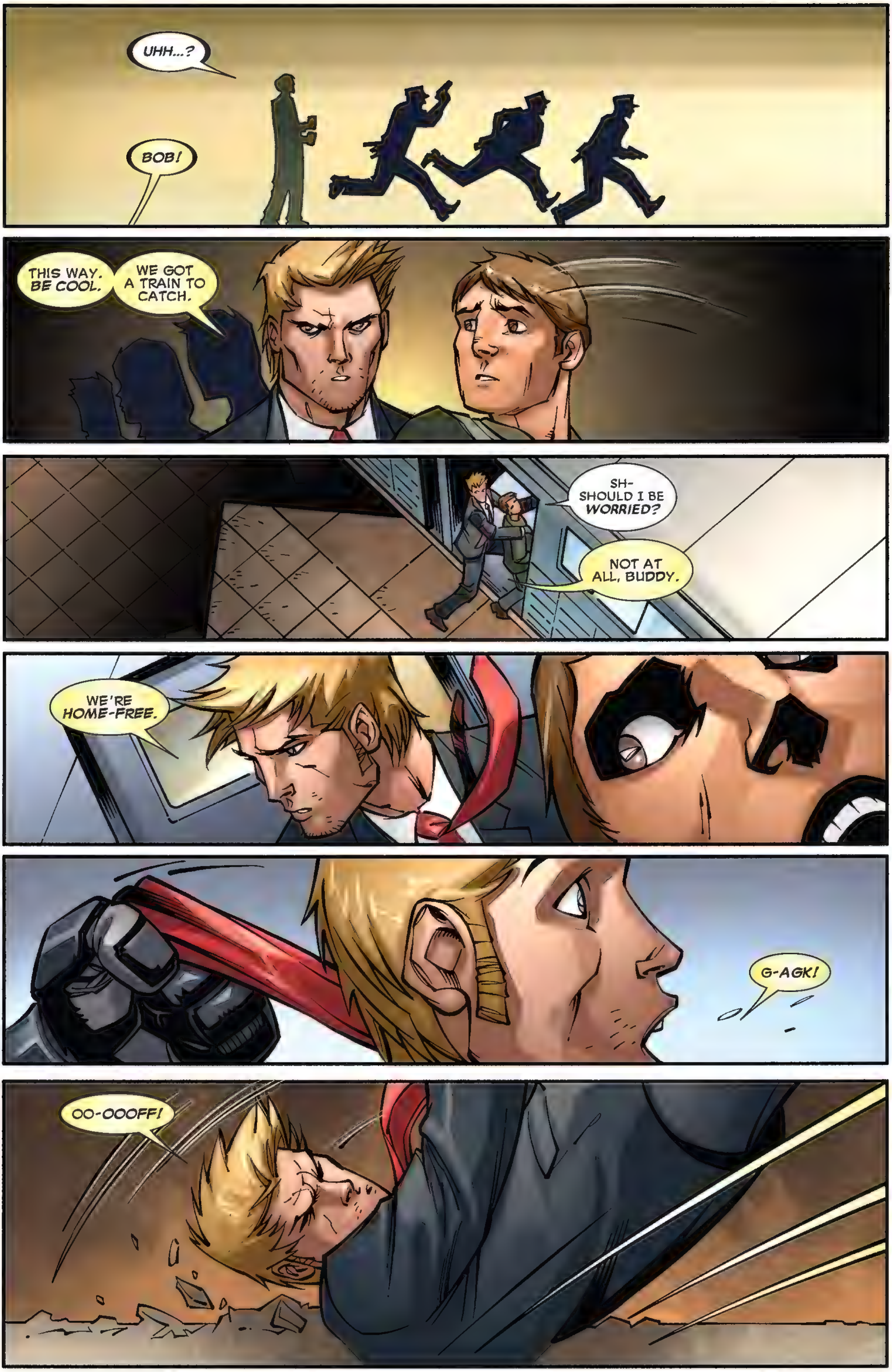

...#%*$.
YOU'RE RIGHT.
IT WOULD BE EASY.
AN' NO MATTER WHO I GET TO DO IT, IT'S ULTIMATELY JUST... SIMPLE.
ORDINARY.
UNWORTHY.
HUH? UNWORTHY OF WHAT?
OF... HER.
"HER"...?
YOU DID ALL THIS FOR A GIRL?!
DON'T YOU REALIZE HOW STUPID THAT IS?!
I DO NOW.
YOU'RE NOT GONNA DIE, BOB.
AN' NEITHER AM I.
I'M SO GLAD THAT YOU'RE...THINKING CLEARLY AGAIN, MR. WILSON.
SPEAKIN' OF THINKING...
...I JUST HAD AN IDEA.

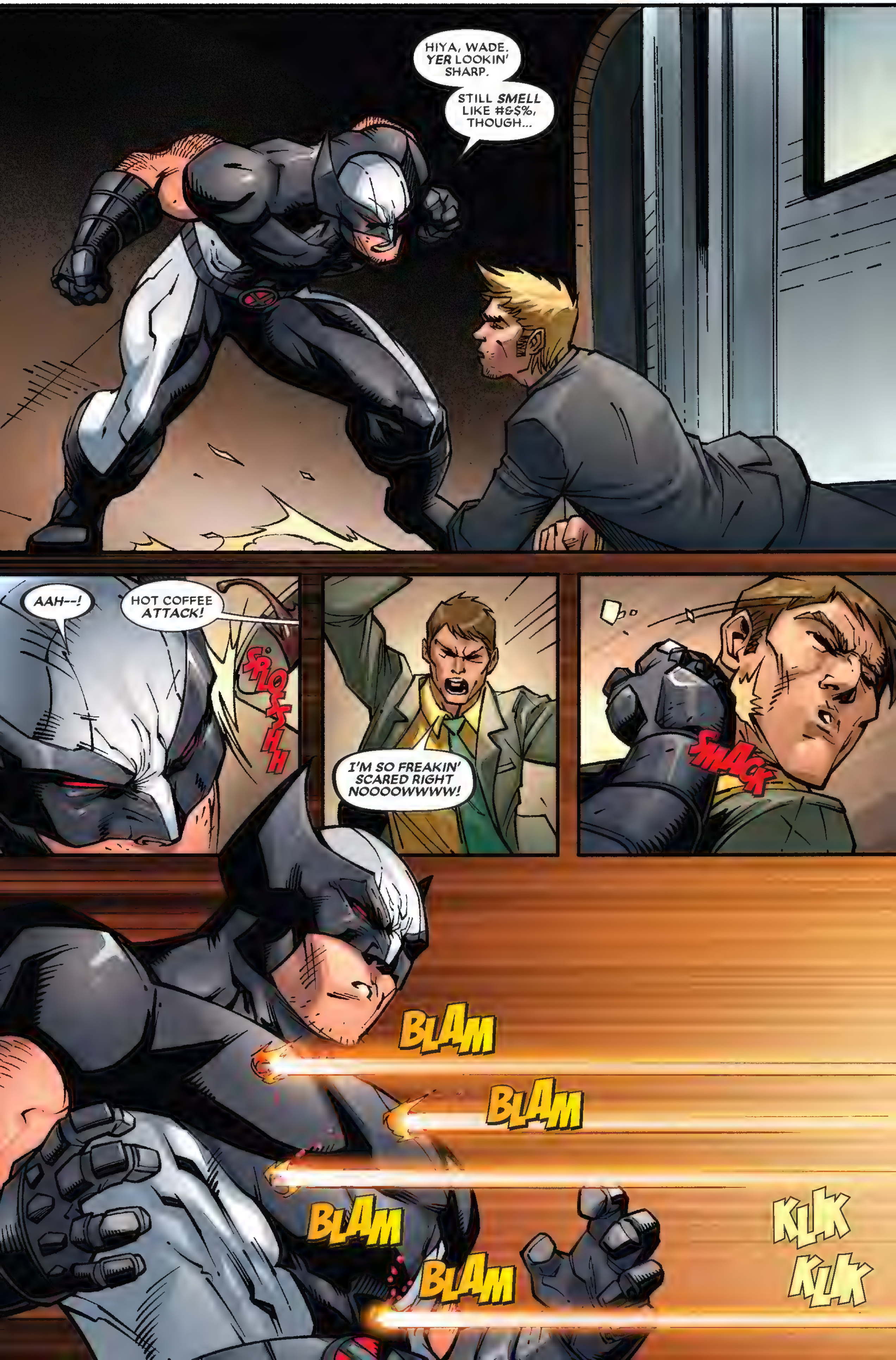

We don't *need* disguises.
MENS
WHAT WE *NEED* IS TO TAKE *OFF* OUR DISGUISES.
HUH.
AIN'T SEEN *THAT* IN A WHILE...
WOW.
SO *THAT'S* WHAT YOU LOOK LIKE.
"THIS, UH...THIS WAS A PRETTY BRILLIANT *IDEA*, MR. WILSON. I MEAN, NOBODY REALLY KNOWS WHAT OUR *REAL* FACES LOOK LIKE...
"...THEY'LL NEVER SEE US COMING!"

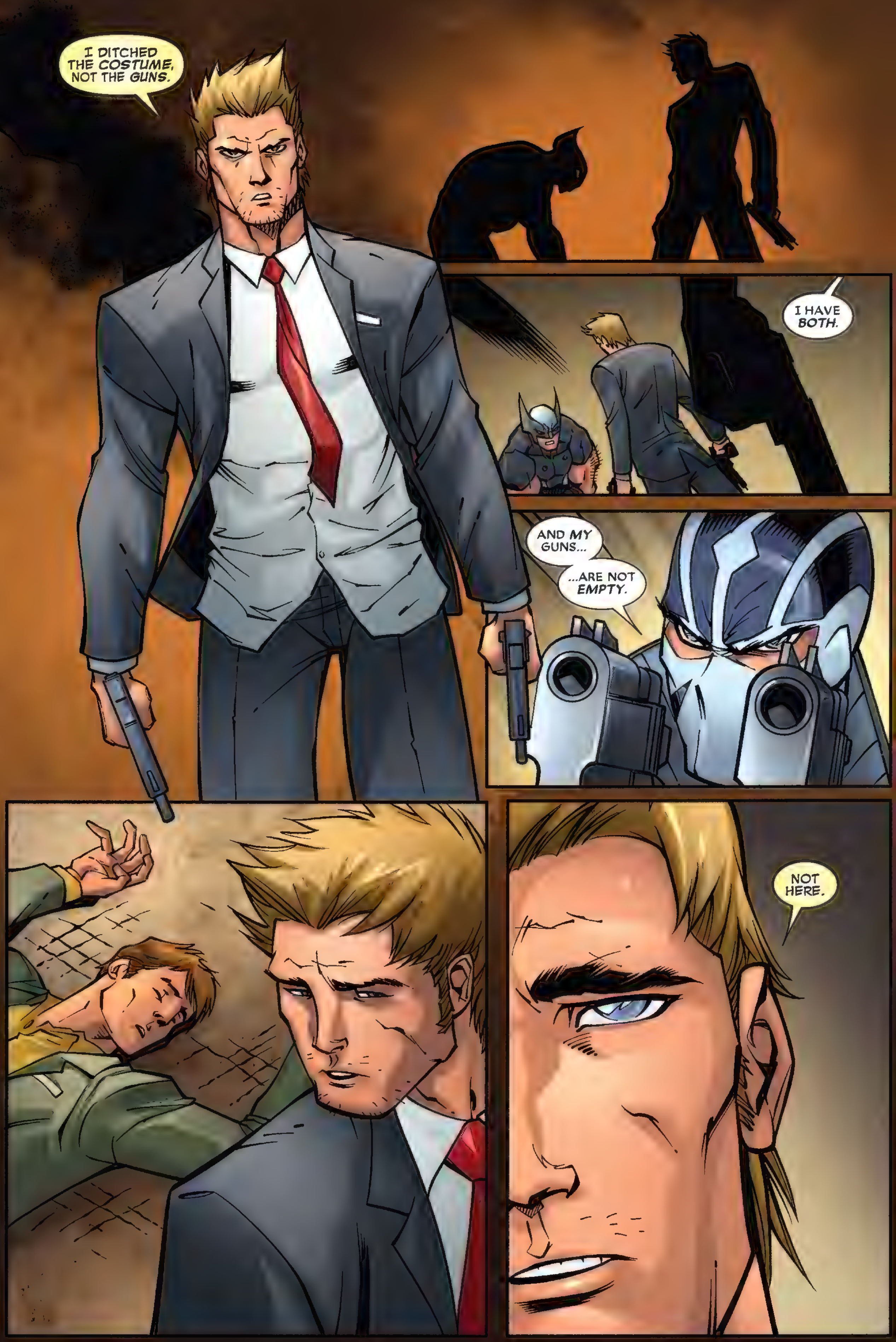

GRAND CENTRAL STATION:
SEE ANYTHING UP THERE, NIGHTCRAWLER?
NOTHING.
MORNING COMMUTERS ARE GOING TO START FLOODING THIS PLACE AT ANY MINUTE. STAY SHARP.
#%$&. THEY'RE HERE.
WHAT?
IS SOMETHING WRONG?
PSYLOCKE'S TOTALLY GONNA PICK UP ON BOB'S PANIC.
He's gonna blow our cover!
I...FORGOT TO EAT BREAKFAST.
GO GET US SOME COFFEE AN' DONUTS.
AN' REMEMBER--NOBODY'S LOOKING FOR SOMEBODY THAT LOOKS LIKE US, OKAY? RELAX.
O-OKAY, YEAH. YEAH, YOU'RE RIGHT.
WHAT KINDA DONUTS DO YOU WANT?
LOTS. I WANT LOTS OF DONUTS. ONE OF EVERY KIND.
GO.
We actually kinda caught a break here--Psylocke's gonna be the comms so we're lucky we spotted her first.
YEAH, BEFORE SHE SPOTTED US. HOW DO WE KEEP IT THAT WAY?
AN' HOW DO I NEGATE NIGHTCRAWLER'S ABILITY TO TELEPORT...?

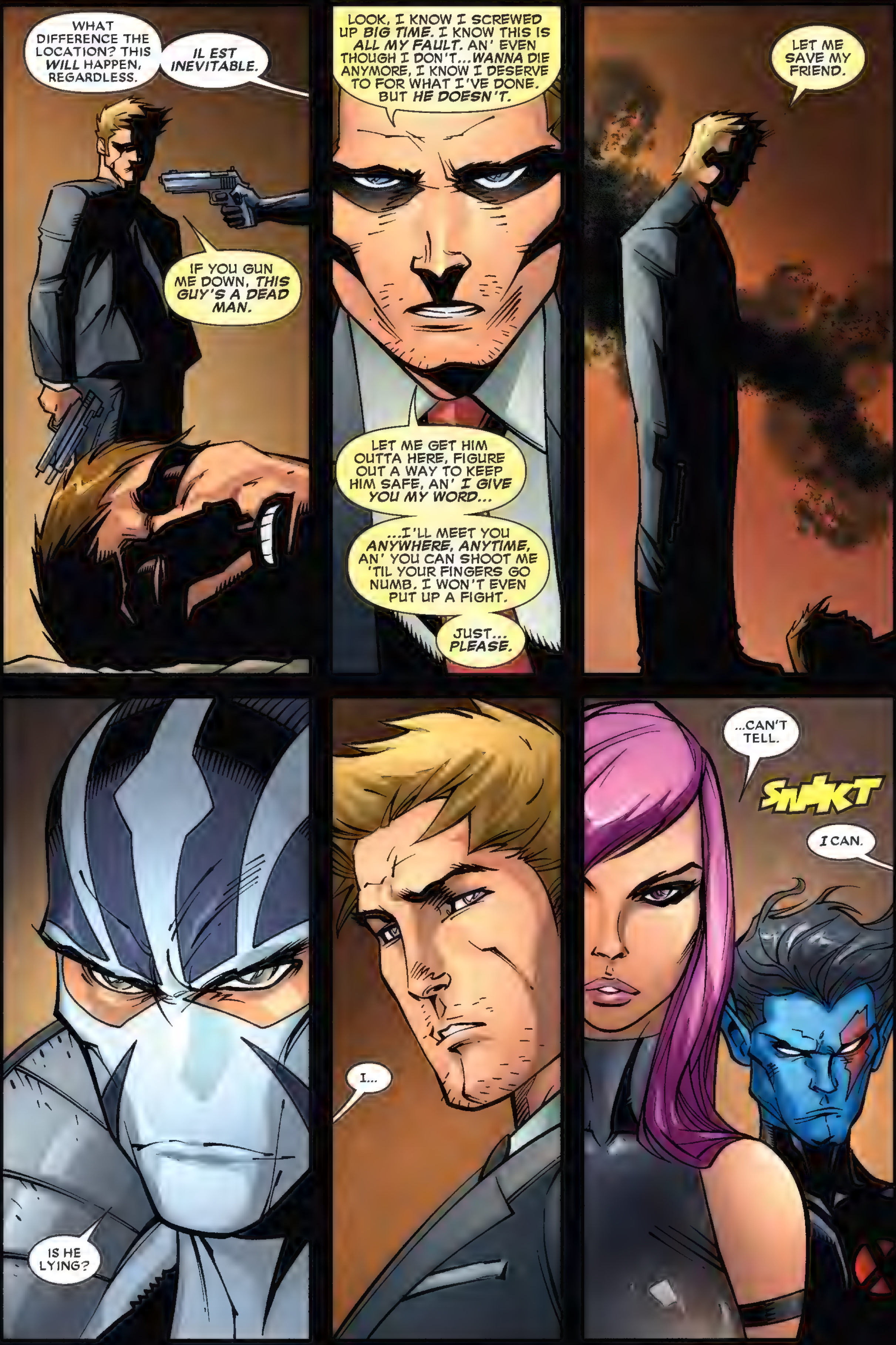

GETTING TOO CROWDED HERE. I'M MOVING TO A BETTER--
KROKK
PSYLOCKE...?
WHERE--?
BAMFF
KRAKK
WHA--TOO MANY PEOPLE--WHO--

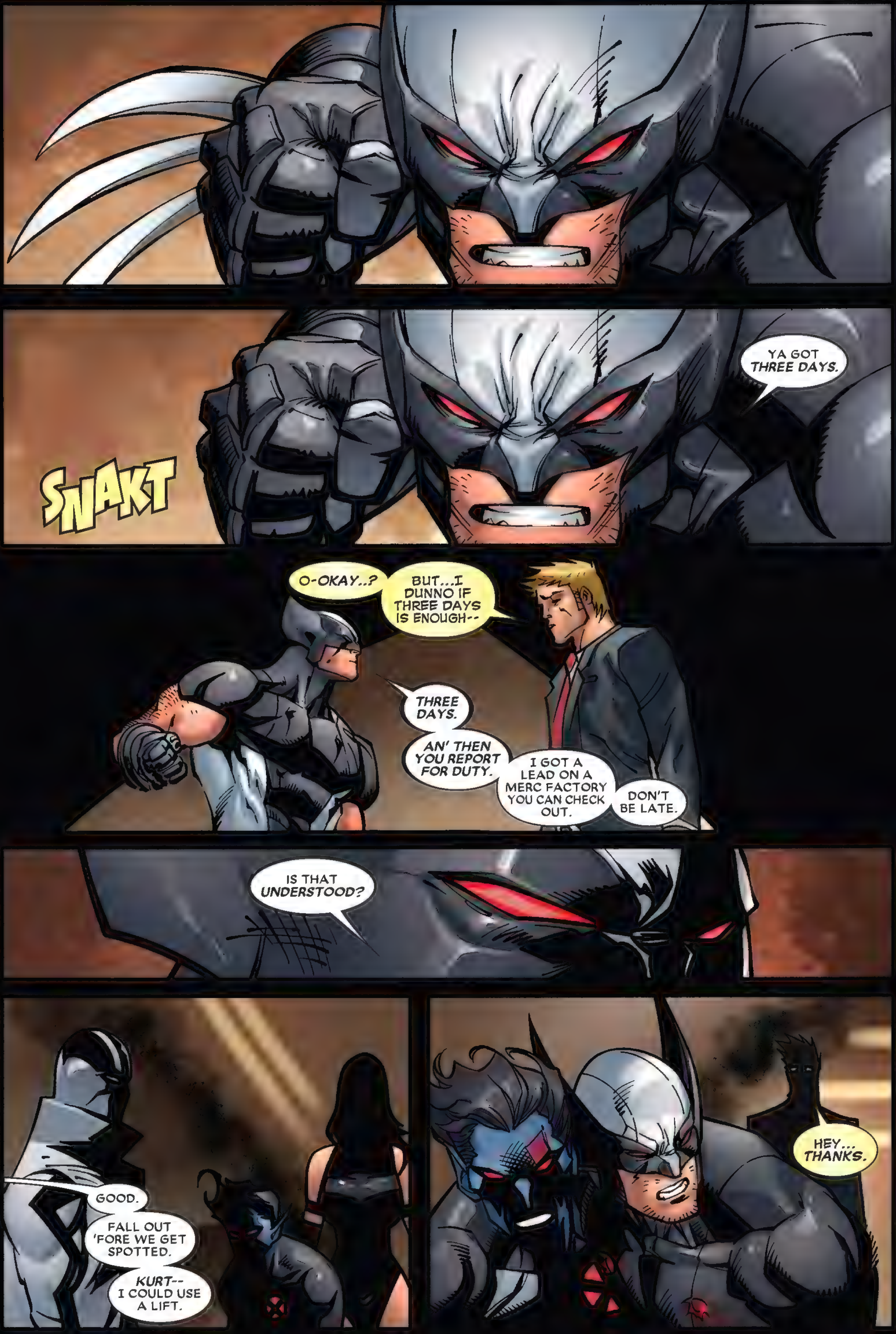

BAMFF
YOU!
WHAT THE--?!
NOPE.
KROKK
ME.
UNHHH...

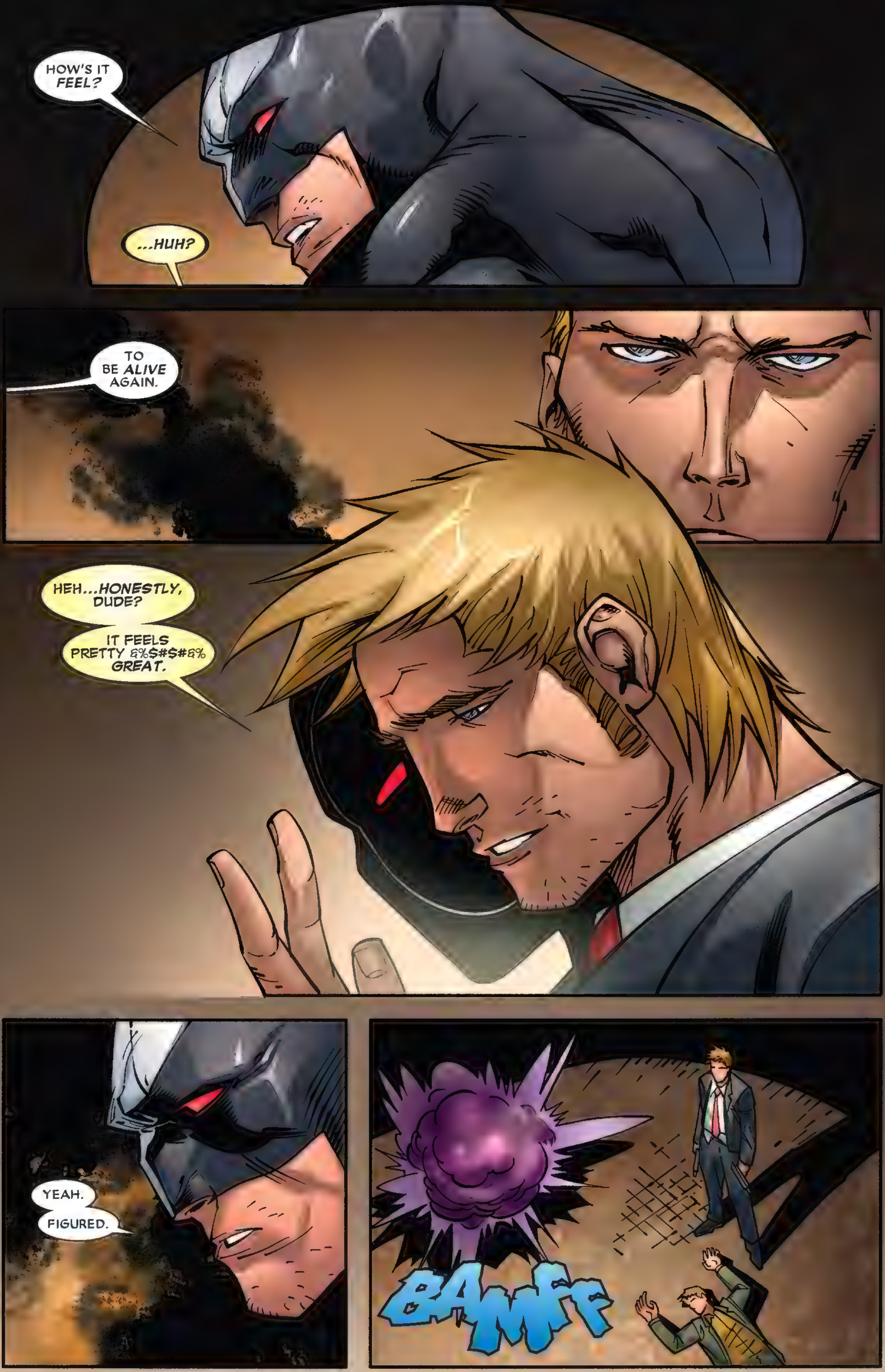

UHH...?
BOB!
THIS WAY. BE COOL.
WE GOT A TRAIN TO CATCH.
SH- SHOULD I BE WORRIED?
NOT AT ALL, BUDDY.
WE'RE HOME-FREE.
G-AGK!
OO-OOOFF!

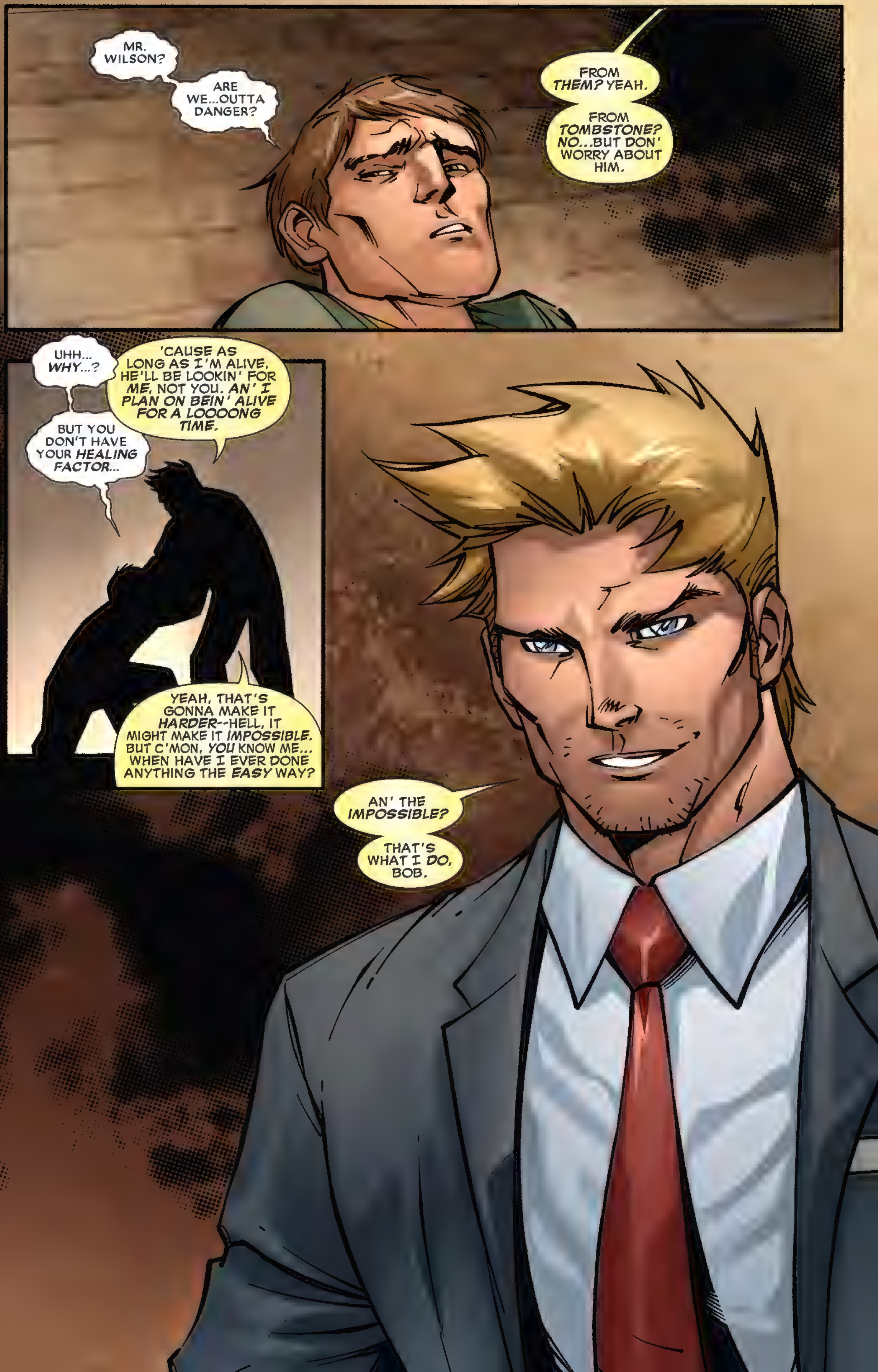

HIYA, WADE. YER LOOKIN' SHARP.
STILL SMELL LIKE #&$%, THOUGH...
AAH--!
HOT COFFEE ATTACK!
SPLOOSHHH
I'M SO FREAKIN' SCARED RIGHT NOOOOWWWW!
SMACK
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
KLIK
KLIK

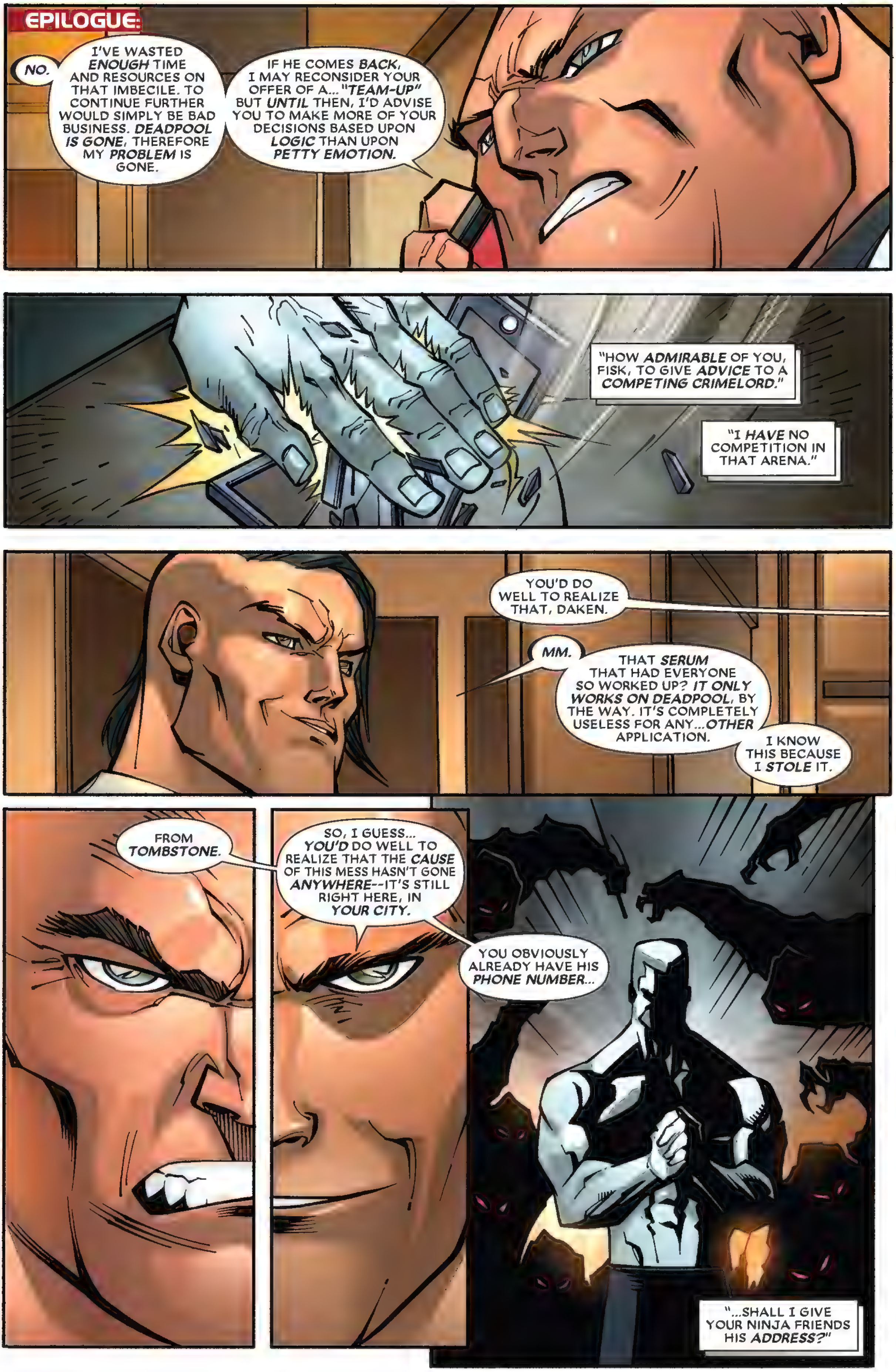

I DITCHED THE *COSTUME,* NOT THE *GUNS.*
I HAVE *BOTH.*
AND *MY* GUNS...
...ARE NOT *EMPTY.*
NOT HERE.


WHAT DIFFERENCE THE LOCATION? THIS *WILL* HAPPEN, REGARDLESS.
IL EST INEVITABLE.
IF YOU GUN ME DOWN, *THIS GUY'S A DEAD MAN.*
LOOK, I KNOW I SCREWED UP *BIG TIME.* I KNOW THIS IS *ALL MY FAULT.* AN' EVEN THOUGH I DON'T...*WANNA* DIE ANYMORE, I KNOW I DESERVE TO FOR WHAT I'VE DONE. BUT *HE DOESN'T.*
LET ME GET HIM OUTTA HERE, FIGURE OUT A WAY TO KEEP HIM SAFE, AN' *I GIVE YOU MY WORD...*
...I'LL MEET YOU *ANYWHERE, ANYTIME,* AN' YOU CAN SHOOT ME 'TIL YOUR FINGERS GO NUMB. I WON'T EVEN PUT UP A FIGHT.
JUST... *PLEASE.*
LET ME SAVE MY FRIEND.
IS HE LYING?
I...
...CAN'T TELL.
SNIKT
I CAN.

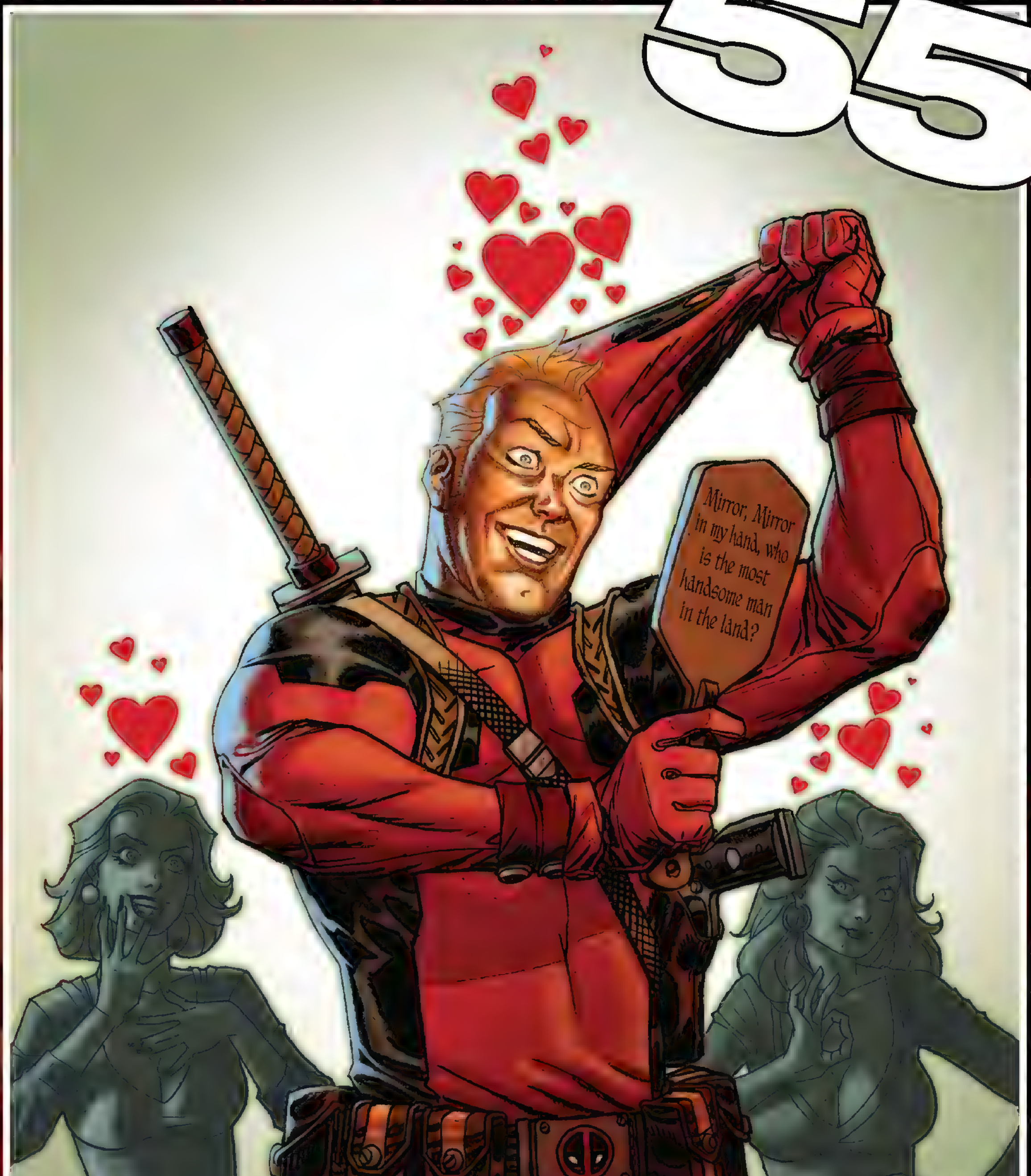

YA GOT THREE DAYS.
SNAKT
O-OKAY..?
BUT...I DUNNO IF THREE DAYS IS ENOUGH--
THREE DAYS.
AN' THEN YOU REPORT FOR DUTY.
I GOT A LEAD ON A MERC FACTORY YOU CAN CHECK OUT.
DON'T BE LATE.
IS THAT UNDERSTOOD?
GOOD.
FALL OUT 'FORE WE GET SPOTTED.
KURT-- I COULD USE A LIFT.
HEY... THANKS.

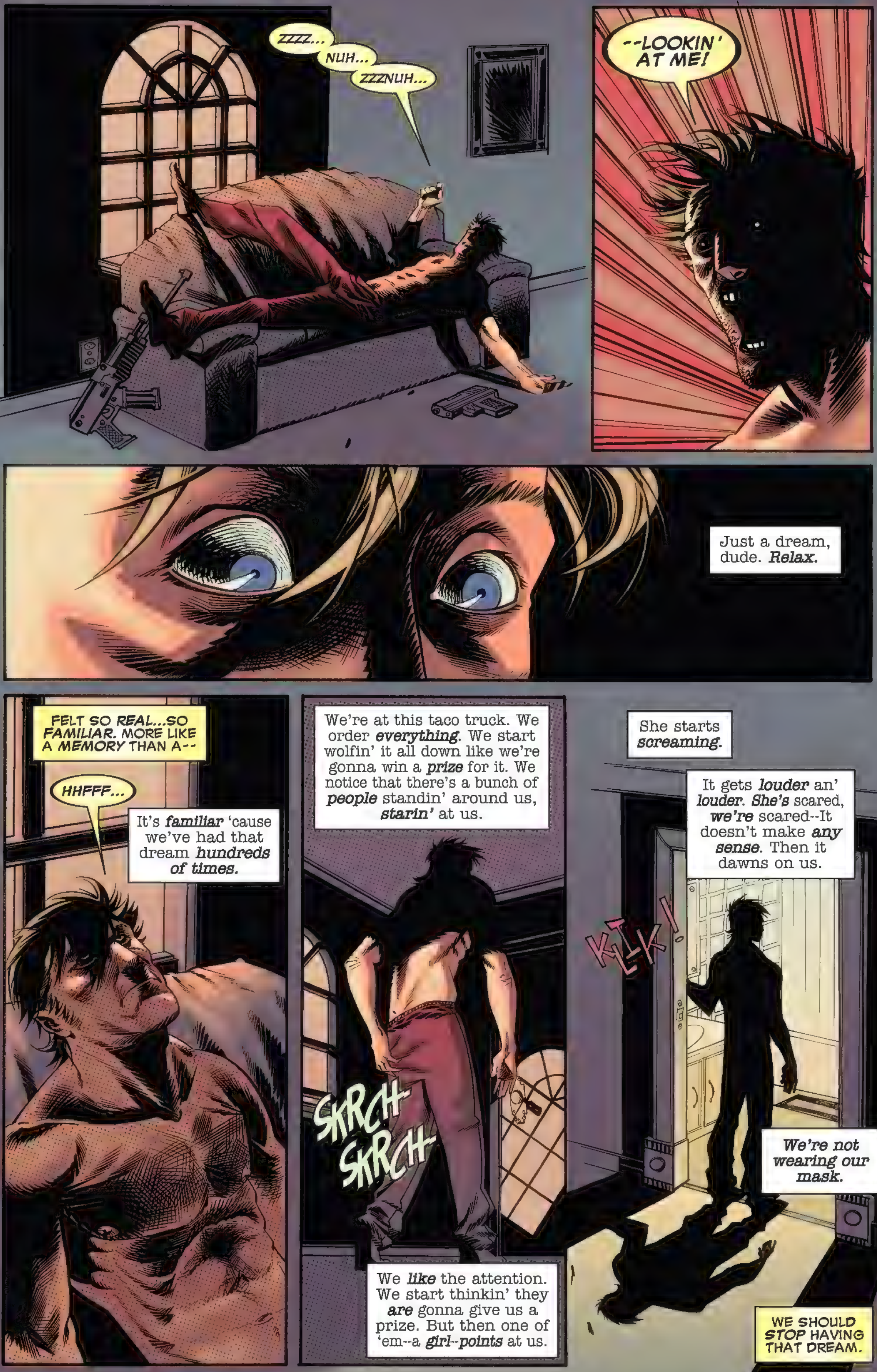

HOW'S IT *FEEL?*
...HUH?
TO BE *ALIVE* AGAIN.
HEH...*HONESTLY,* DUDE?
IT FEELS PRETTY &%$#$#&% *GREAT.*
YEAH.
FIGURED.
BAMFF

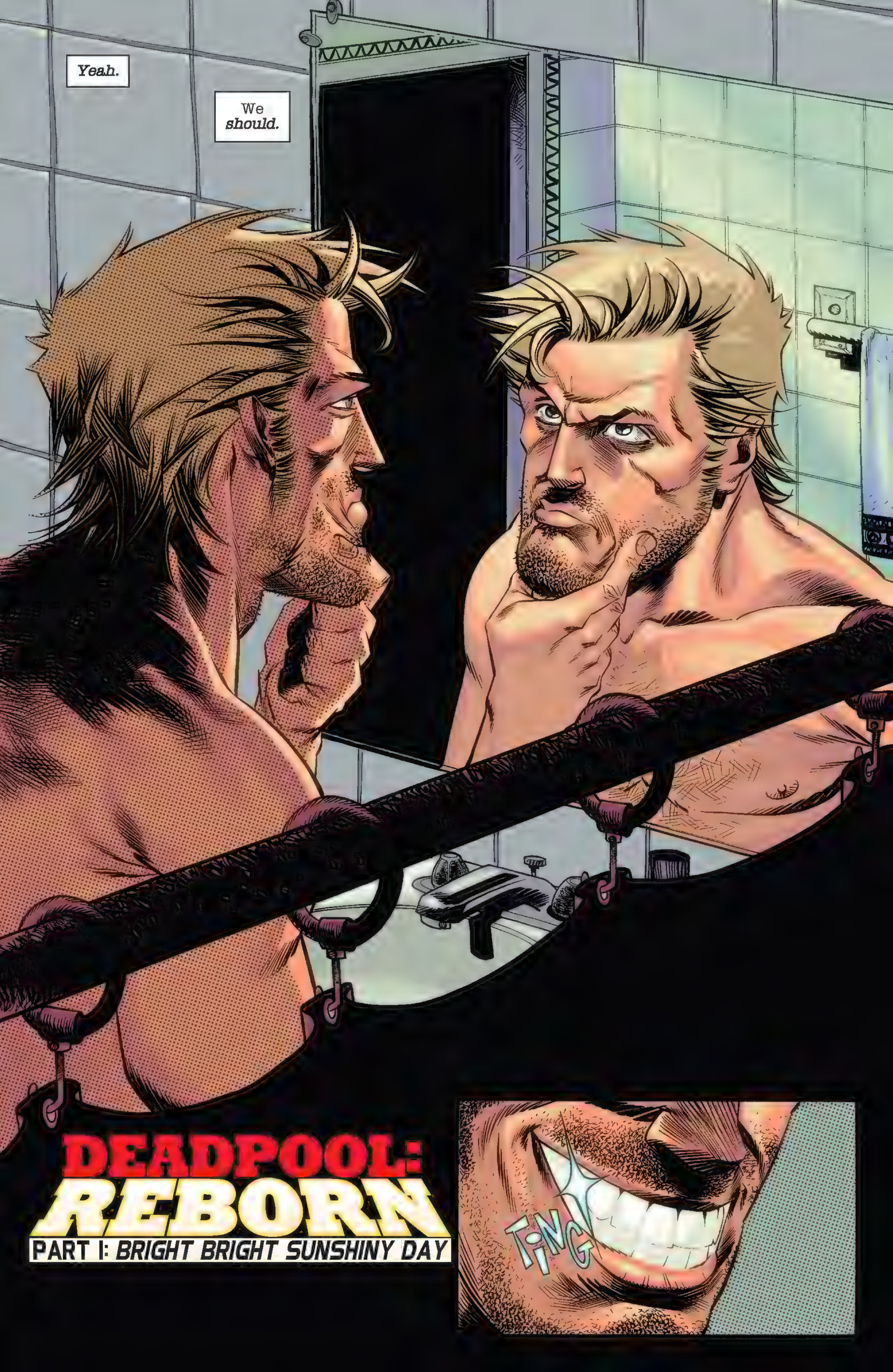

MR. WILSON?
ARE WE...OUTTA DANGER?
FROM *THEM?* YEAH.
FROM *TOMBSTONE?* NO...BUT DON' WORRY ABOUT HIM.
UHH... *WHY*...?
'CAUSE AS LONG AS I'M ALIVE, HE'LL BE LOOKIN' FOR *ME*, NOT YOU. *AN' I PLAN ON BEIN' ALIVE FOR A LOOOONG TIME.*
BUT YOU DON'T HAVE YOUR *HEALING FACTOR*...
YEAH, THAT'S GONNA MAKE IT *HARDER*--HELL, IT MIGHT MAKE IT *IMPOSSIBLE.* BUT C'MON, *YOU* KNOW ME... WHEN HAVE I EVER DONE ANYTHING THE *EASY* WAY?
AN' THE *IMPOSSIBLE?*
THAT'S WHAT I *DO*, BOB.


EPILOGUE:
NO.
I'VE WASTED ENOUGH TIME AND RESOURCES ON THAT IMBECILE. TO CONTINUE FURTHER WOULD SIMPLY BE BAD BUSINESS. DEADPOOL IS GONE, THEREFORE MY PROBLEM IS GONE.
IF HE COMES BACK, I MAY RECONSIDER YOUR OFFER OF A..."TEAM-UP" BUT UNTIL THEN, I'D ADVISE YOU TO MAKE MORE OF YOUR DECISIONS BASED UPON LOGIC THAN UPON PETTY EMOTION.
"HOW ADMIRABLE OF YOU, FISK, TO GIVE ADVICE TO A COMPETING CRIMELORD."
"I HAVE NO COMPETITION IN THAT ARENA."
YOU'D DO WELL TO REALIZE THAT, DAKEN.
MM.
THAT SERUM THAT HAD EVERYONE SO WORKED UP? IT ONLY WORKS ON DEADPOOL, BY THE WAY. IT'S COMPLETELY USELESS FOR ANY...OTHER APPLICATION.
I KNOW THIS BECAUSE I STOLE IT.
FROM TOMBSTONE.
SO, I GUESS... YOU'D DO WELL TO REALIZE THAT THE CAUSE OF THIS MESS HASN'T GONE ANYWHERE--IT'S STILL RIGHT HERE, IN YOUR CITY.
YOU OBVIOUSLY ALREADY HAVE HIS PHONE NUMBER...
"...SHALL I GIVE YOUR NINJA FRIENDS HIS ADDRESS?"

55

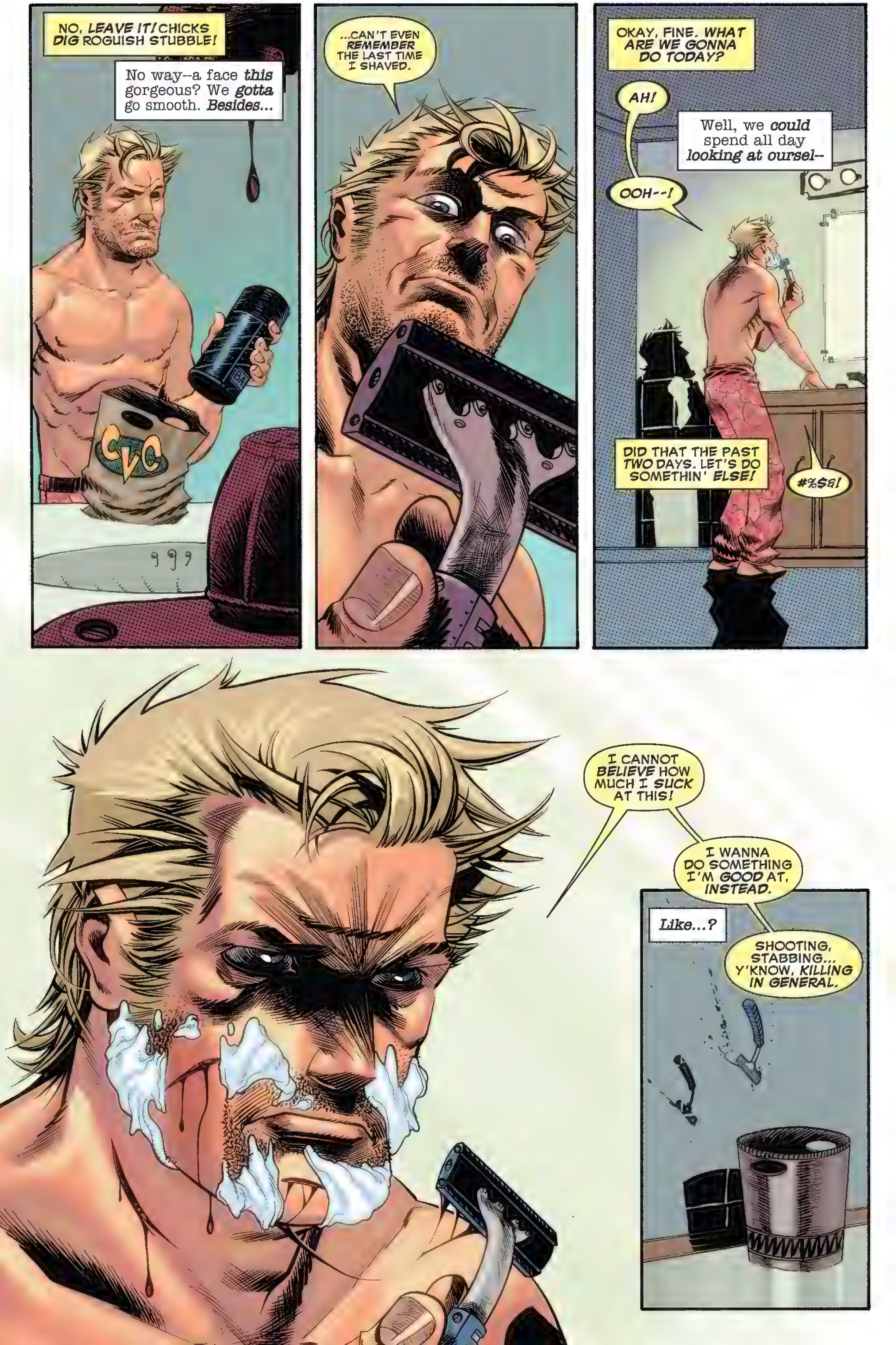

Mirror, Mirror in my hand, who is the most handsome man in the land?
JOHNSON

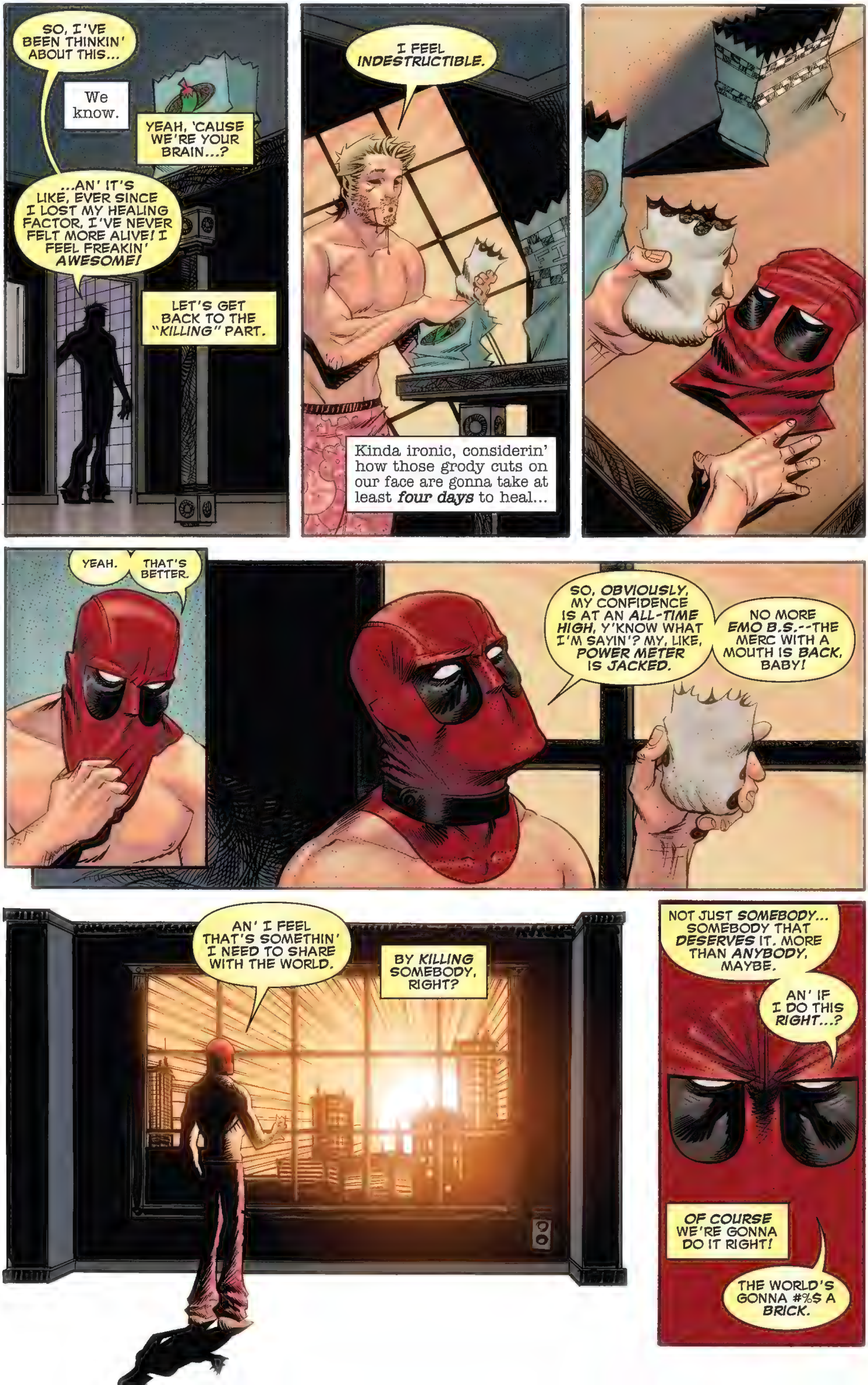

ZZZZ...
NUH...
ZZZNUH...
--LOOKIN' AT ME!
Just a dream, dude. *Relax.*
FELT SO *REAL*...SO *FAMILIAR*. MORE LIKE A *MEMORY* THAN A--
HHFFF...
It's *familiar* 'cause we've had that dream *hundreds of times.*
We're at this taco truck. We order *everything*. We start wolfin' it all down like we're gonna win a *prize* for it. We notice that there's a bunch of *people* standin' around us, *starin'* at us.
SKRCH SKRCH
We *like* the attention. We start thinkin' they *are* gonna give us a prize. But then one of 'em--a *girl*--*points* at us.
She starts *screaming*.
It gets *louder* an' *louder*. *She's* scared, *we're* scared--It doesn't make *any sense*. Then it dawns on us.
KLIK!
We're not wearing our mask.
WE SHOULD *STOP* HAVING THAT DREAM.

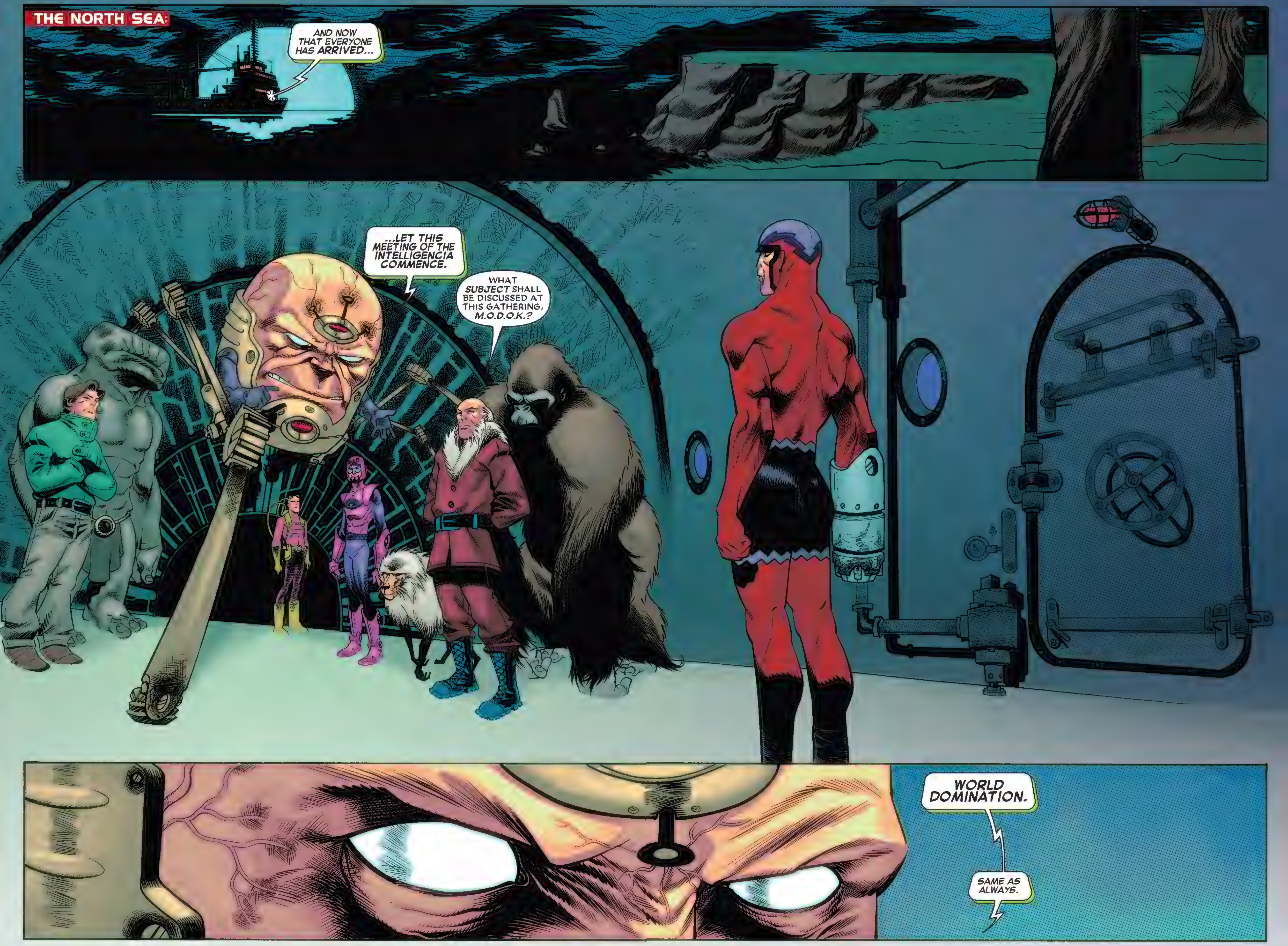

Yeah.
We should.
TING

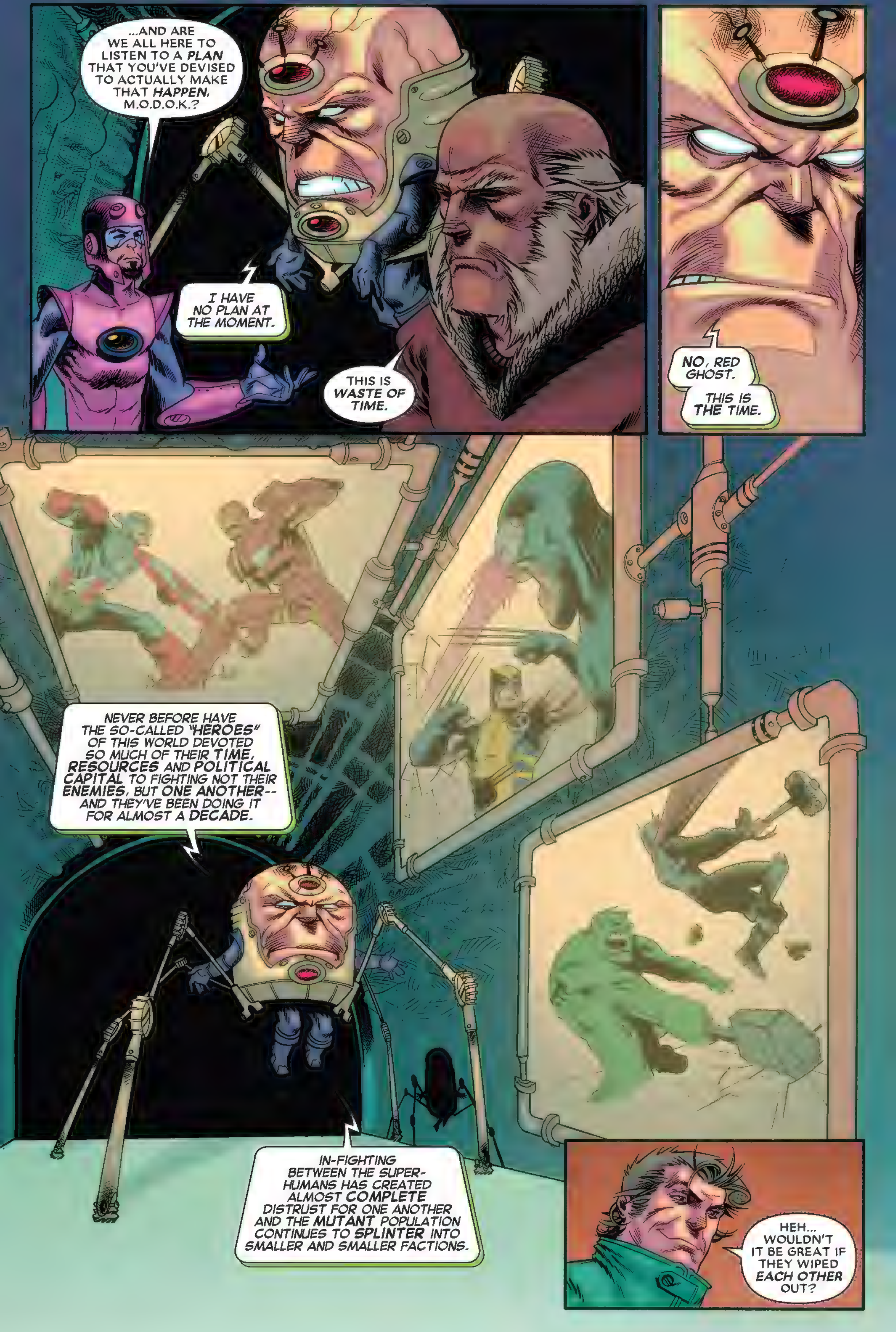
DEADPOOL: REBORN

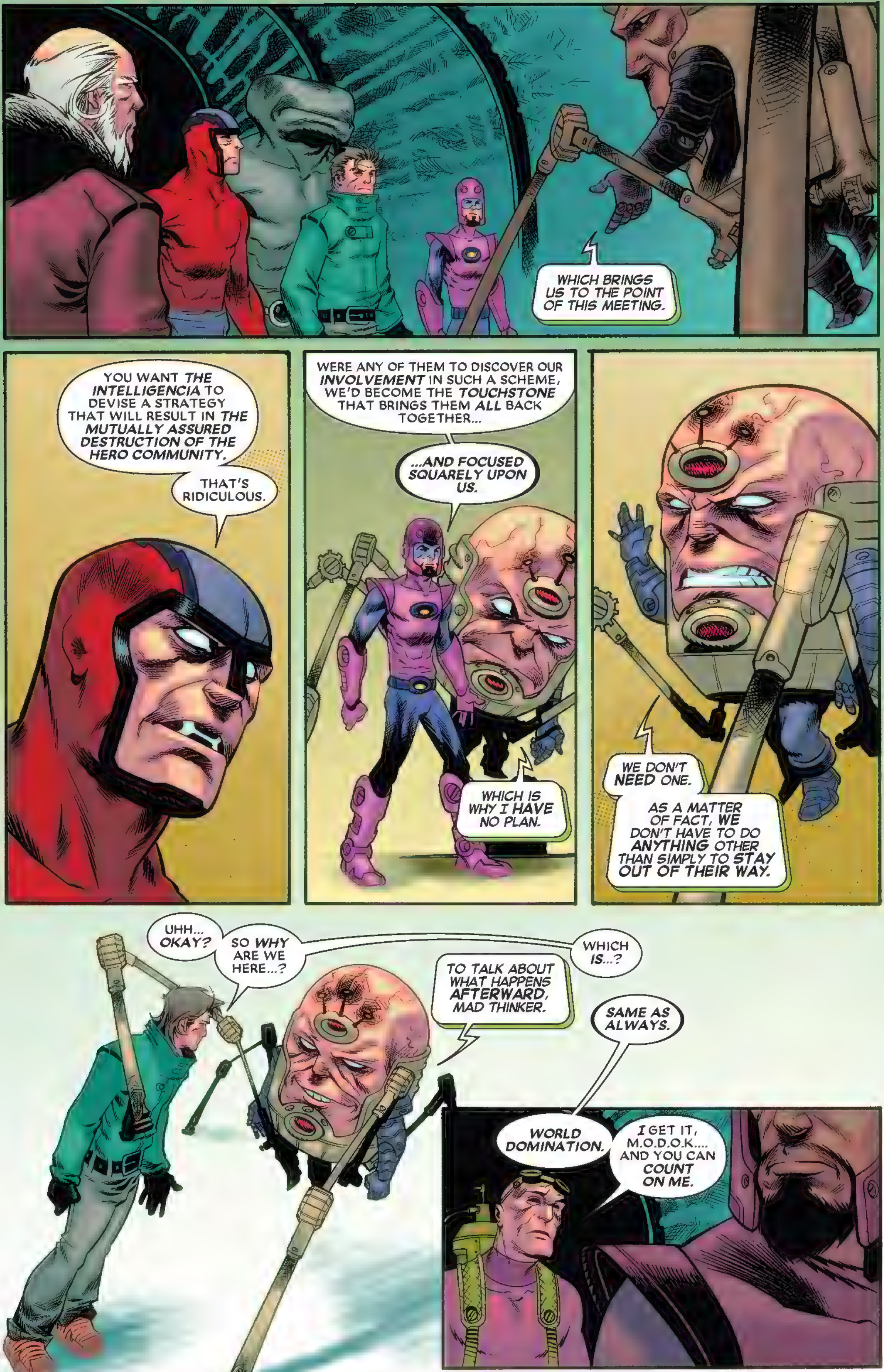
PART 1: BRIGHT BRIGHT SUNSHINY DAY

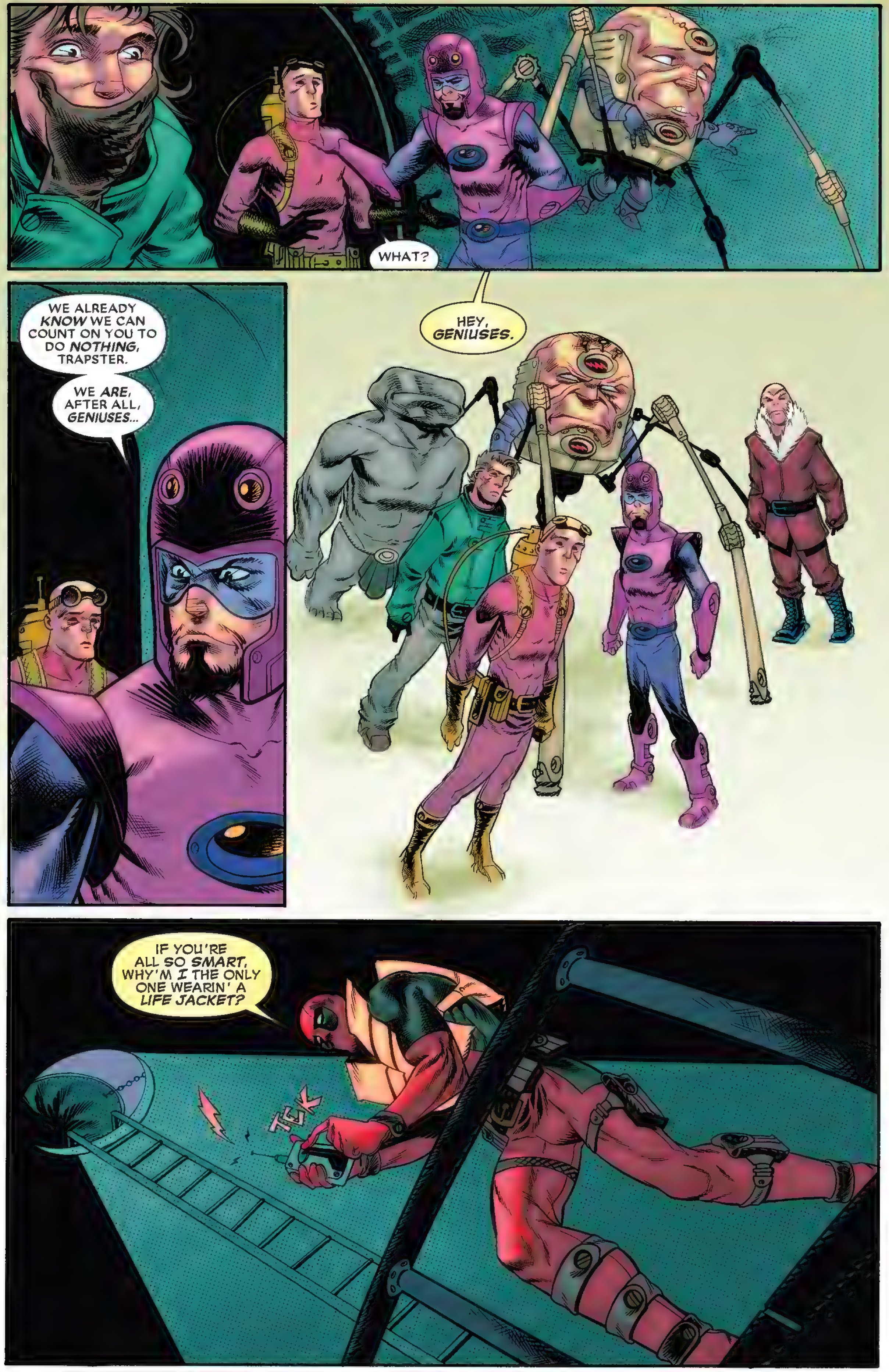

NO, LEAVE IT! CHICKS DIG ROGUISH STUBBLE!
No way--a face this gorgeous? We gotta go smooth. Besides...
...CAN'T EVEN REMEMBER THE LAST TIME I SHAVED.
OKAY, FINE. WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO TODAY?
AH!
Well, we could spend all day looking at oursel--
OOH--!
DID THAT THE PAST TWO DAYS. LET'S DO SOMETHIN' ELSE!
#%$&!
I CANNOT BELIEVE HOW MUCH I SUCK AT THIS!
I WANNA DO SOMETHING I'M GOOD AT, INSTEAD.
Like...?
SHOOTING, STABBING... Y'KNOW, KILLING IN GENERAL.

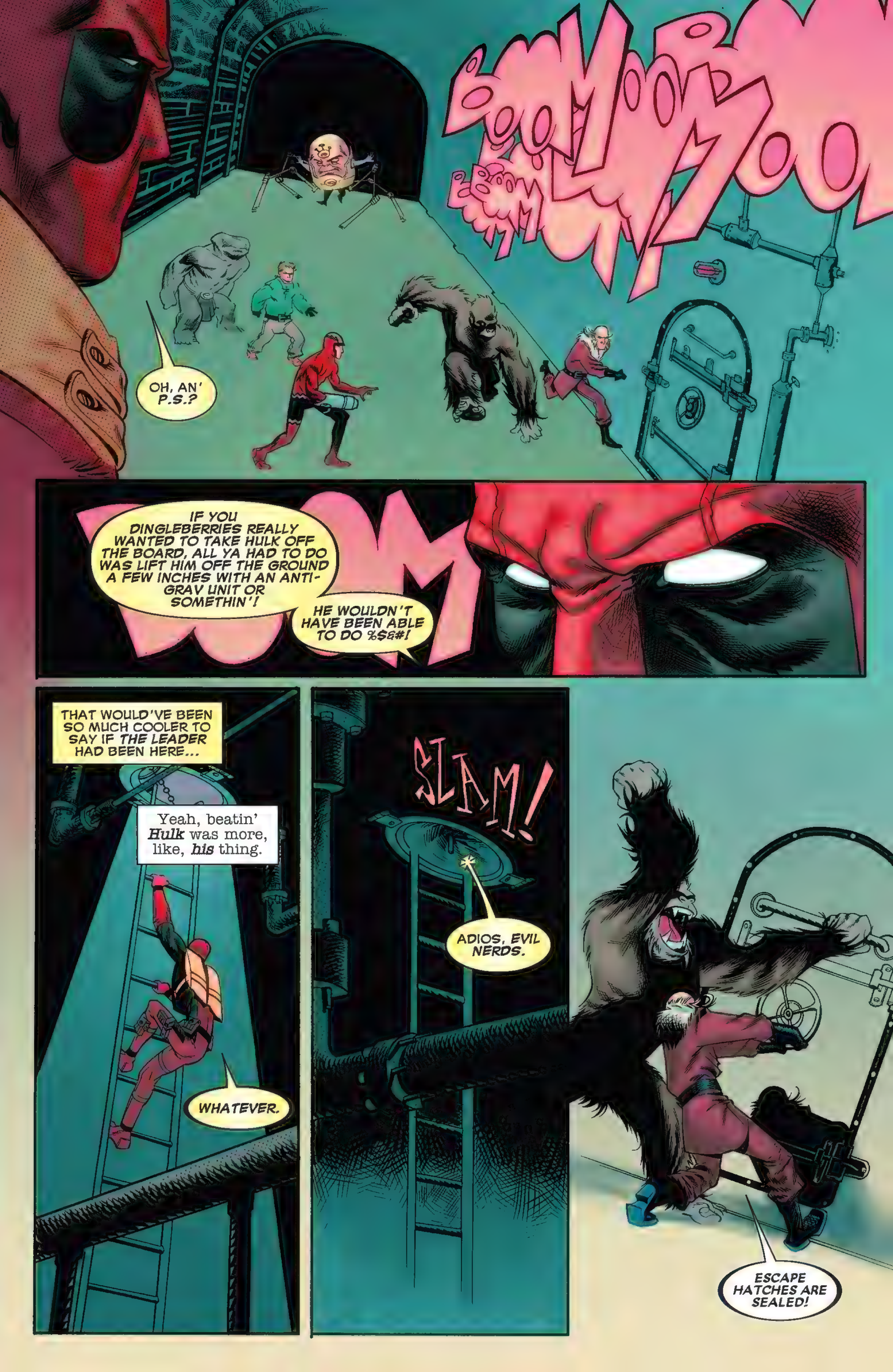

SO, I'VE BEEN THINKIN' ABOUT THIS...
We know.
YEAH, 'CAUSE WE'RE YOUR BRAIN...?
...AN' IT'S LIKE, EVER SINCE I LOST MY HEALING FACTOR, I'VE NEVER FELT MORE ALIVE! I FEEL FREAKIN' *AWESOME!*
LET'S GET BACK TO THE "*KILLING*" PART.
I FEEL *INDESTRUCTIBLE.*
Kinda ironic, considerin' how those grody cuts on our face are gonna take at least ***four days*** to heal...
YEAH.
THAT'S BETTER.
SO, *OBVIOUSLY*, MY CONFIDENCE IS AT AN *ALL-TIME HIGH*, Y'KNOW WHAT I'M SAYIN'? MY, LIKE, *POWER METER* IS *JACKED.*
NO MORE *EMO B.S.*--THE MERC WITH A MOUTH IS *BACK*, BABY!
AN' I FEEL THAT'S SOMETHIN' I NEED TO SHARE WITH THE WORLD.
BY *KILLING* SOMEBODY, RIGHT?
NOT JUST *SOMEBODY*... SOMEBODY THAT *DESERVES* IT. MORE THAN *ANYBODY*, MAYBE.
AN' IF I DO THIS *RIGHT...?*
OF COURSE WE'RE GONNA DO IT RIGHT!
THE WORLD'S GONNA #%$ A *BRICK.*

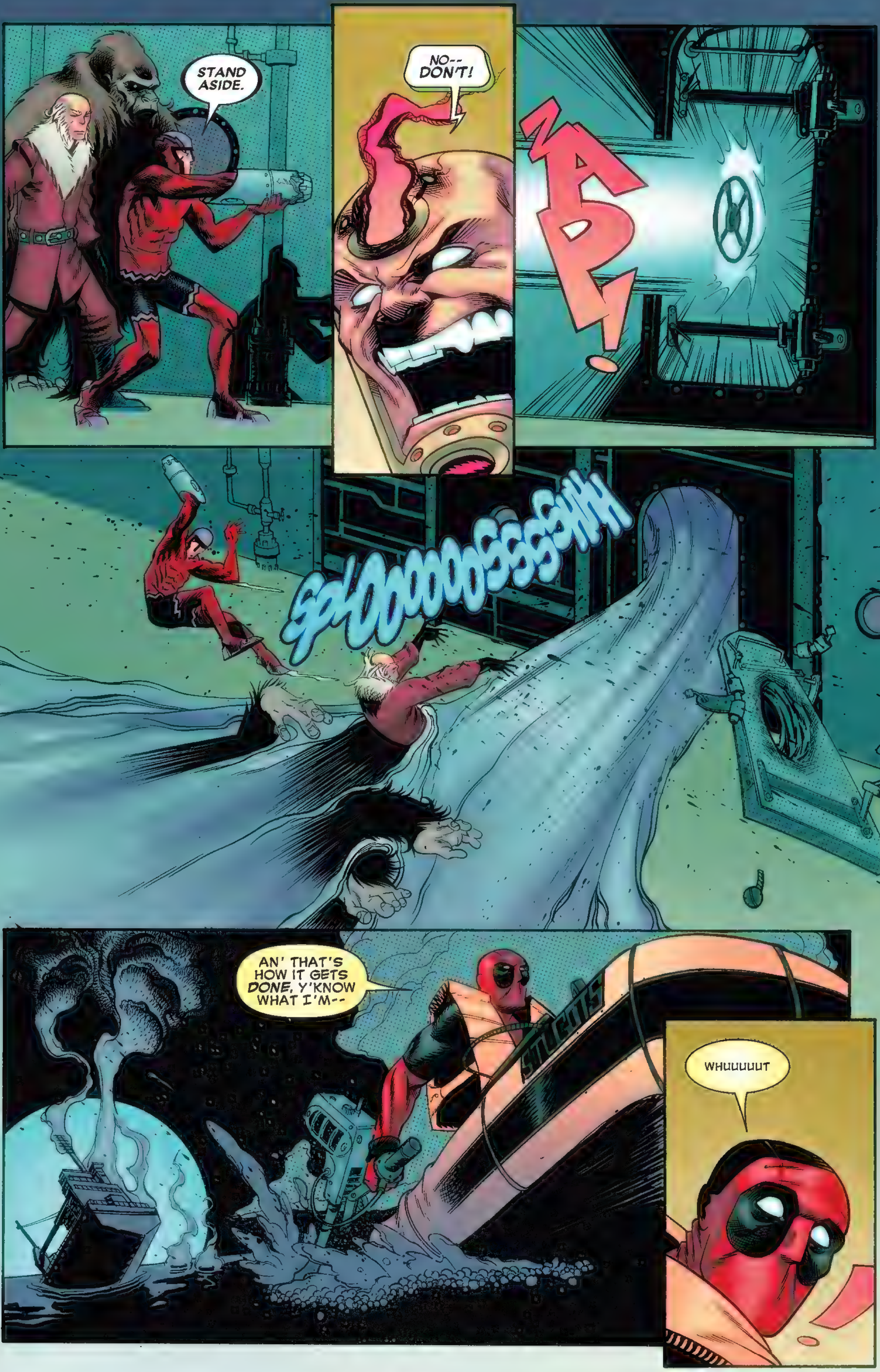

THE NORTH SEA:
AND NOW THAT EVERYONE HAS ARRIVED...
...LET THIS MEETING OF THE INTELLIGENCIA COMMENCE.
WHAT SUBJECT SHALL BE DISCUSSED AT THIS GATHERING, M.O.D.O.K.?
WORLD DOMINATION.
SAME AS ALWAYS.

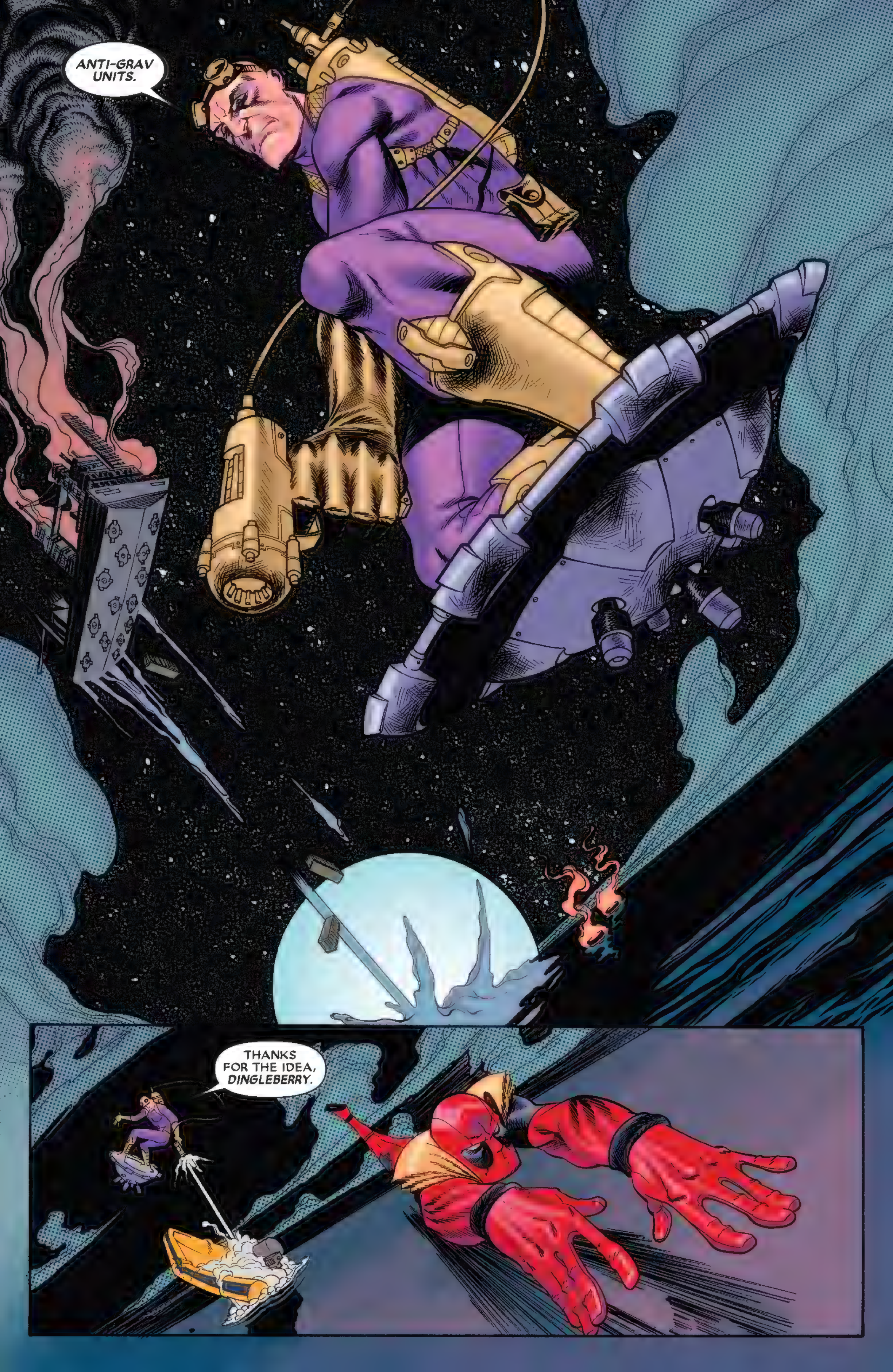

...AND ARE WE ALL HERE TO LISTEN TO A *PLAN* THAT YOU'VE DEVISED TO ACTUALLY MAKE THAT *HAPPEN*, M.O.D.O.K.?
I HAVE NO PLAN AT THE MOMENT.
THIS IS *WASTE OF* TIME.
NO, RED GHOST.
THIS IS **THE** TIME.
NEVER BEFORE HAVE THE SO-CALLED "**HEROES**" OF THIS WORLD DEVOTED SO MUCH OF THEIR **TIME**, **RESOURCES** AND **POLITICAL CAPITAL** TO FIGHTING NOT THEIR **ENEMIES**, BUT **ONE ANOTHER**-- AND THEY'VE BEEN DOING IT FOR ALMOST A **DECADE**.
IN-FIGHTING BETWEEN THE SUPER-HUMANS HAS CREATED ALMOST **COMPLETE** DISTRUST FOR ONE ANOTHER AND THE **MUTANT** POPULATION CONTINUES TO **SPLINTER** INTO SMALLER AND SMALLER FACTIONS.
HEH... WOULDN'T IT BE GREAT IF THEY WIPED *EACH OTHER* OUT?

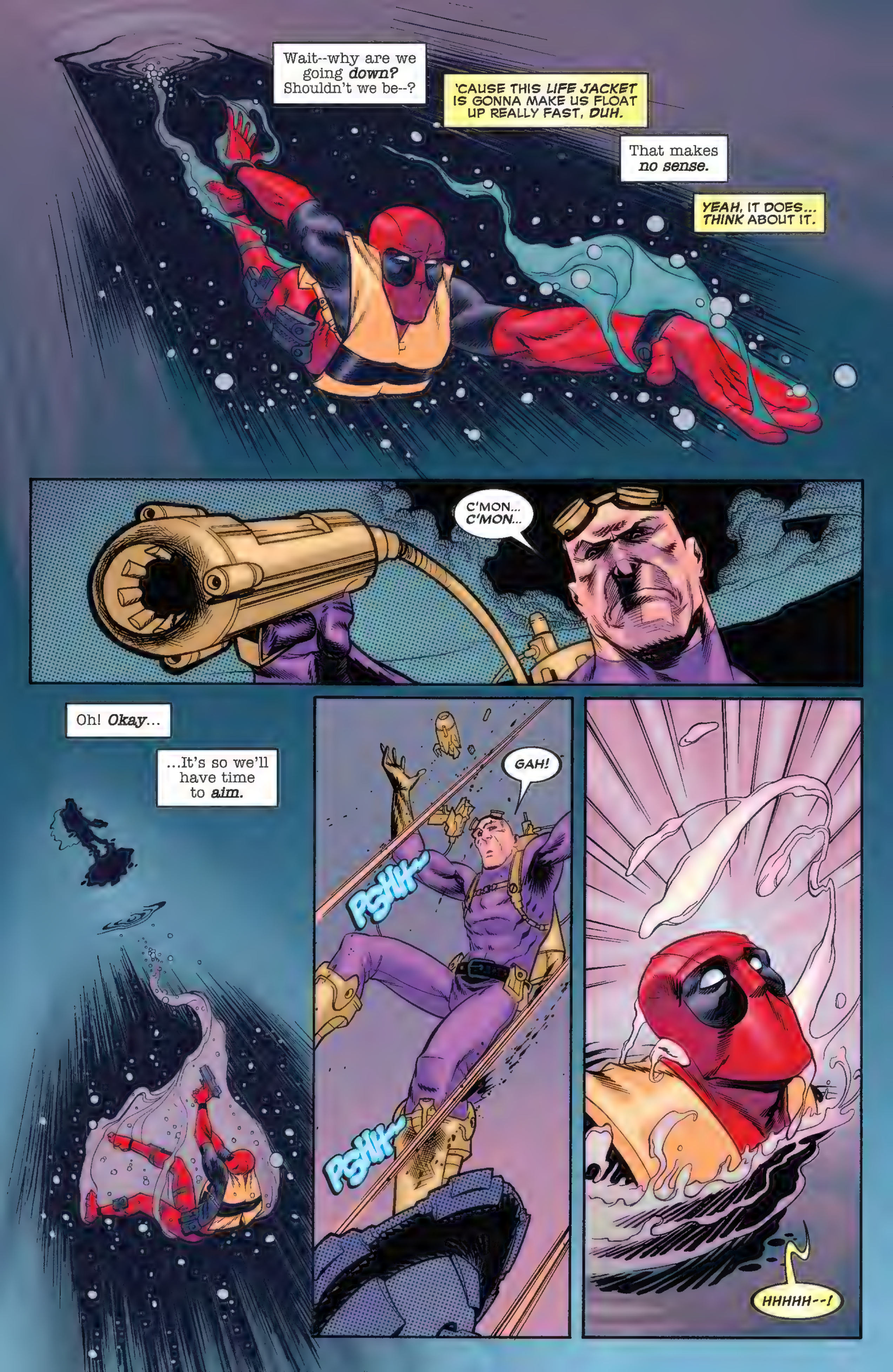

WHICH BRINGS US TO THE POINT OF THIS MEETING.
YOU WANT THE INTELLIGENCIA TO DEVISE A STRATEGY THAT WILL RESULT IN THE MUTUALLY ASSURED DESTRUCTION OF THE HERO COMMUNITY.
THAT'S RIDICULOUS.
WERE ANY OF THEM TO DISCOVER OUR INVOLVEMENT IN SUCH A SCHEME, WE'D BECOME THE TOUCHSTONE THAT BRINGS THEM ALL BACK TOGETHER...
...AND FOCUSED SQUARELY UPON US.
WHICH IS WHY I HAVE NO PLAN.
WE DON'T NEED ONE.
AS A MATTER OF FACT, WE DON'T HAVE TO DO ANYTHING OTHER THAN SIMPLY TO STAY OUT OF THEIR WAY.
UHH... OKAY?
SO WHY ARE WE HERE...?
TO TALK ABOUT WHAT HAPPENS AFTERWARD, MAD THINKER.
WHICH IS...?
SAME AS ALWAYS.
WORLD DOMINATION.
I GET IT, M.O.D.O.K.... AND YOU CAN COUNT ON ME.

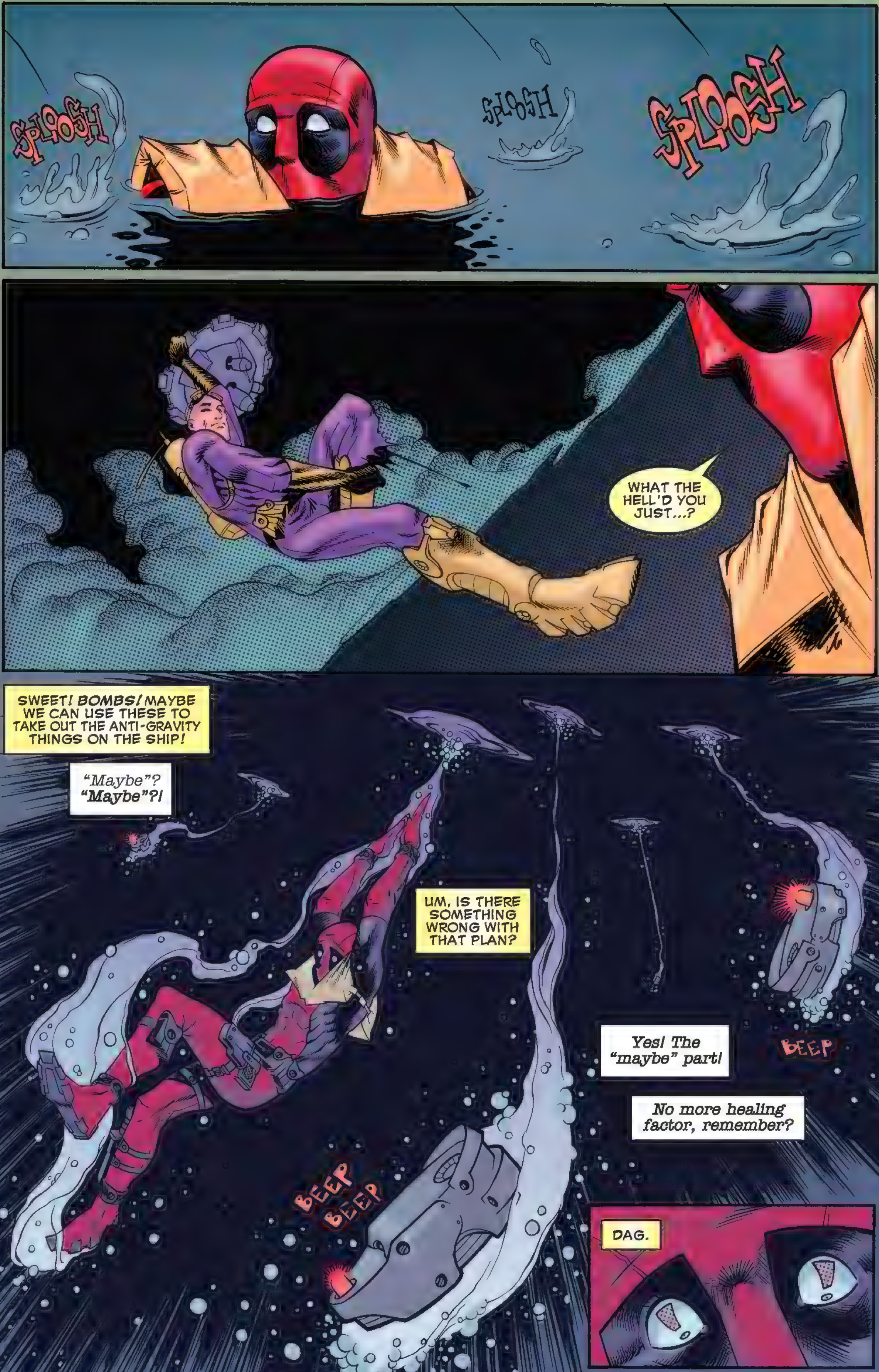

WHAT?
WE ALREADY *KNOW* WE CAN COUNT ON YOU TO DO *NOTHING*, TRAPSTER.
WE *ARE*, AFTER ALL, *GENIUSES...*
HEY, *GENIUSES.*
IF YOU'RE ALL SO *SMART*, WHY'M *I* THE ONLY ONE WEARIN' A *LIFE JACKET?*
TCK

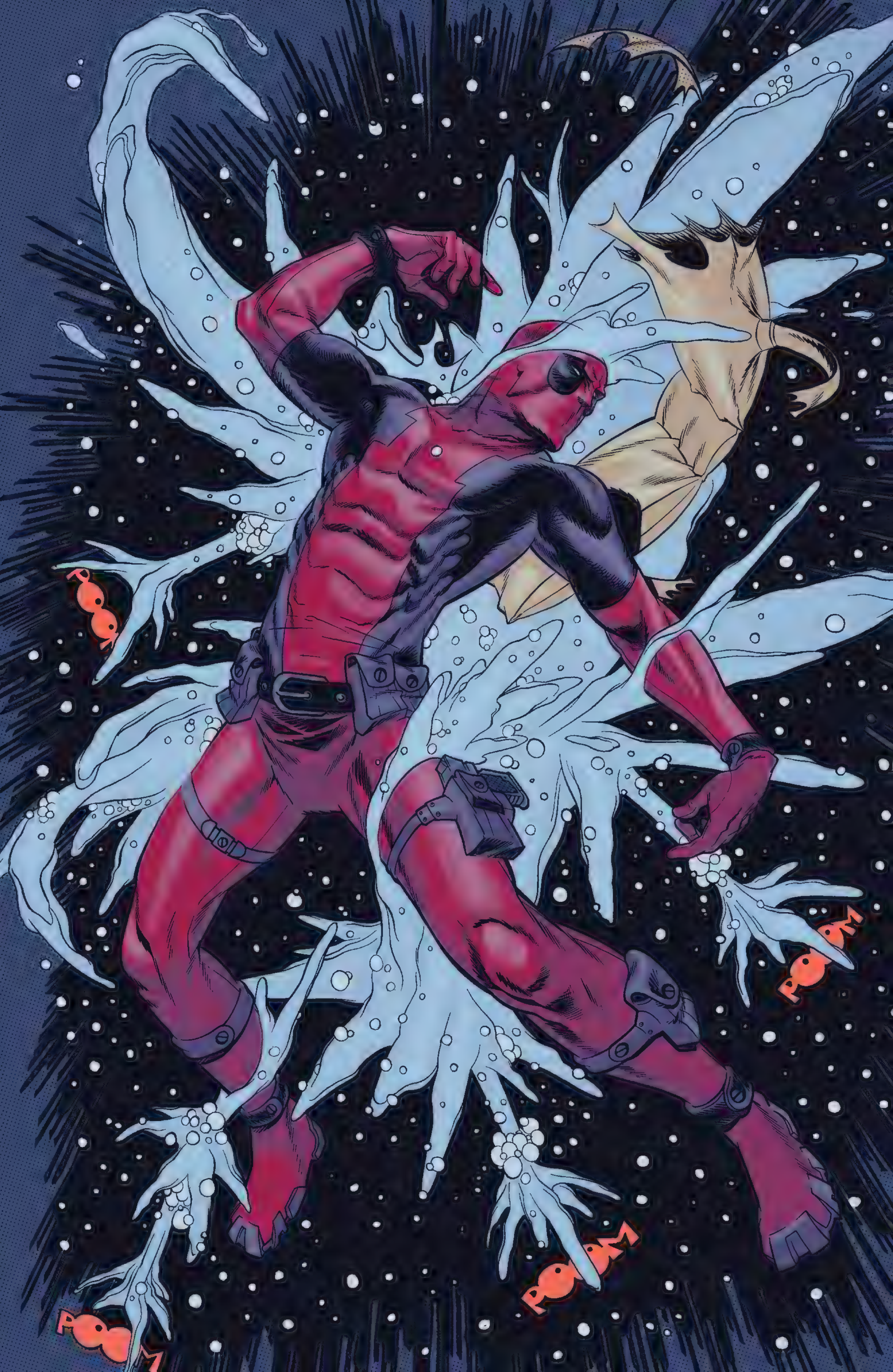

BOOOOM
BOOOM
OH, AN' P.S.?
BOOM
IF YOU DINGLEBERRIES REALLY WANTED TO TAKE HULK OFF THE BOARD, ALL YA HAD TO DO WAS LIFT HIM OFF THE GROUND A FEW INCHES WITH AN ANTI-GRAV UNIT OR SOMETHIN'!
HE WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN ABLE TO DO %$&#!
THAT WOULD'VE BEEN SO MUCH COOLER TO SAY IF THE LEADER HAD BEEN HERE...
Yeah, beatin' Hulk was more, like, his thing.
WHATEVER.
SLAM!
ADIOS, EVIL NERDS.
ESCAPE HATCHES ARE SEALED!

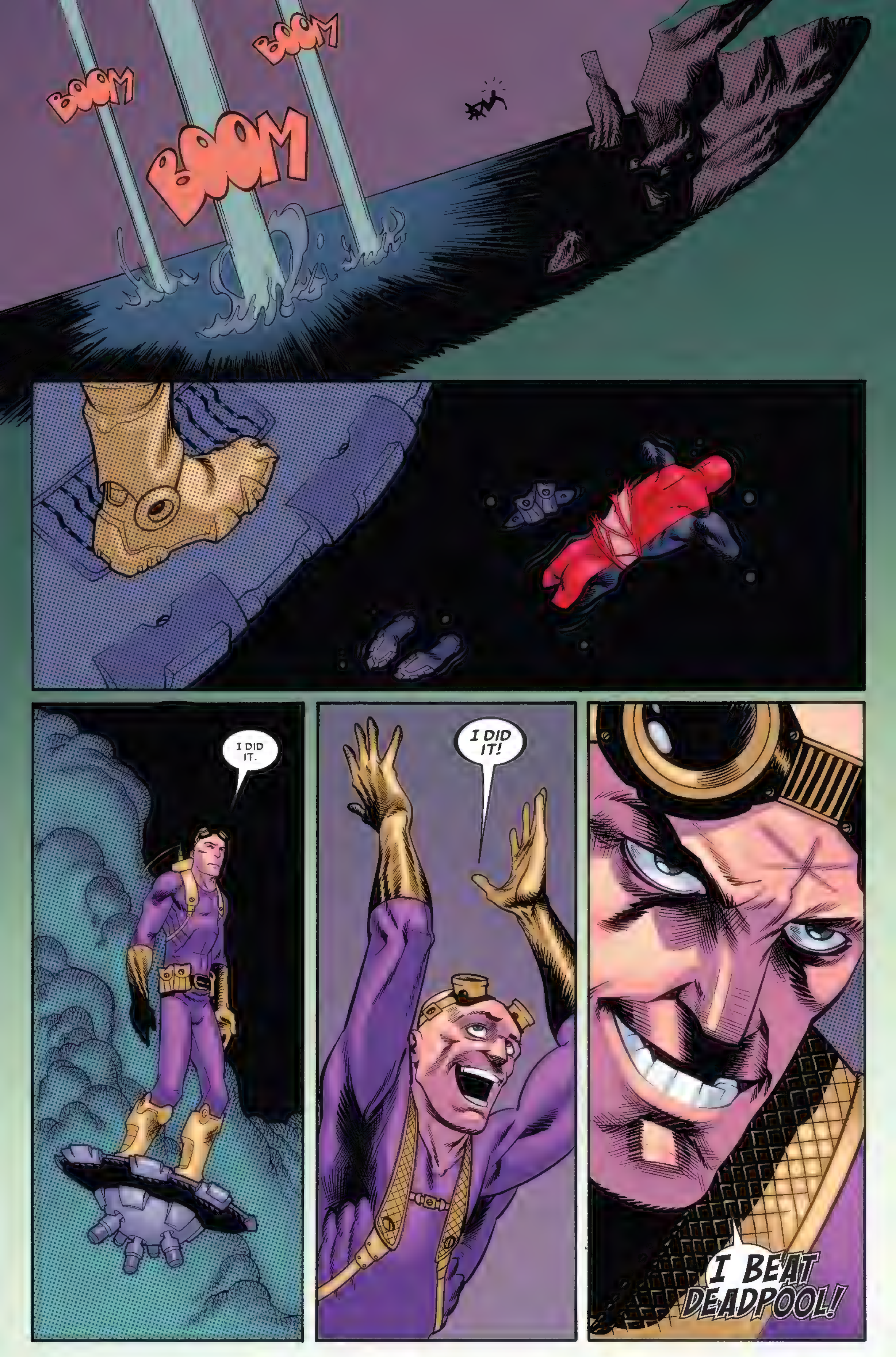

STAND ASIDE.
NO-- DON'T!
ZAP!
SPLOOOOOSSSSHHH
AN' THAT'S HOW IT GETS *DONE*, Y'KNOW WHAT I'M--
WHUUUUUT

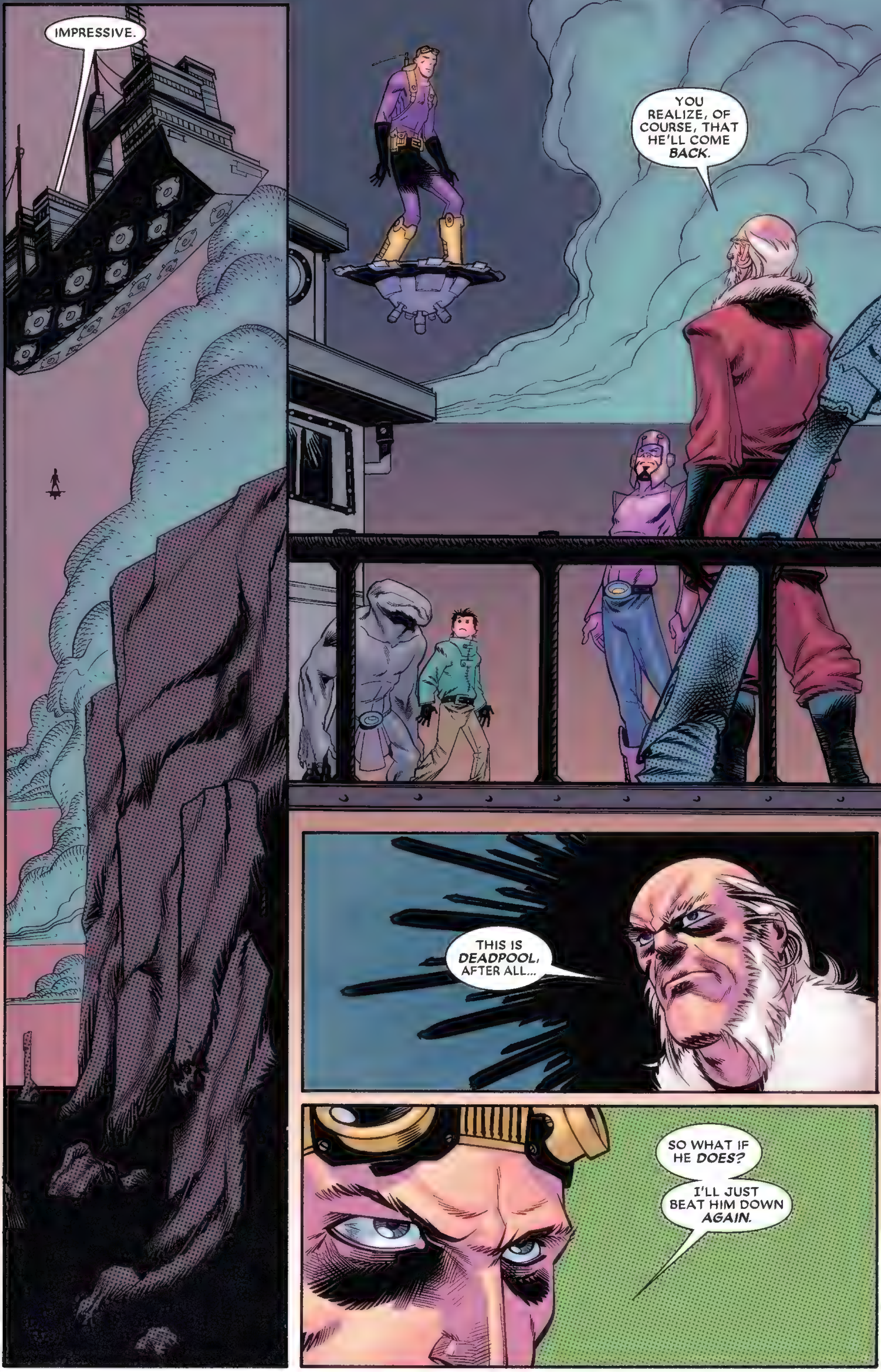

ANTI-GRAV UNITS.
THANKS FOR THE IDEA, *DINGLEBERRY.*

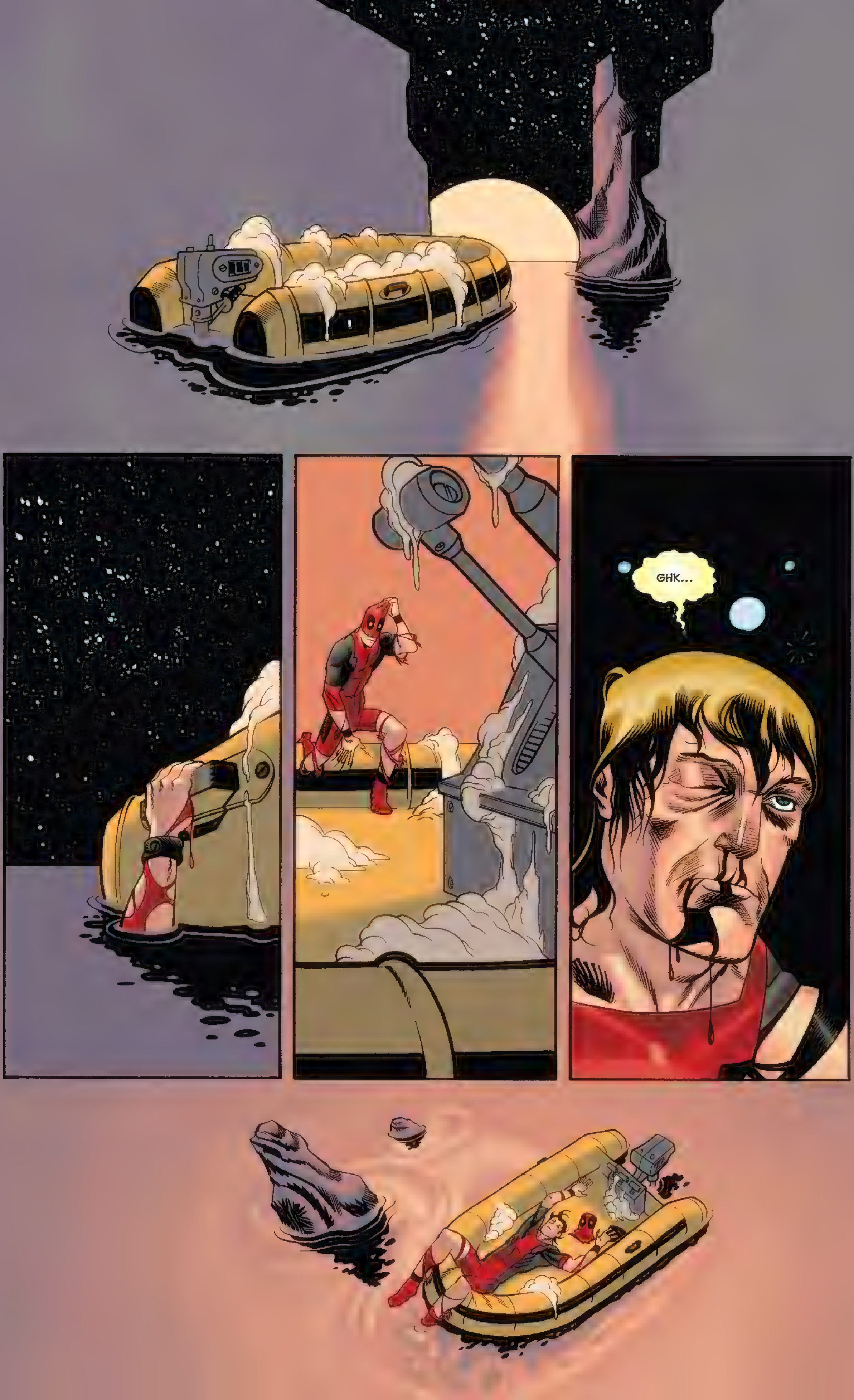

Wait--why are we going *down?* Shouldn't we be--?
'CAUSE THIS *LIFE JACKET* IS GONNA MAKE US FLOAT UP REALLY FAST, *DUH.*
That makes *no sense.*
YEAH, IT DOES... *THINK* ABOUT IT.
C'MON... C'MON...
Oh! *Okay*...
...It's so we'll have time to *aim.*
GAH!
PSHH--
PSHH--
HHHHH--!

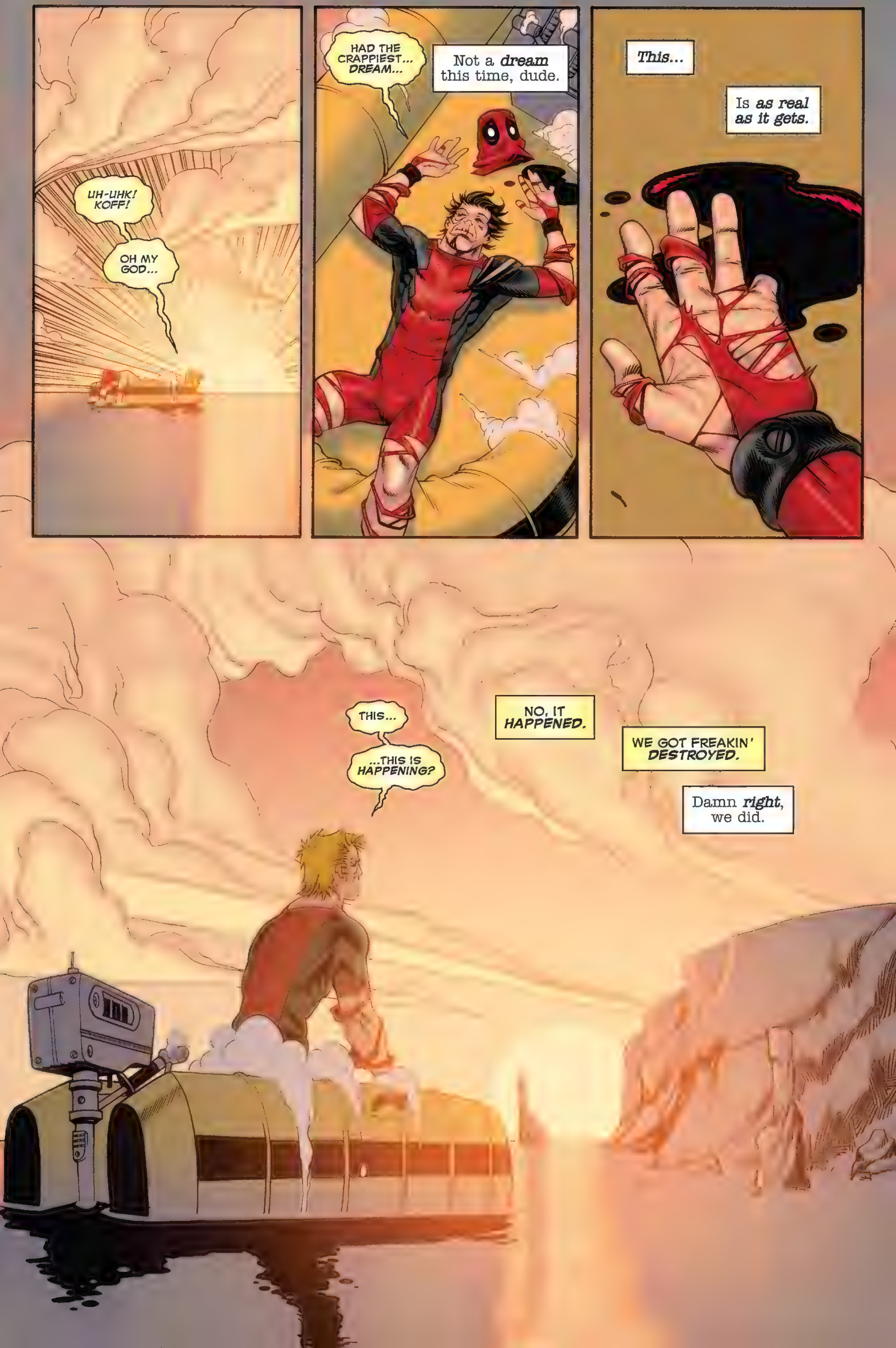

SPLOOSH
SPLOOSH
SPLOOSH
WHAT THE HELL'D YOU JUST...?
SWEET! *BOMBS!* MAYBE WE CAN USE THESE TO TAKE OUT THE ANTI-GRAVITY THINGS ON THE SHIP!
"Maybe"? **"Maybe"?!**
UM, IS THERE SOMETHING WRONG WITH THAT PLAN?
Yes! The "maybe" part!
No more healing factor, remember?
BEEP
BEEP BEEP
DAG.


POOM
POOM
POOM
POOM

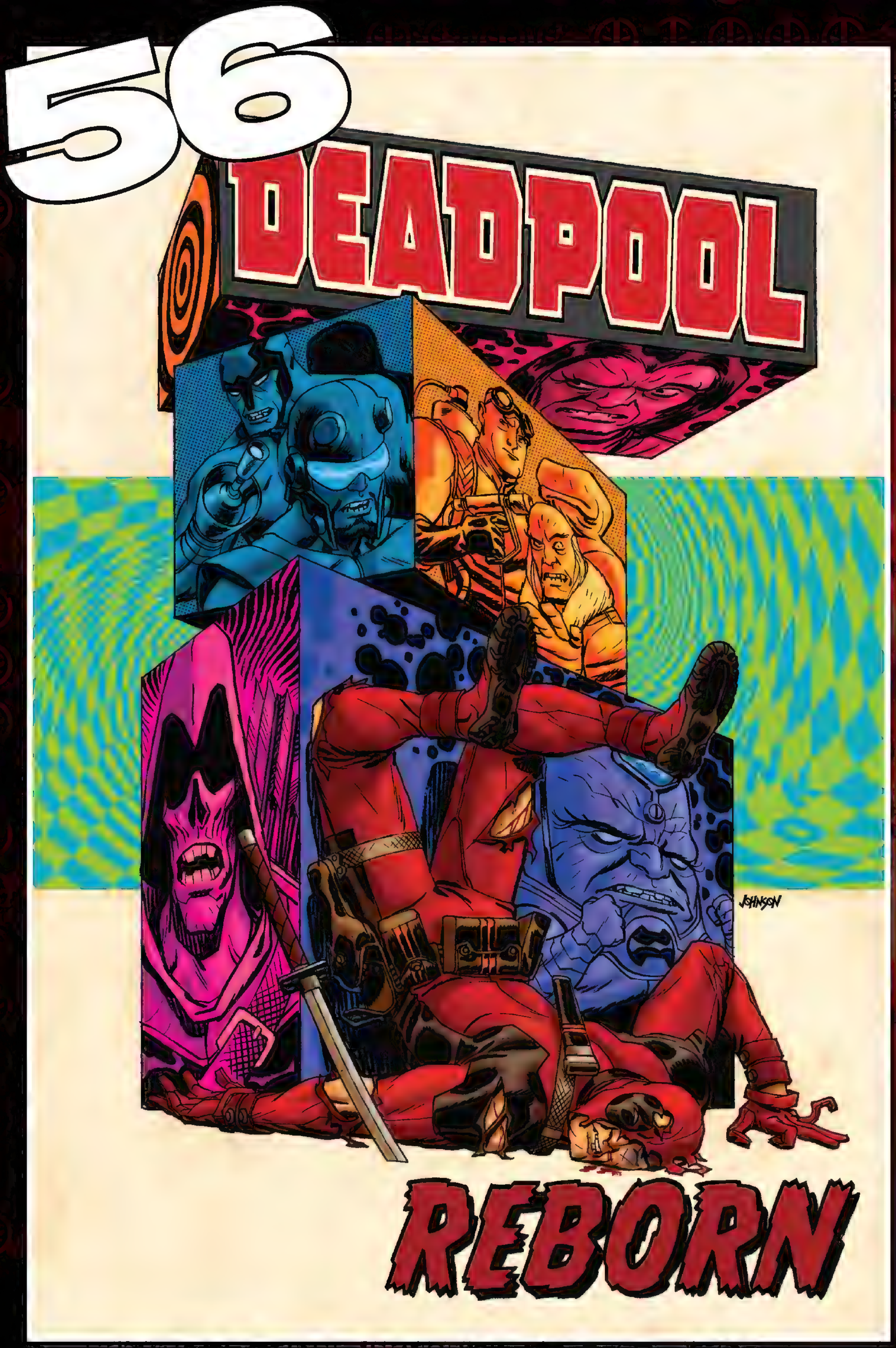

BOOM
BOOM
BOOM
I DID IT.
I DID IT!
I BEAT DEADPOOL!

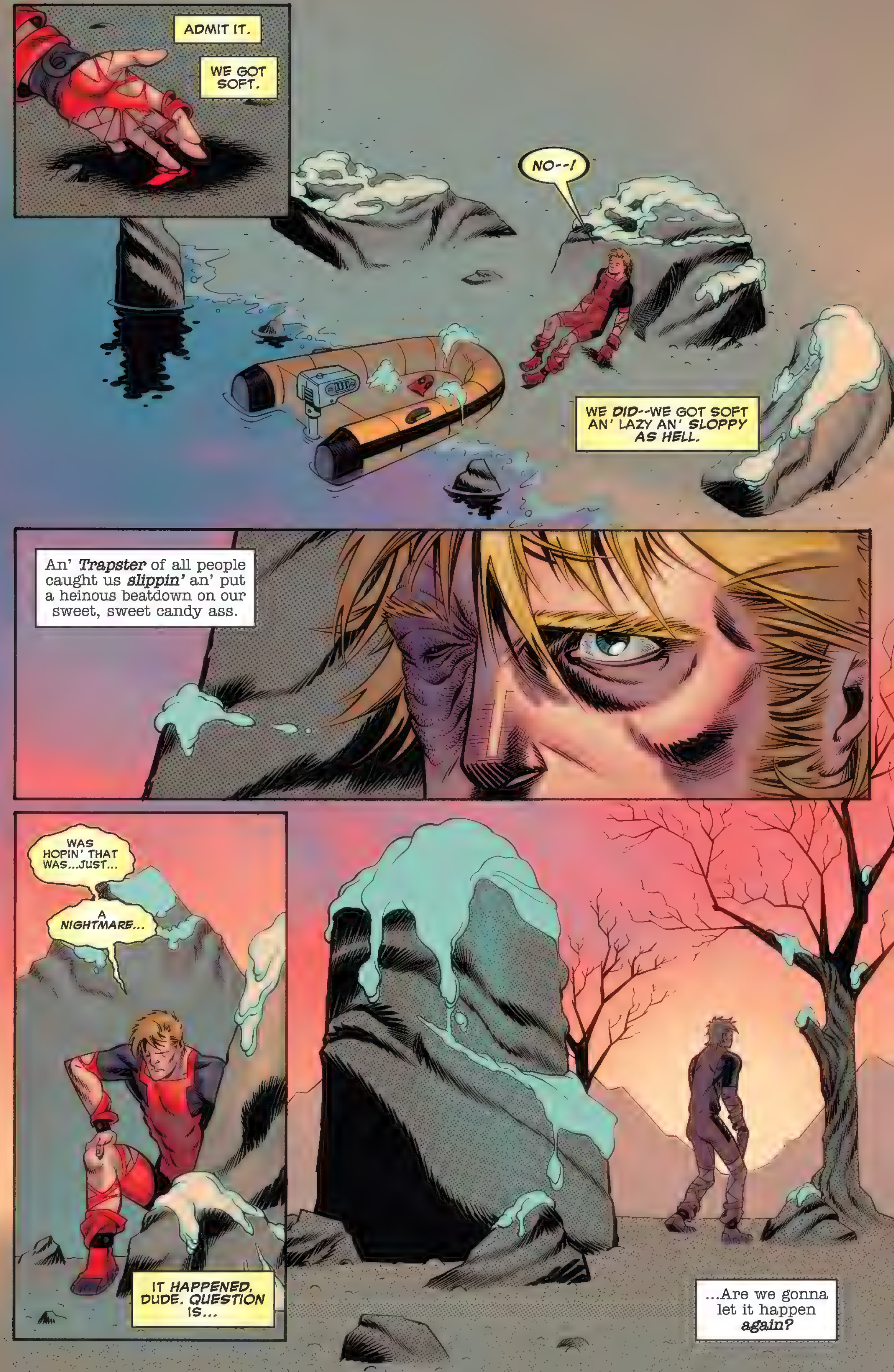

IMPRESSIVE.
YOU REALIZE, OF COURSE, THAT HE'LL COME *BACK*.
THIS IS *DEADPOOL*, AFTER ALL...
SO WHAT IF HE *DOES?*
I'LL JUST BEAT HIM DOWN *AGAIN*.


GHK...


UH-UHK! KOFF!
OH MY GOD...
HAD THE CRAPPIEST... *DREAM...*
Not a ***dream*** this time, dude.
This...
Is ***as real as it gets.***
THIS...
...THIS IS *HAPPENING?*
NO, IT ***HAPPENED.***
WE GOT FREAKIN' ***DESTROYED.***
Damn ***right***, we did.

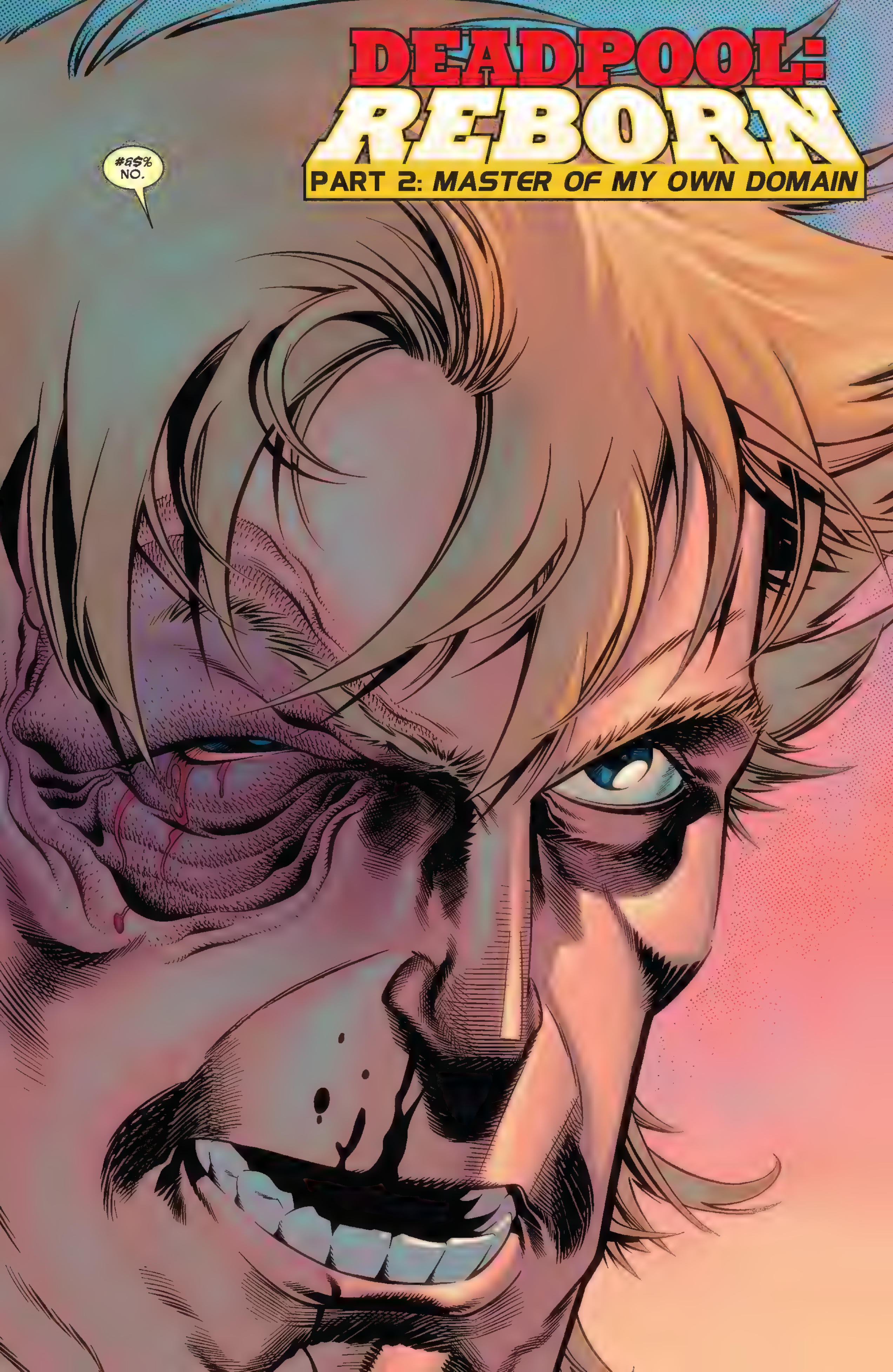
By *Paste Pot Pete.*

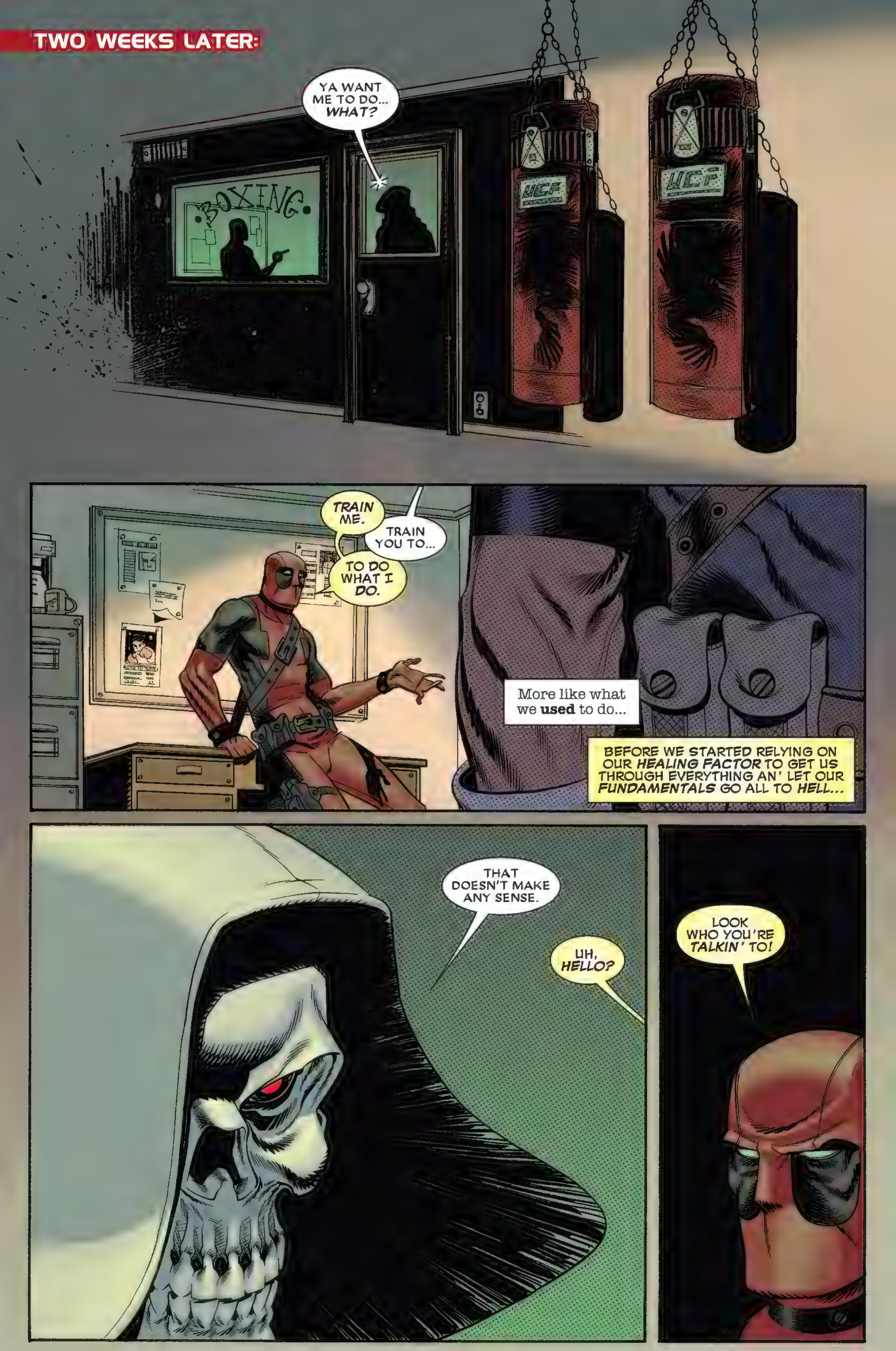

56
DEADPOOL
JOHNSON
REBORN

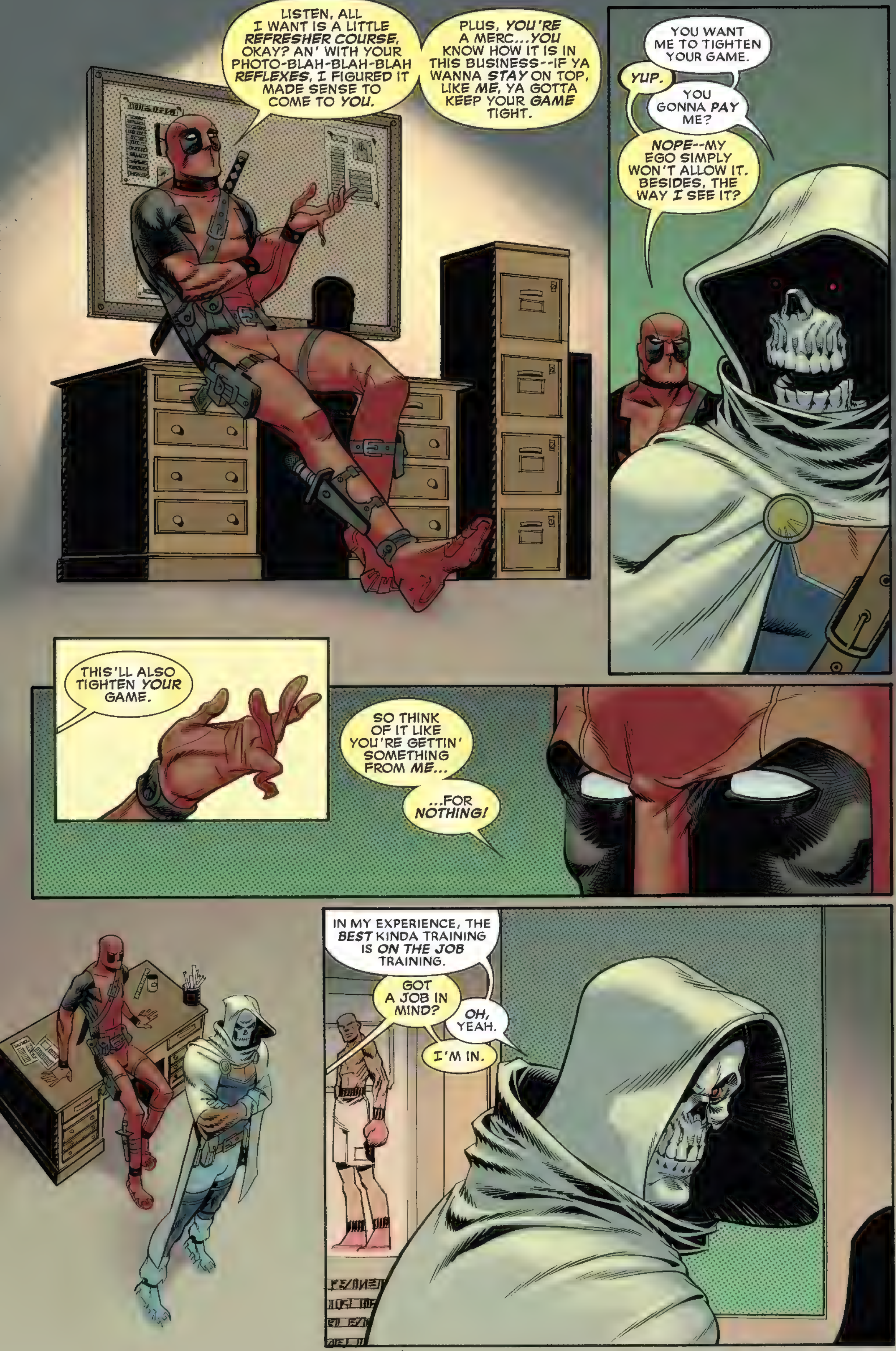

ADMIT IT.
WE GOT SOFT.
NO--!
WE *DID*--WE GOT SOFT AN' LAZY AN' *SLOPPY AS HELL.*
An' *Trapster* of all people caught us *slippin'* an' put a heinous beatdown on our sweet, sweet candy ass.
WAS HOPIN' THAT WAS...JUST...
A *NIGHTMARE...*
IT *HAPPENED,* DUDE. *QUESTION* IS...
...Are we gonna let it happen *again?*

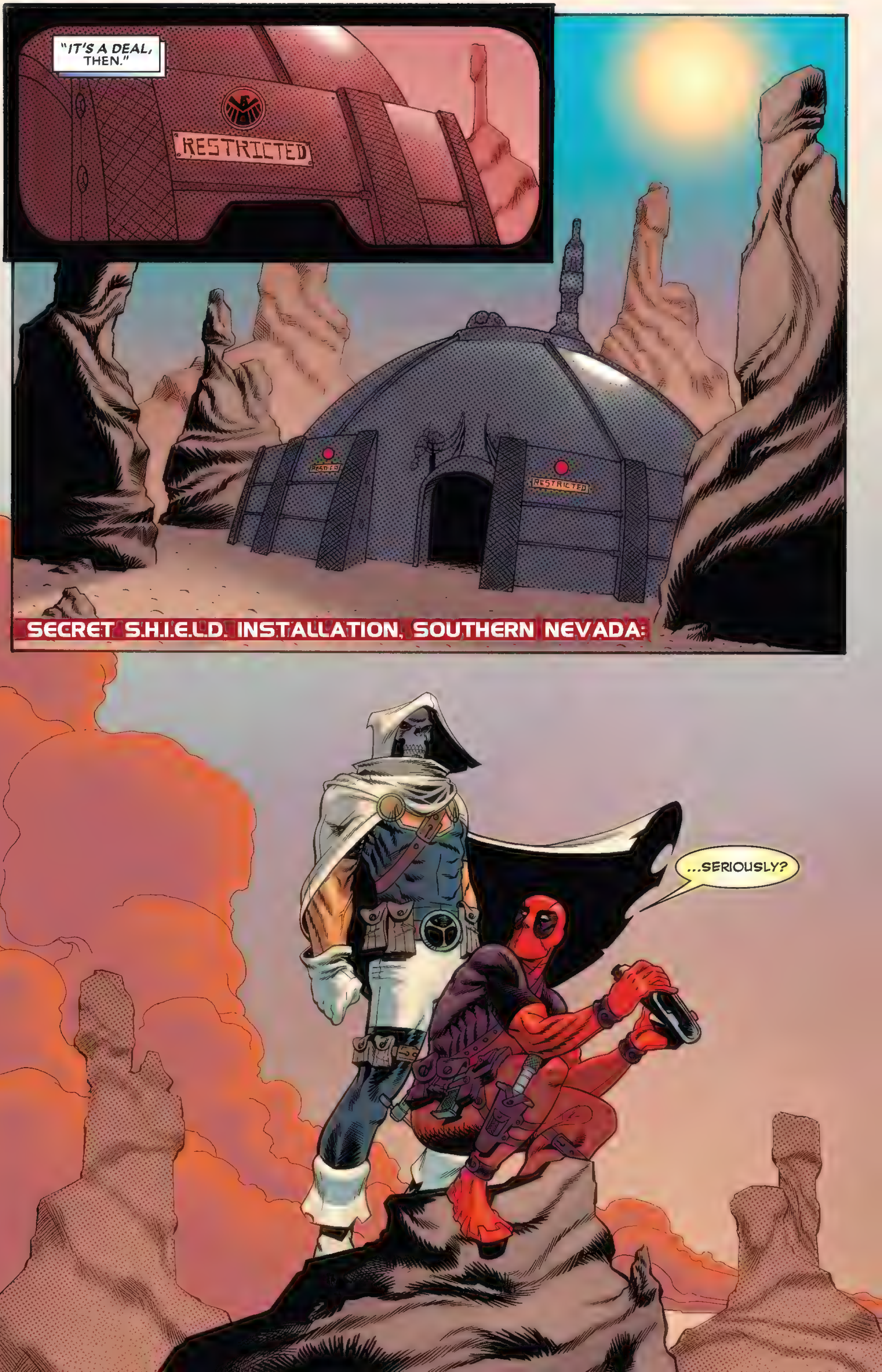
DEADPOOL: REBORN

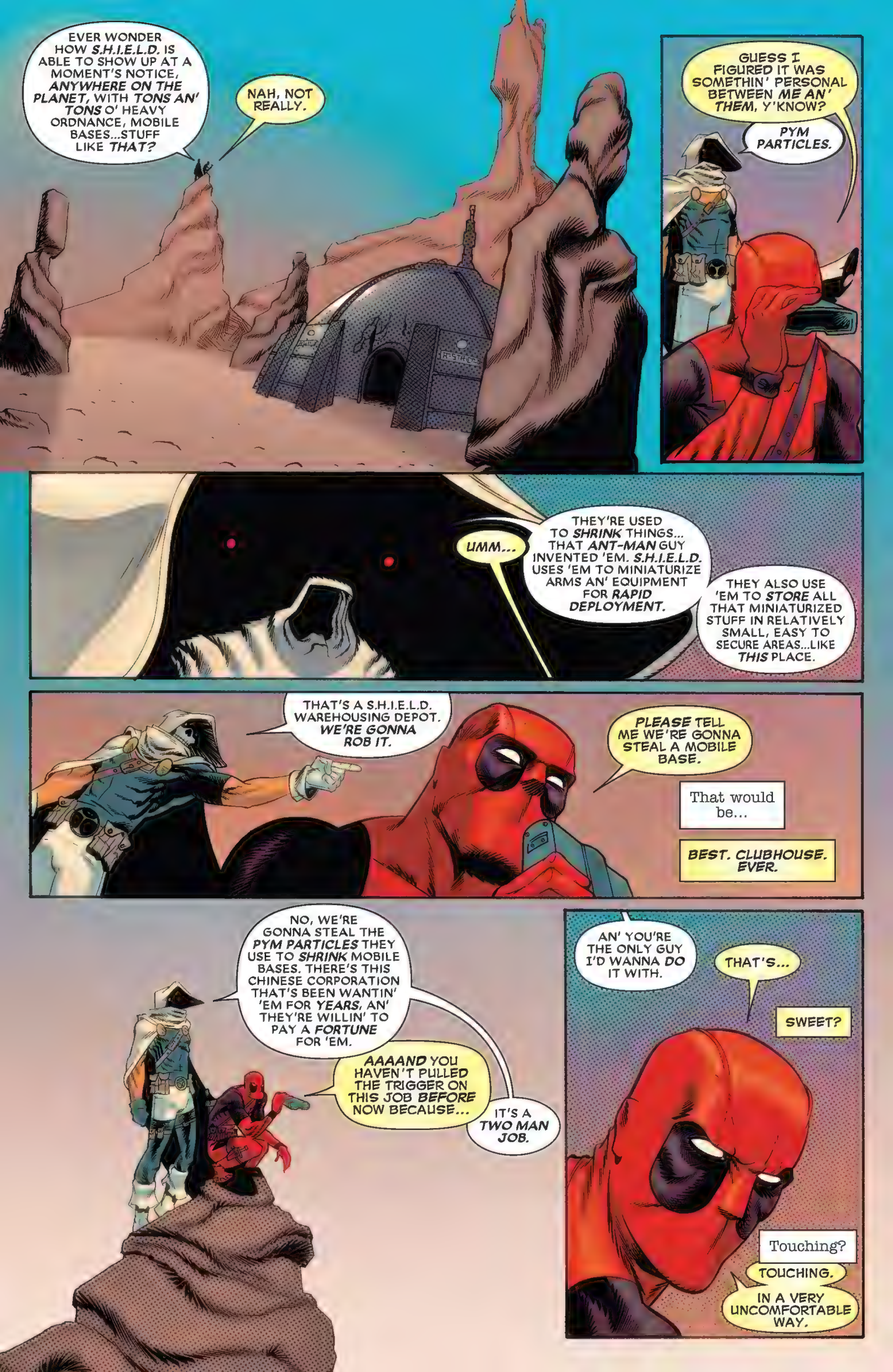
PART 2: *MASTER OF MY OWN DOMAIN*

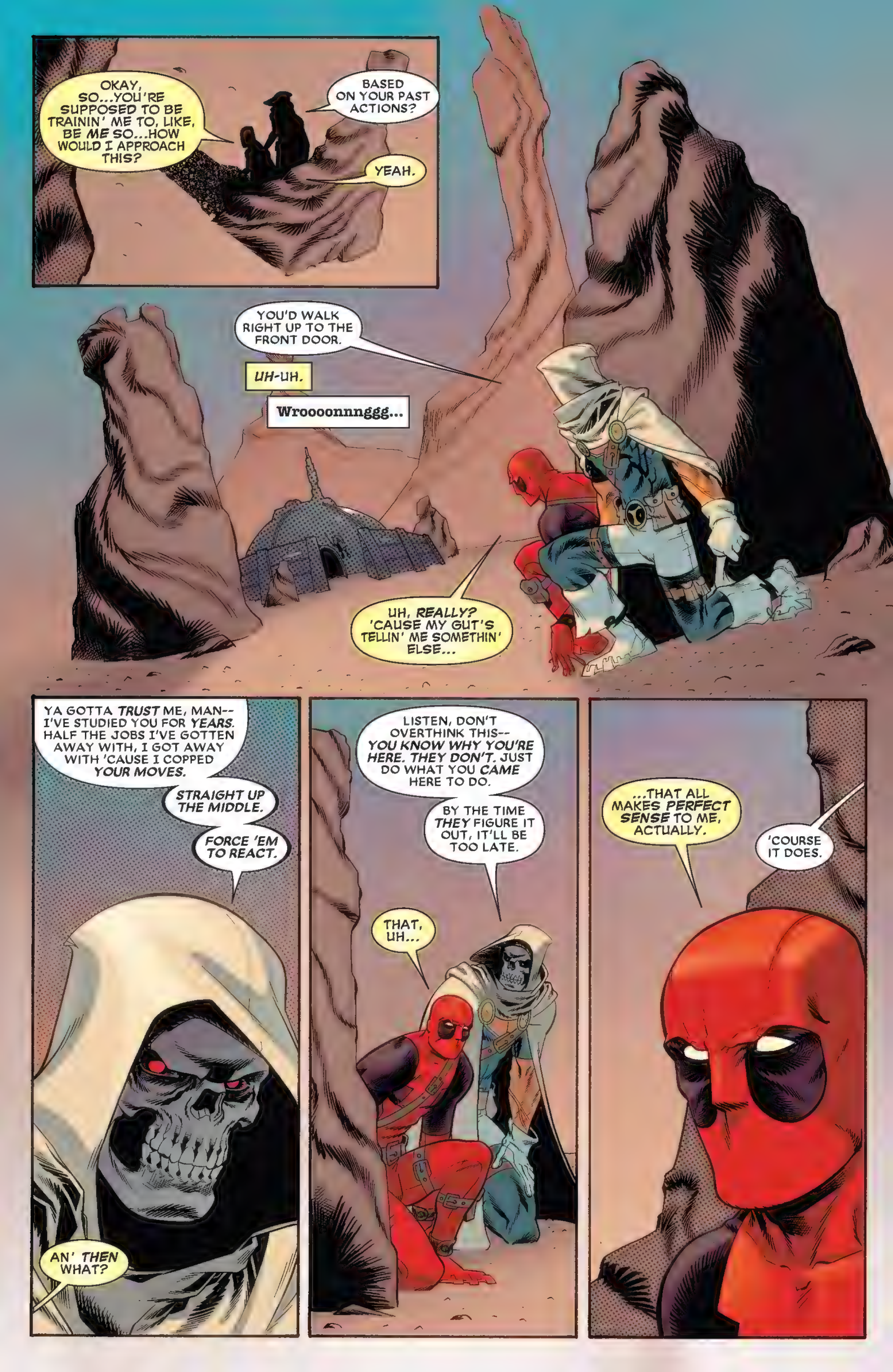


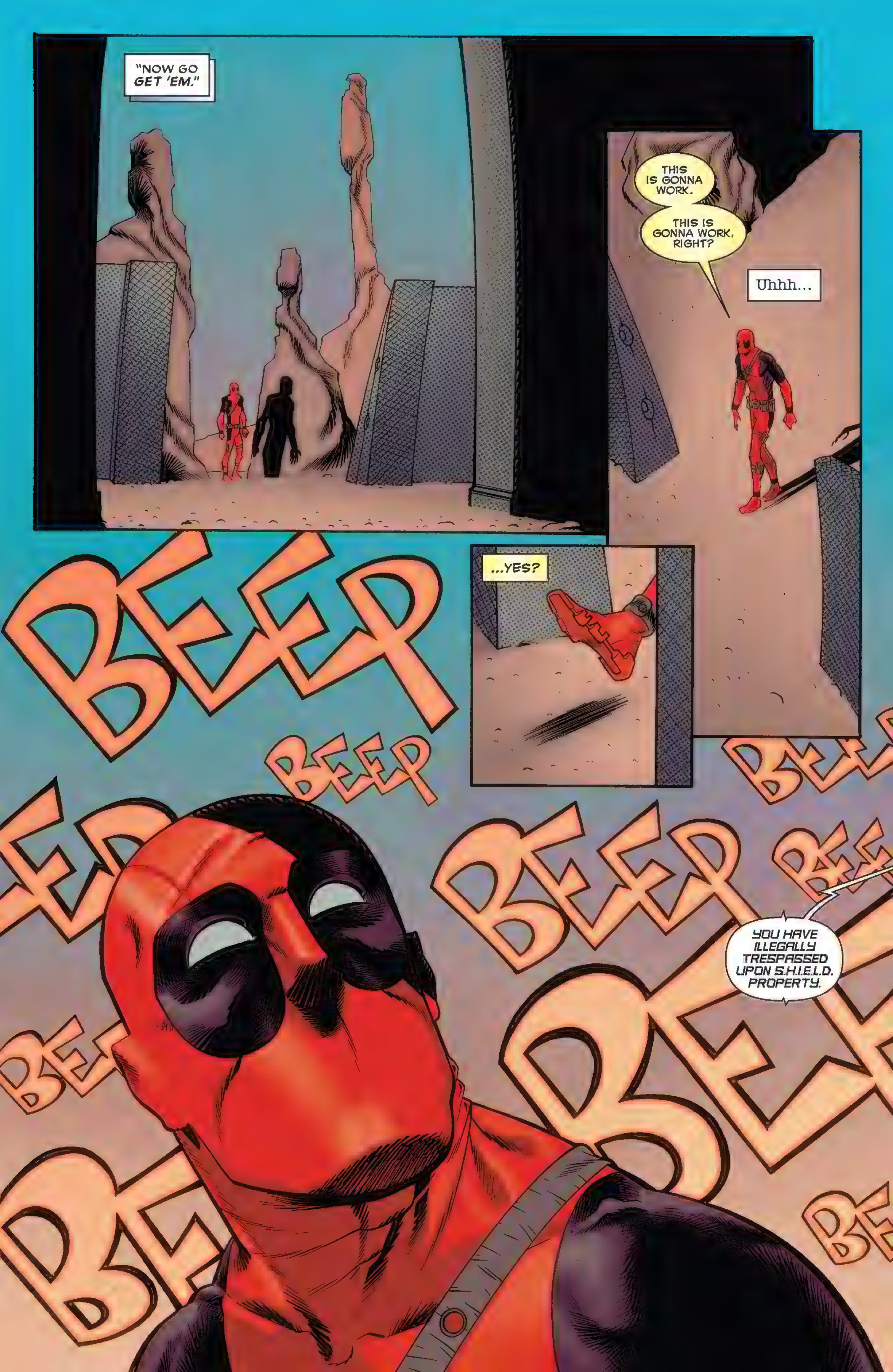

TWO WEEKS LATER:
BOXING
UCF
UCF
YA WANT ME TO DO... *WHAT?*
TRAIN ME.
TRAIN YOU TO...
TO DO WHAT I *DO.*
More like what we **used** to do...
BEFORE WE STARTED RELYING ON OUR *HEALING FACTOR* TO GET US THROUGH EVERYTHING AN' LET OUR *FUNDAMENTALS* GO ALL TO *HELL...*
THAT DOESN'T MAKE ANY SENSE.
UH, *HELLO?*
LOOK WHO YOU'RE *TALKIN'* TO!

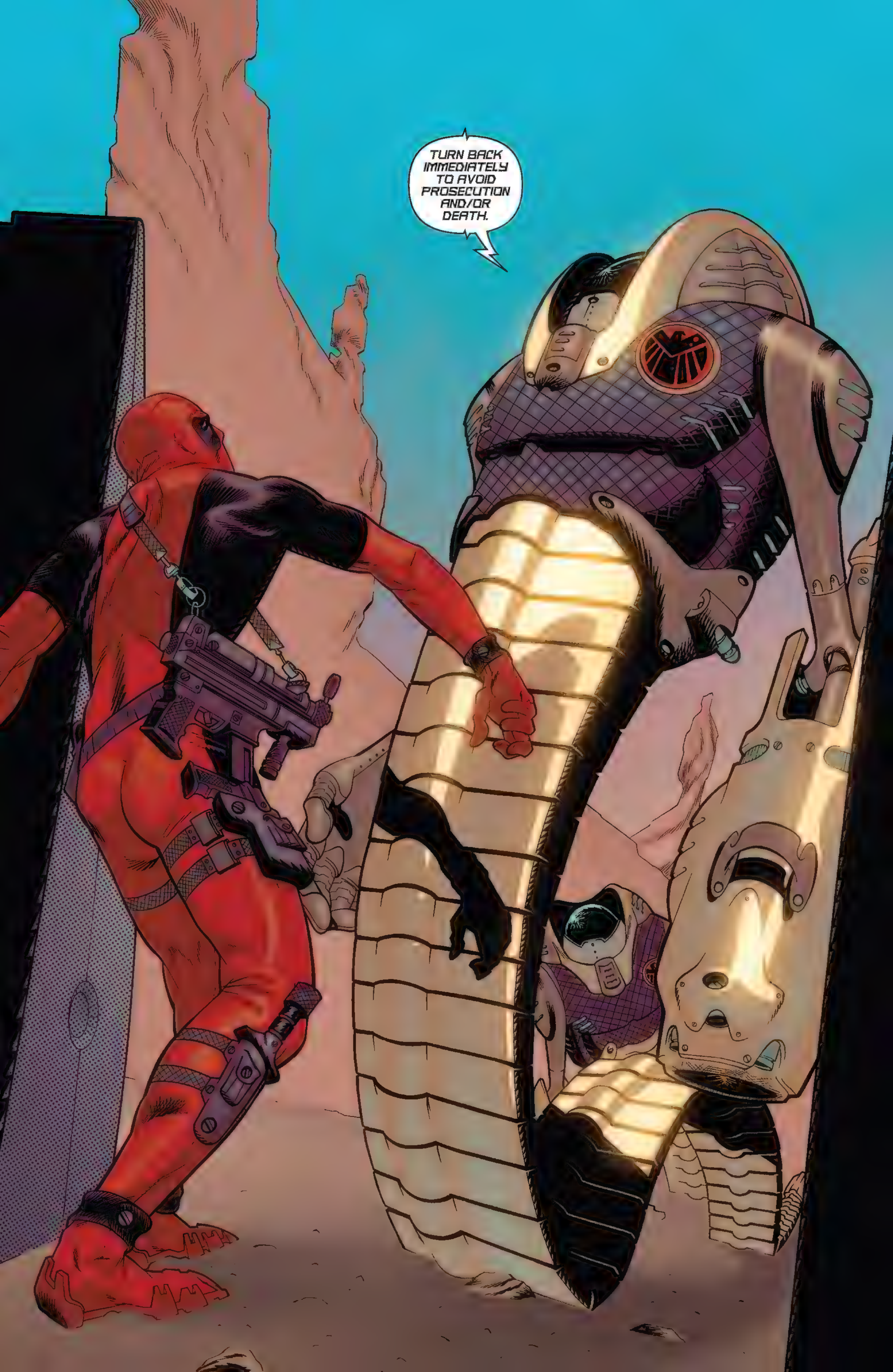

LISTEN, ALL I WANT IS A LITTLE REFRESHER COURSE, OKAY? AN' WITH YOUR PHOTO-BLAH-BLAH-BLAH REFLEXES, I FIGURED IT MADE SENSE TO COME TO YOU.
PLUS, YOU'RE A MERC...YOU KNOW HOW IT IS IN THIS BUSINESS--IF YA WANNA STAY ON TOP, LIKE ME, YA GOTTA KEEP YOUR GAME TIGHT.
YOU WANT ME TO TIGHTEN YOUR GAME.
YUP.
YOU GONNA PAY ME?
NOPE--MY EGO SIMPLY WON'T ALLOW IT. BESIDES, THE WAY I SEE IT?
THIS'LL ALSO TIGHTEN YOUR GAME.
SO THINK OF IT LIKE YOU'RE GETTIN' SOMETHING FROM ME...
...FOR NOTHING!
IN MY EXPERIENCE, THE BEST KINDA TRAINING IS ON THE JOB TRAINING.
GOT A JOB IN MIND?
OH, YEAH.
I'M IN.

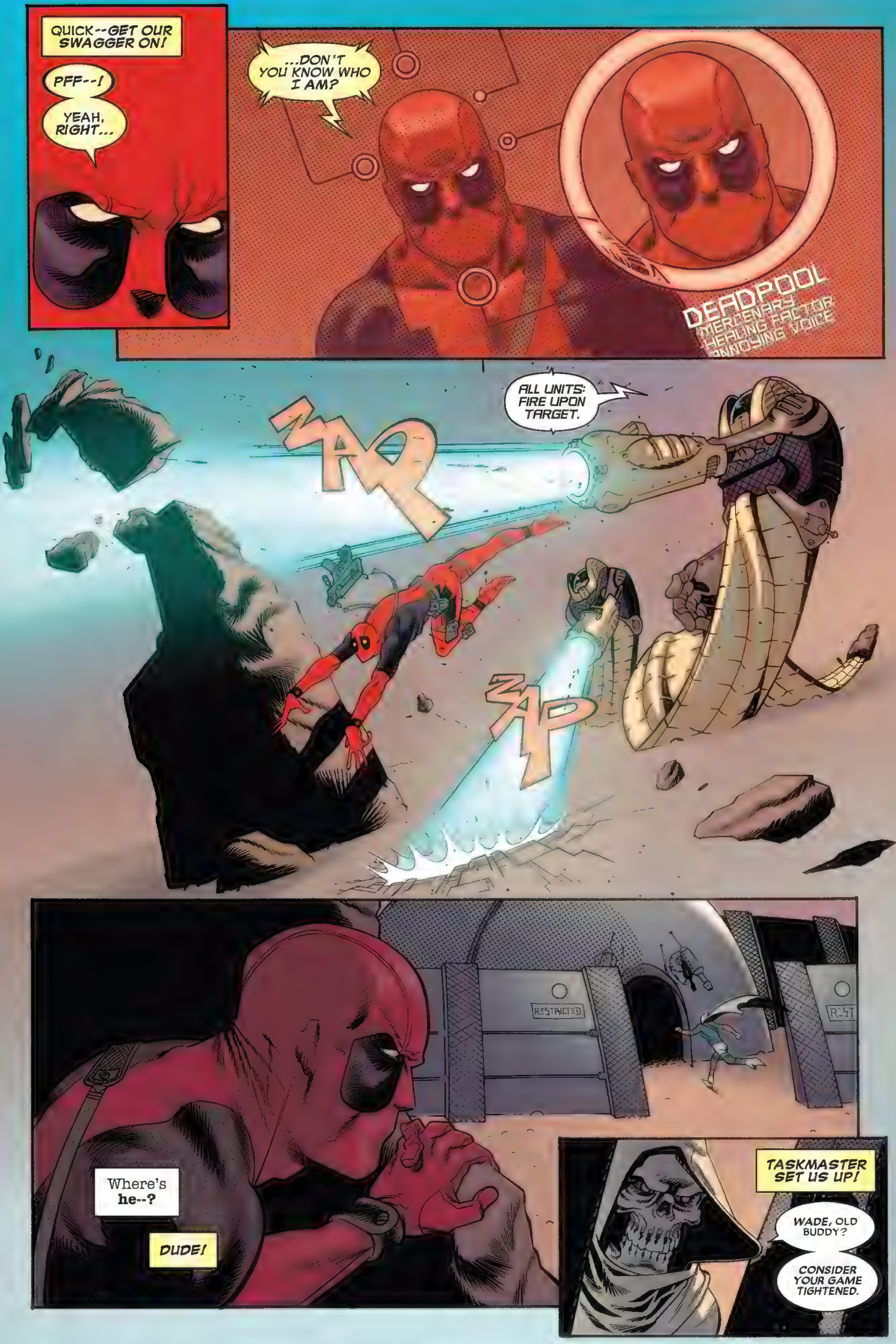

"IT'S A DEAL, THEN."
RESTRICTED
RESTRICTED
RESTRICTED
SECRET S.H.I.E.L.D. INSTALLATION, SOUTHERN NEVADA:
...SERIOUSLY?

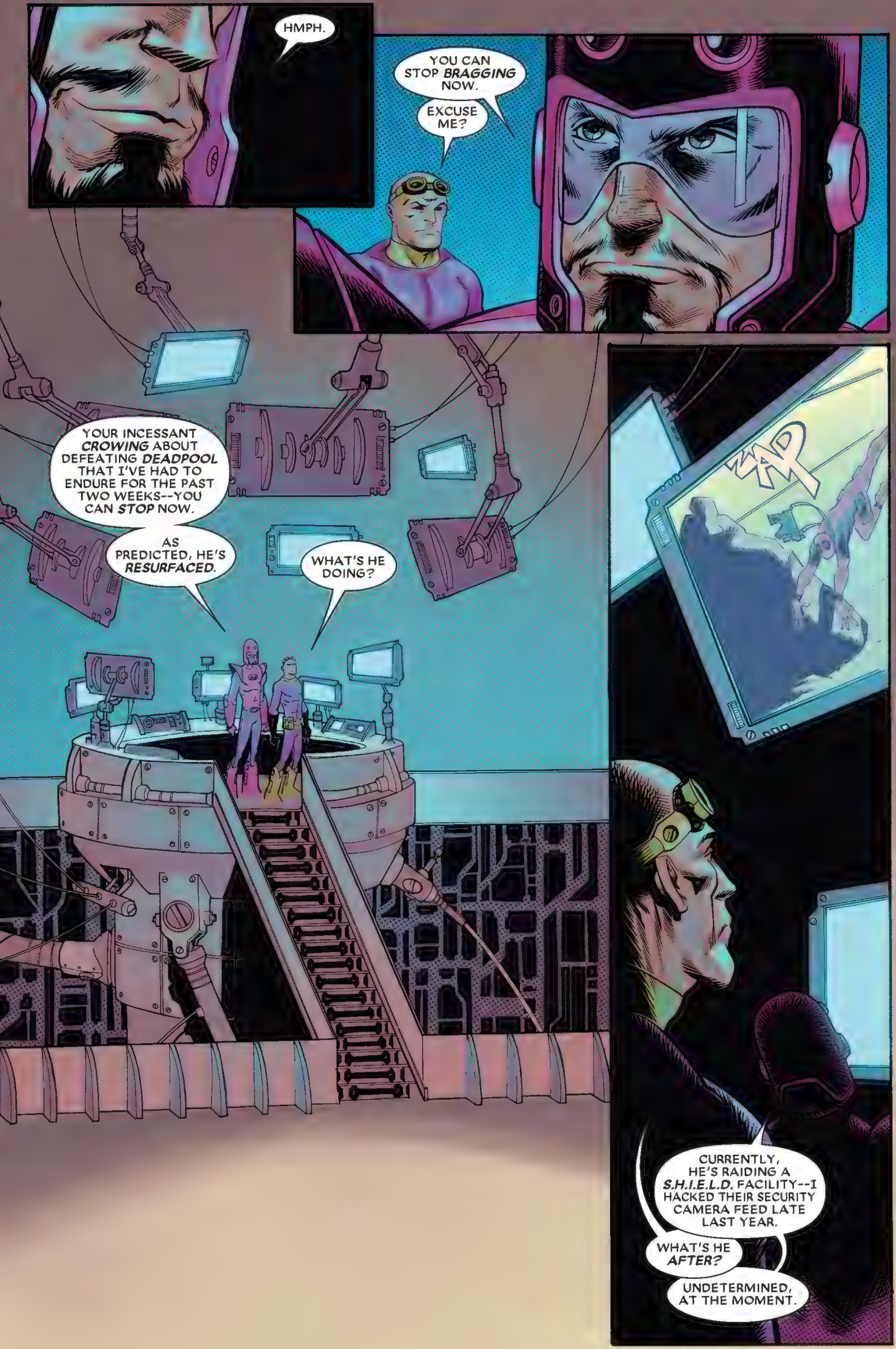

EVER WONDER HOW S.H.I.E.L.D. IS ABLE TO SHOW UP AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE, ANYWHERE ON THE PLANET, WITH TONS AN' TONS O' HEAVY ORDNANCE, MOBILE BASES...STUFF LIKE THAT?
NAH, NOT REALLY.
RESTRICTED
GUESS I FIGURED IT WAS SOMETHIN' PERSONAL BETWEEN ME AN' THEM, Y'KNOW?
PYM PARTICLES.
UMM...
THEY'RE USED TO SHRINK THINGS... THAT ANT-MAN GUY INVENTED 'EM. S.H.I.E.L.D. USES 'EM TO MINIATURIZE ARMS AN' EQUIPMENT FOR RAPID DEPLOYMENT.
THEY ALSO USE 'EM TO STORE ALL THAT MINIATURIZED STUFF IN RELATIVELY SMALL, EASY TO SECURE AREAS...LIKE THIS PLACE.
THAT'S A S.H.I.E.L.D. WAREHOUSING DEPOT. WE'RE GONNA ROB IT.
PLEASE TELL ME WE'RE GONNA STEAL A MOBILE BASE.
That would be...
BEST. CLUBHOUSE. EVER.
NO, WE'RE GONNA STEAL THE PYM PARTICLES THEY USE TO SHRINK MOBILE BASES. THERE'S THIS CHINESE CORPORATION THAT'S BEEN WANTIN' 'EM FOR YEARS, AN' THEY'RE WILLIN' TO PAY A FORTUNE FOR 'EM.
AAAAND YOU HAVEN'T PULLED THE TRIGGER ON THIS JOB BEFORE NOW BECAUSE...
IT'S A TWO MAN JOB.
AN' YOU'RE THE ONLY GUY I'D WANNA DO IT WITH.
THAT'S...
SWEET?
Touching?
TOUCHING.
IN A VERY UNCOMFORTABLE WAY.

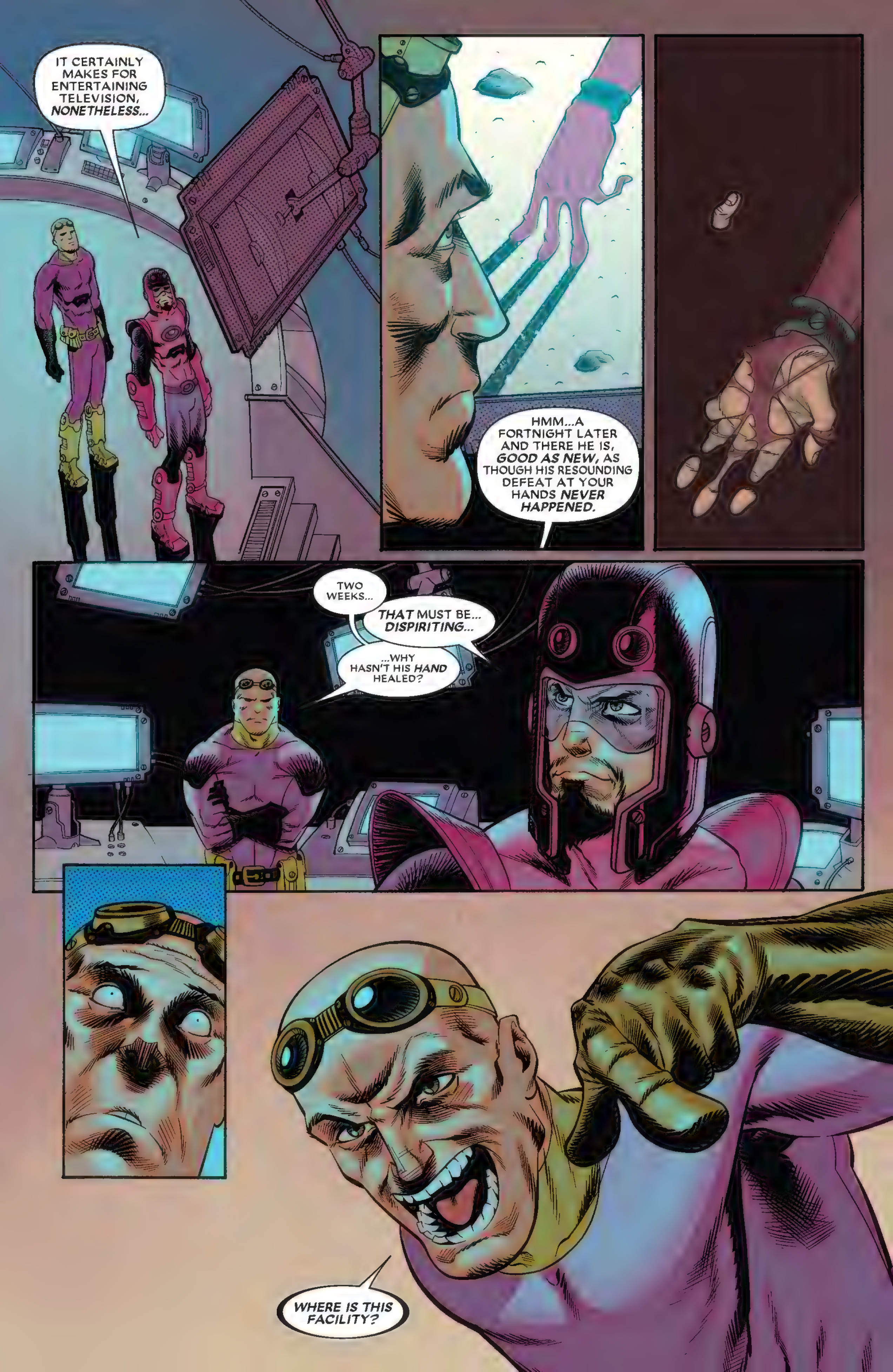

OKAY, SO...YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE TRAININ' ME TO, LIKE, BE *ME* SO...HOW WOULD I APPROACH THIS?
BASED ON YOUR PAST ACTIONS?
YEAH.
YOU'D WALK RIGHT UP TO THE FRONT DOOR.
UH-UH.
Wroooonnnggg...
UH, *REALLY?* 'CAUSE MY GUT'S TELLIN' ME SOMETHIN' ELSE...
YA GOTTA *TRUST* ME, MAN-- I'VE STUDIED YOU FOR *YEARS*. HALF THE JOBS I'VE GOTTEN AWAY WITH, I GOT AWAY WITH 'CAUSE I COPPED *YOUR MOVES*.
STRAIGHT UP THE MIDDLE.
FORCE 'EM TO REACT.
AN' *THEN* WHAT?
LISTEN, DON'T OVERTHINK THIS-- *YOU KNOW WHY YOU'RE HERE. THEY DON'T.* JUST DO WHAT YOU *CAME* HERE TO DO.
BY THE TIME *THEY* FIGURE IT OUT, IT'LL BE TOO LATE.
THAT, UH...
...THAT ALL MAKES *PERFECT SENSE* TO ME, ACTUALLY.
'COURSE IT DOES.

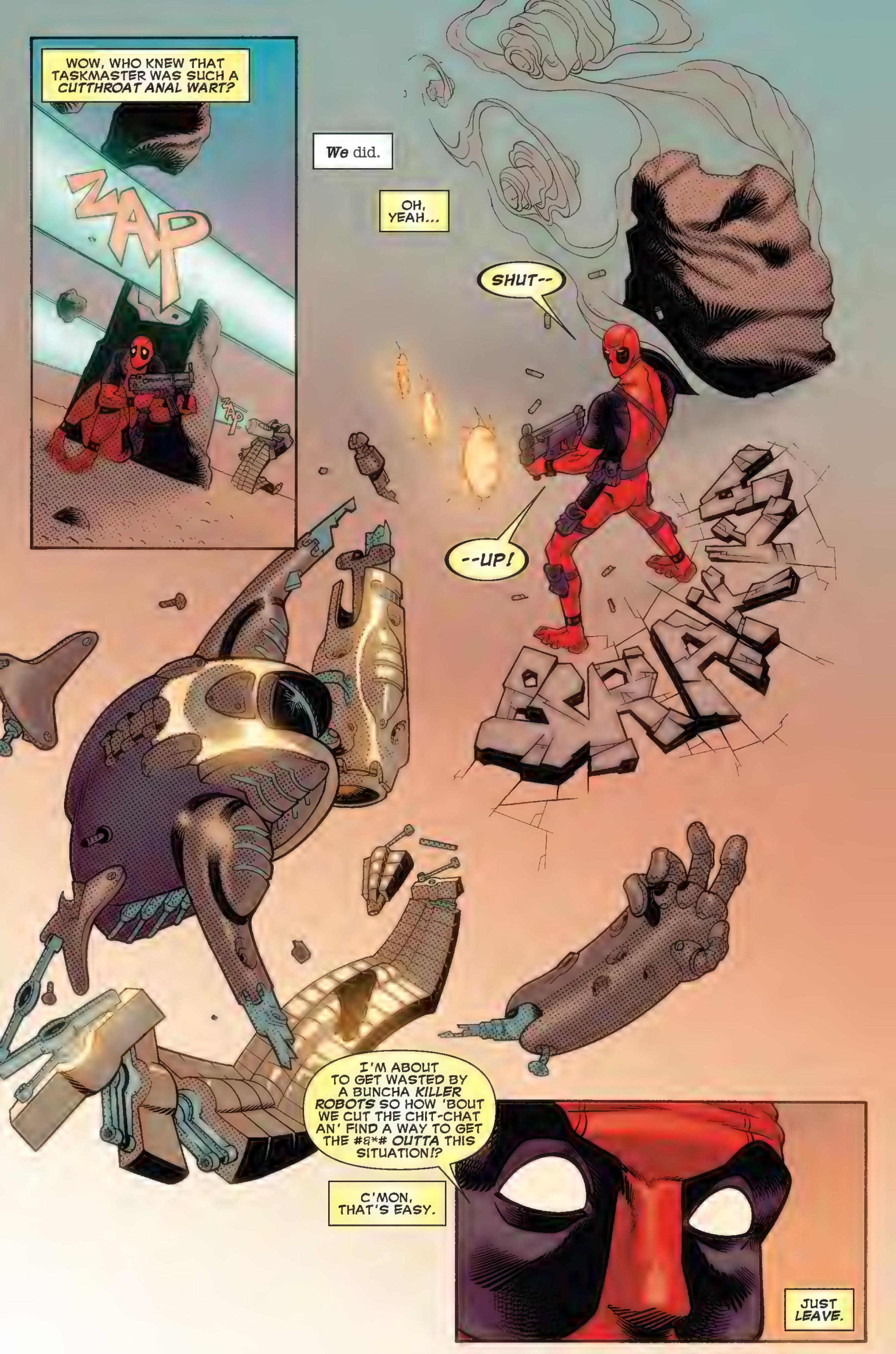

"NOW GO GET 'EM."
THIS IS GONNA WORK.
THIS IS GONNA WORK, RIGHT?
Uhhh...
...YES?
BEEP
BEEP
BEEP
YOU HAVE ILLEGALLY TRESPASSED UPON S.H.I.E.L.D. PROPERTY.

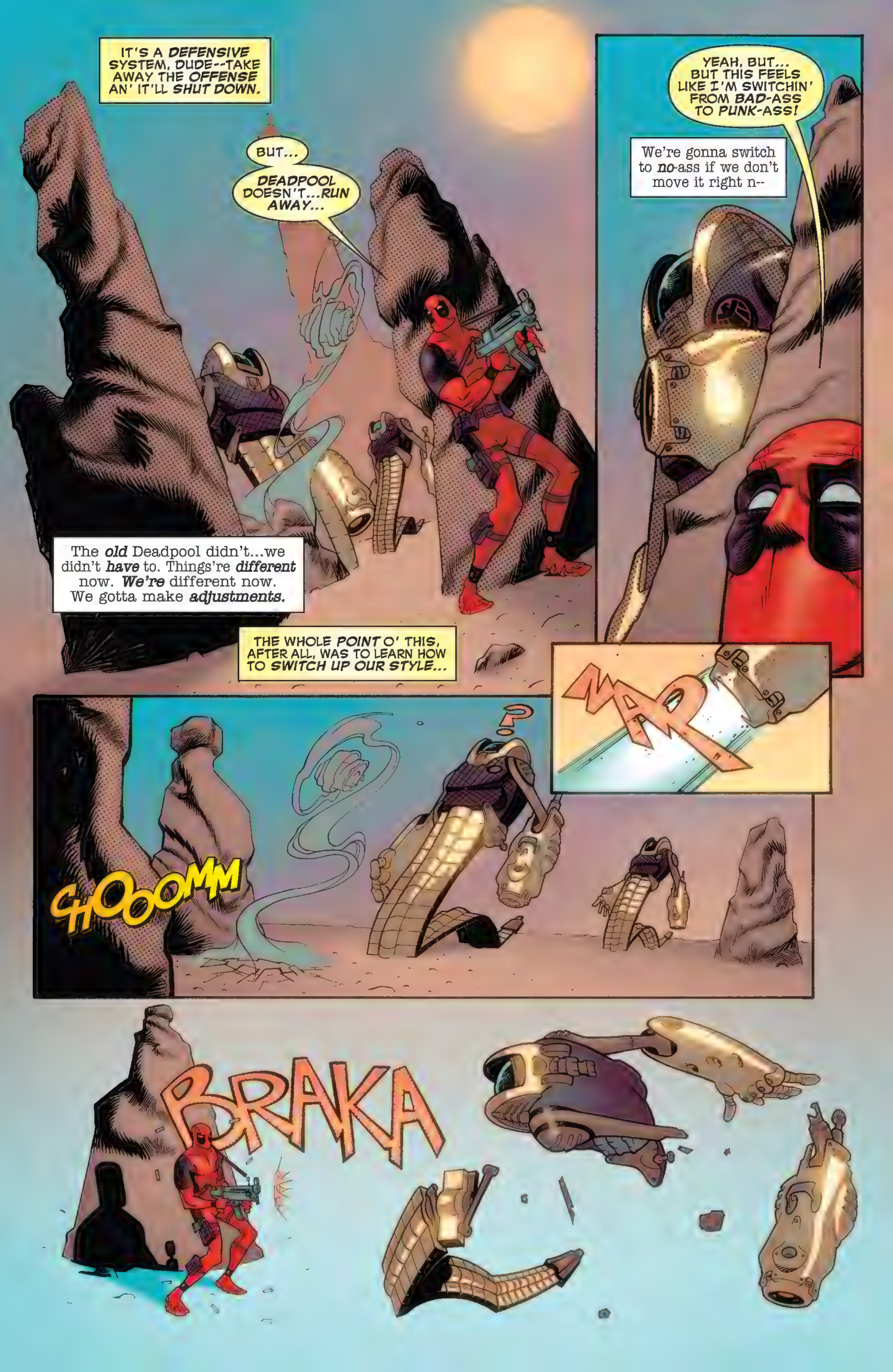

TURN BACK IMMEDIATELY TO AVOID PROSECUTION AND/OR DEATH.

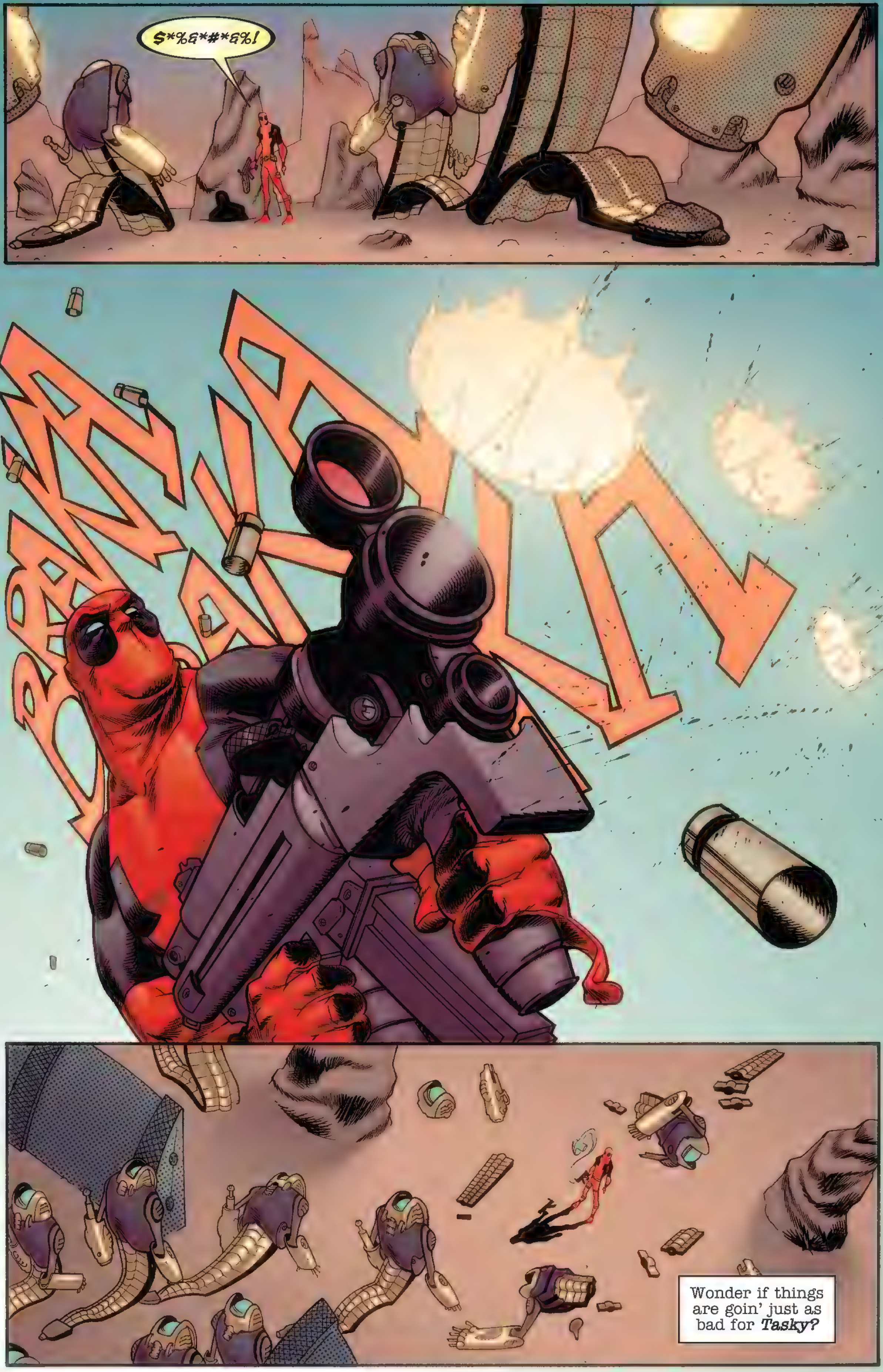

QUICK--GET OUR SWAGGER ON!
PFF--!
YEAH, RIGHT...
...DON'T YOU KNOW WHO I AM?
DEADPOOL
MERCENARY
HEALING FACTOR
ANNOYING VOICE
ZAP
ALL UNITS: FIRE UPON TARGET.
ZAP
RESTRICTED
REST
Where's he--?
DUDE!
TASKMASTER SET US UP!
WADE, OLD BUDDY?
CONSIDER YOUR GAME TIGHTENED.

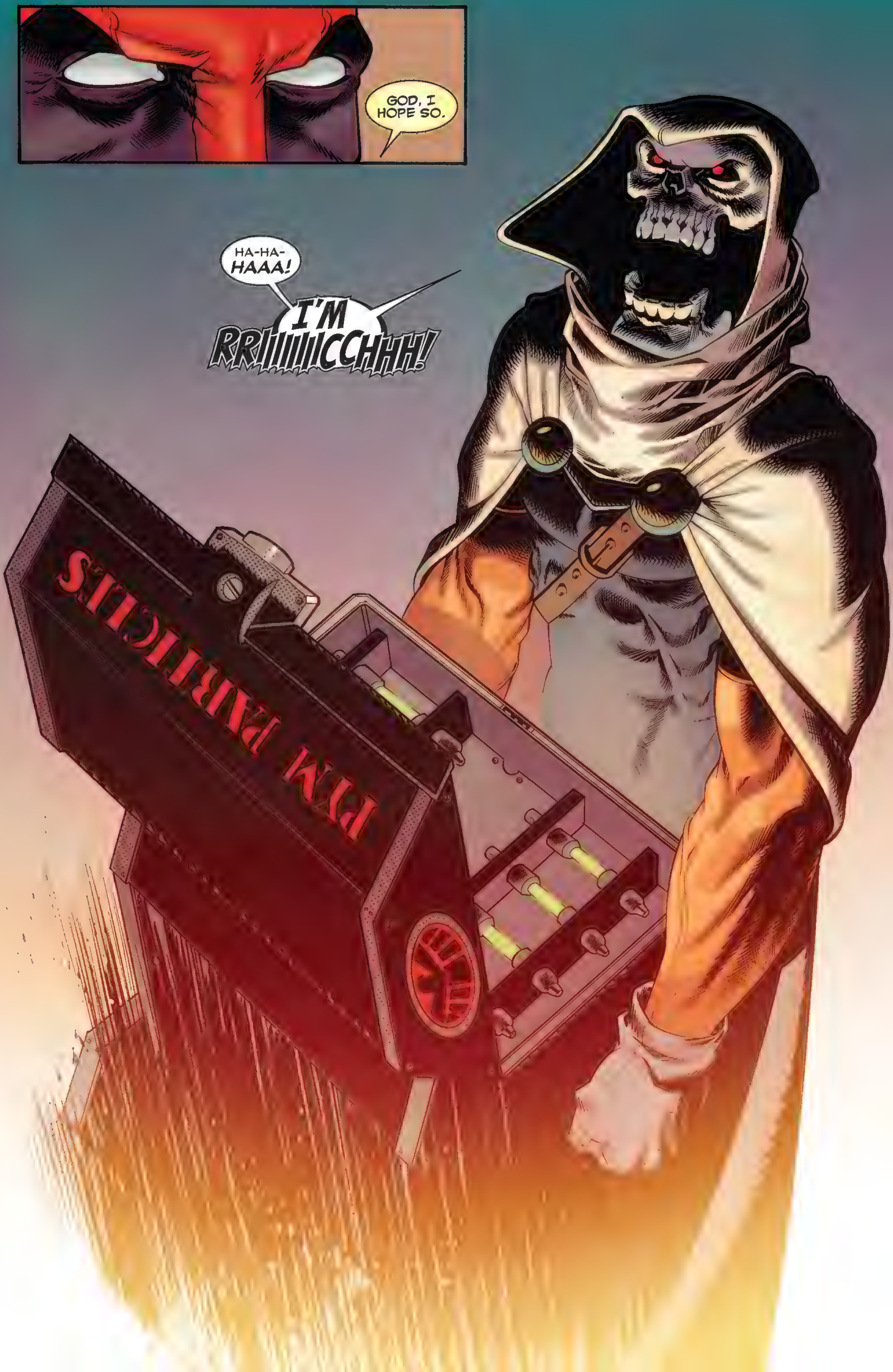

HMPH.
YOU CAN STOP *BRAGGING* NOW.
EXCUSE ME?
YOUR INCESSANT *CROWING* ABOUT DEFEATING *DEADPOOL* THAT I'VE HAD TO ENDURE FOR THE PAST TWO WEEKS--YOU CAN *STOP* NOW.
AS PREDICTED, HE'S *RESURFACED*.
WHAT'S HE DOING?
ZAP
CURRENTLY, HE'S RAIDING A *S.H.I.E.L.D.* FACILITY--I HACKED THEIR SECURITY CAMERA FEED LATE LAST YEAR.
WHAT'S HE *AFTER?*
UNDETERMINED, AT THE MOMENT.

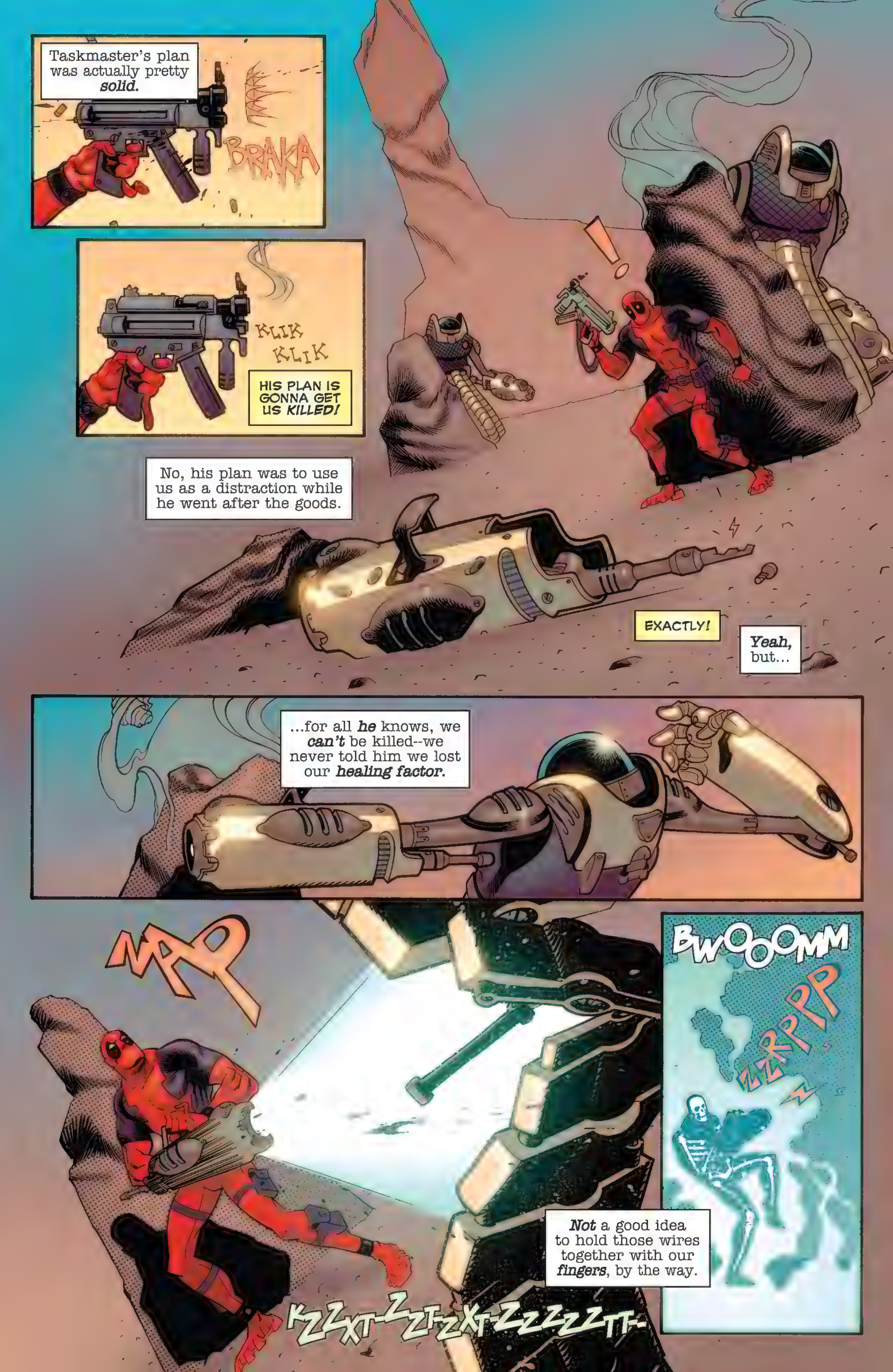

IT CERTAINLY MAKES FOR ENTERTAINING TELEVISION, *NONETHELESS...*
HMM...A FORTNIGHT LATER AND THERE HE IS, *GOOD AS NEW,* AS THOUGH HIS RESOUNDING DEFEAT AT YOUR HANDS *NEVER HAPPENED.*
TWO WEEKS...
THAT MUST BE... *DISPIRITING...*
...WHY HASN'T HIS *HAND* HEALED?
WHERE IS THIS FACILITY?

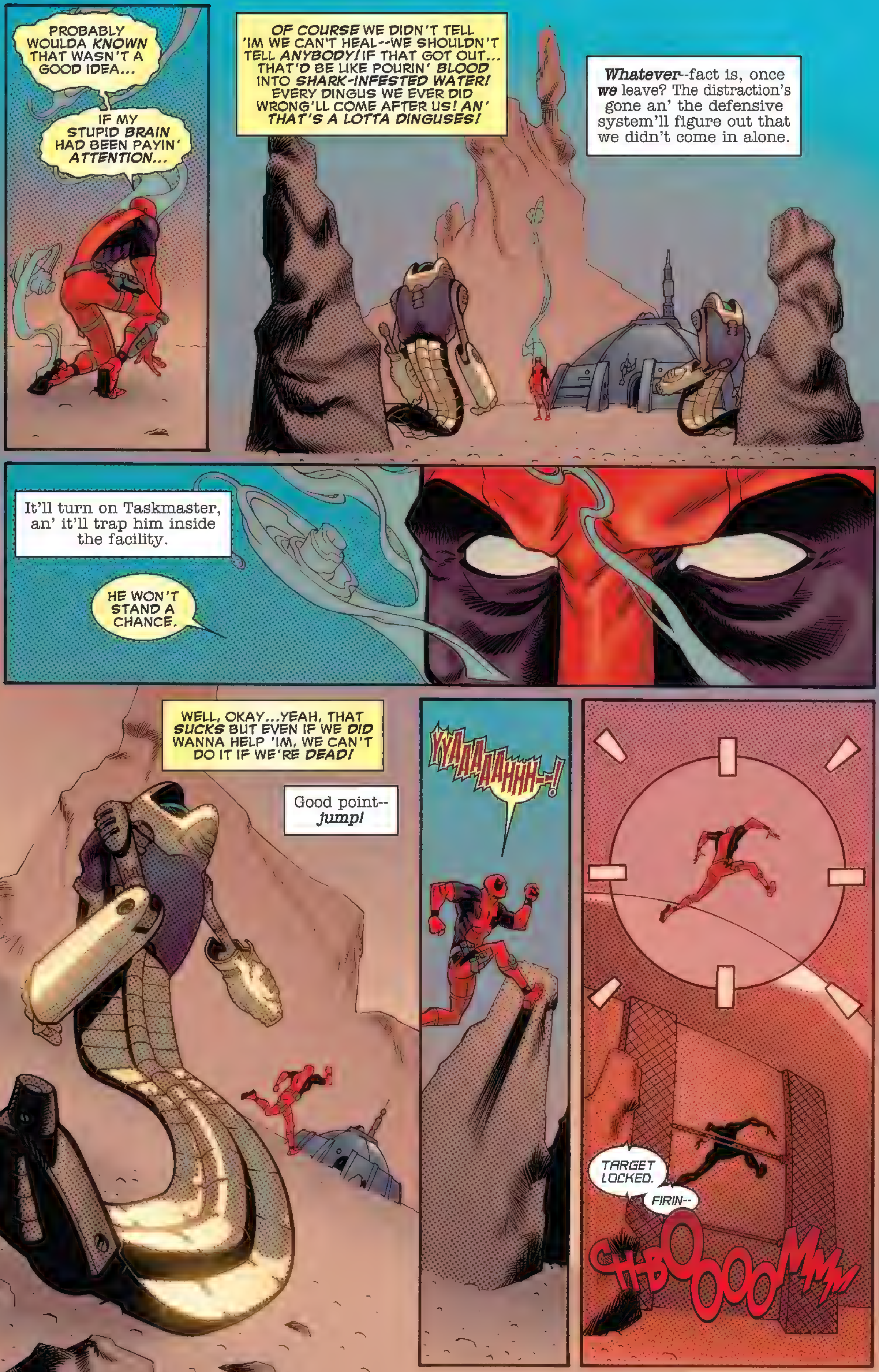

WOW, WHO KNEW THAT TASKMASTER WAS SUCH A *CUTTHROAT ANAL WART?*
ZAP
ZAP
We did.
OH, YEAH...
SHUT--
--UP!
BRAKA
I'M ABOUT TO GET WASTED BY A BUNCHA *KILLER ROBOTS* SO HOW 'BOUT WE CUT THE CHIT-CHAT AN' FIND A WAY TO GET THE #&*# *OUTTA* THIS SITUATION!?
C'MON, THAT'S EASY.
JUST *LEAVE.*

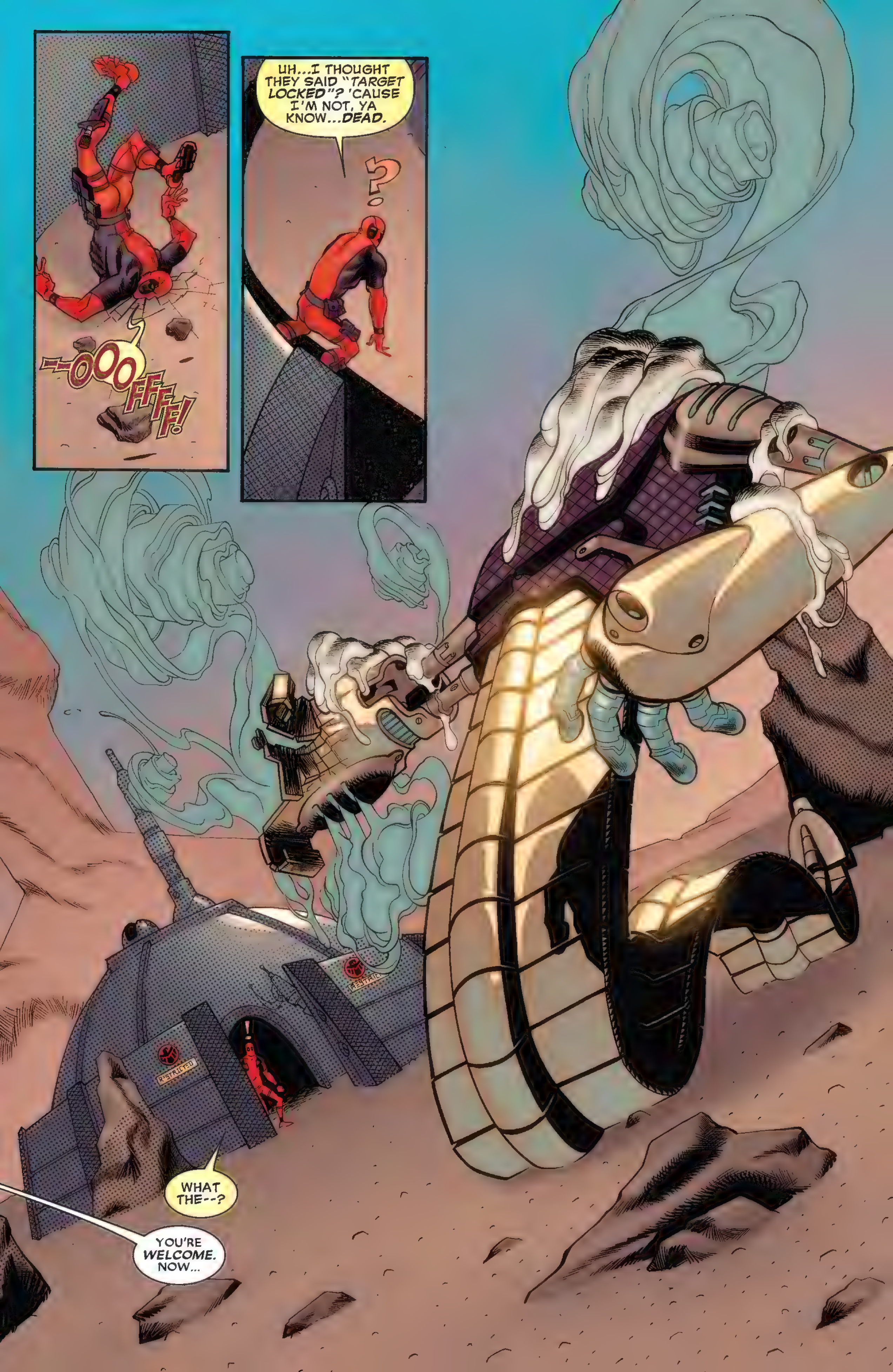

IT'S A *DEFENSIVE* SYSTEM, DUDE--TAKE AWAY THE *OFFENSE* AN' IT'LL *SHUT DOWN.*
BUT...
DEADPOOL DOESN'T...*RUN AWAY...*
The *old* Deadpool didn't...we didn't *have* to. Things're *different* now. *We're* different now. We gotta make *adjustments.*
THE WHOLE *POINT* O' THIS, AFTER ALL, WAS TO LEARN HOW TO *SWITCH UP OUR STYLE...*
YEAH, BUT... BUT THIS FEELS LIKE I'M SWITCHIN' FROM *BAD*-ASS TO *PUNK*-ASS!
We're gonna switch to *no*-ass if we don't move it right n--
NAR
CHOOOMM
?
BRAKA

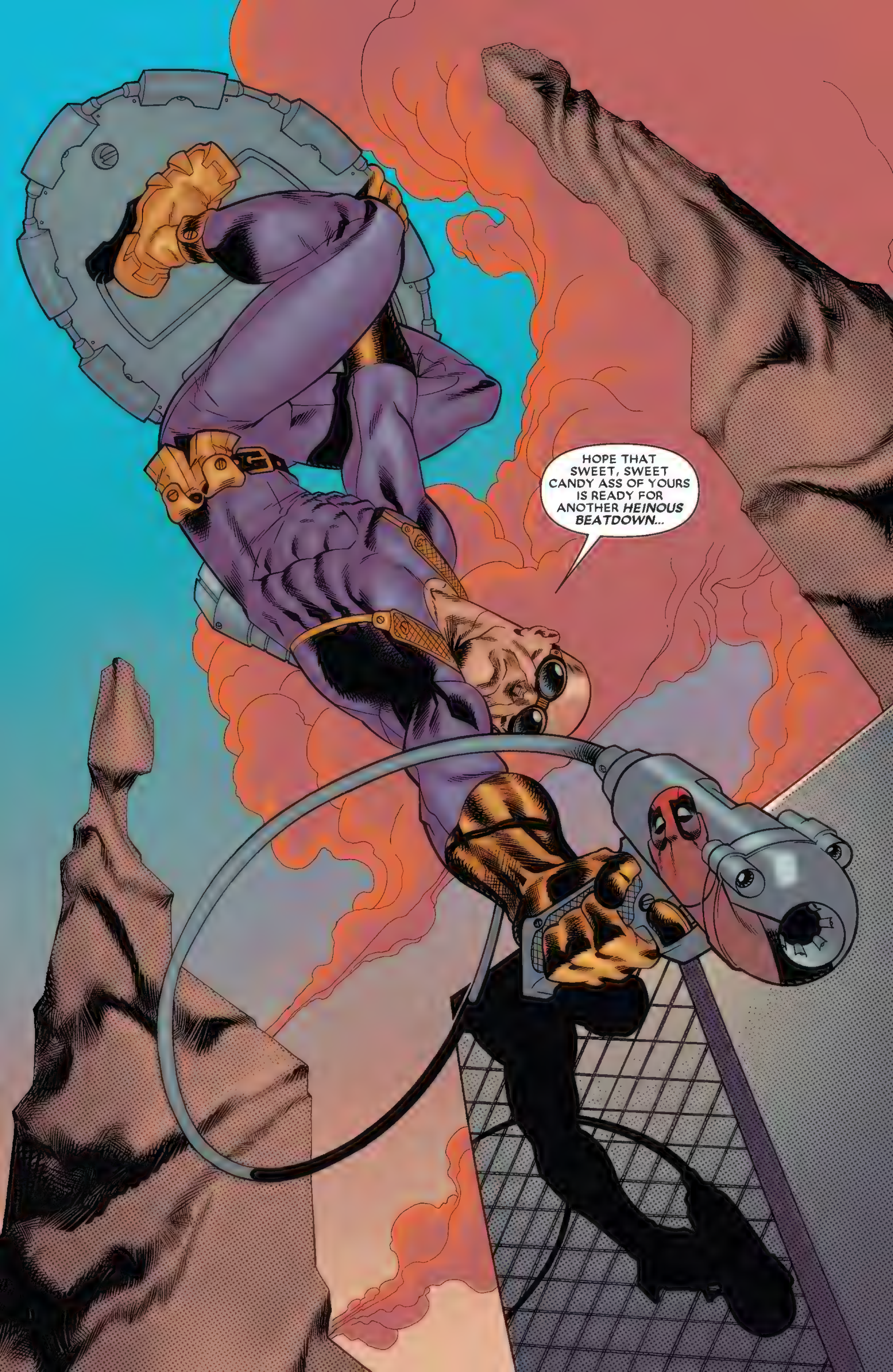

$*%&*#*&%!
Wonder if things are goin' just as bad for *Tasky?*


GOD, I HOPE SO.
HA-HA-HAAA!
I'M RRIIIIIIICCHHH!
PYM PARTICLES

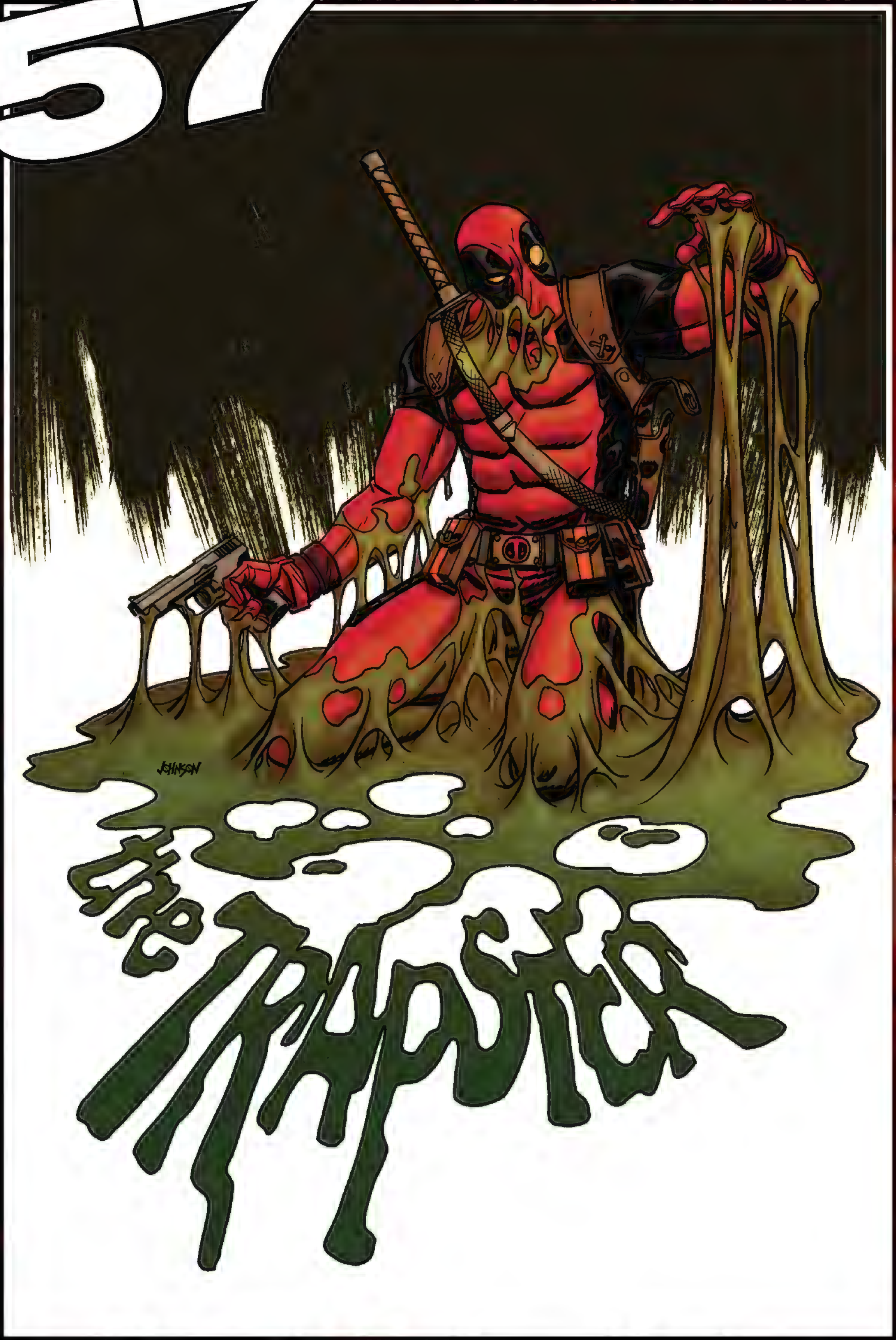

Taskmaster's plan was actually pretty *solid.*
BRAKA
KLIK
KLIK
HIS PLAN IS GONNA GET US *KILLED!*
No, his plan was to use us as a distraction while he went after the goods.
!
EXACTLY!
Yeah, but...
...for all *he* knows, we *can't* be killed--we never told him we lost our *healing factor.*
NAP
BWOOOMM
ZZRPPP
Not a good idea to hold those wires together with our *fingers*, by the way.
KZZXT-ZZTZXT-ZZZZZTT-

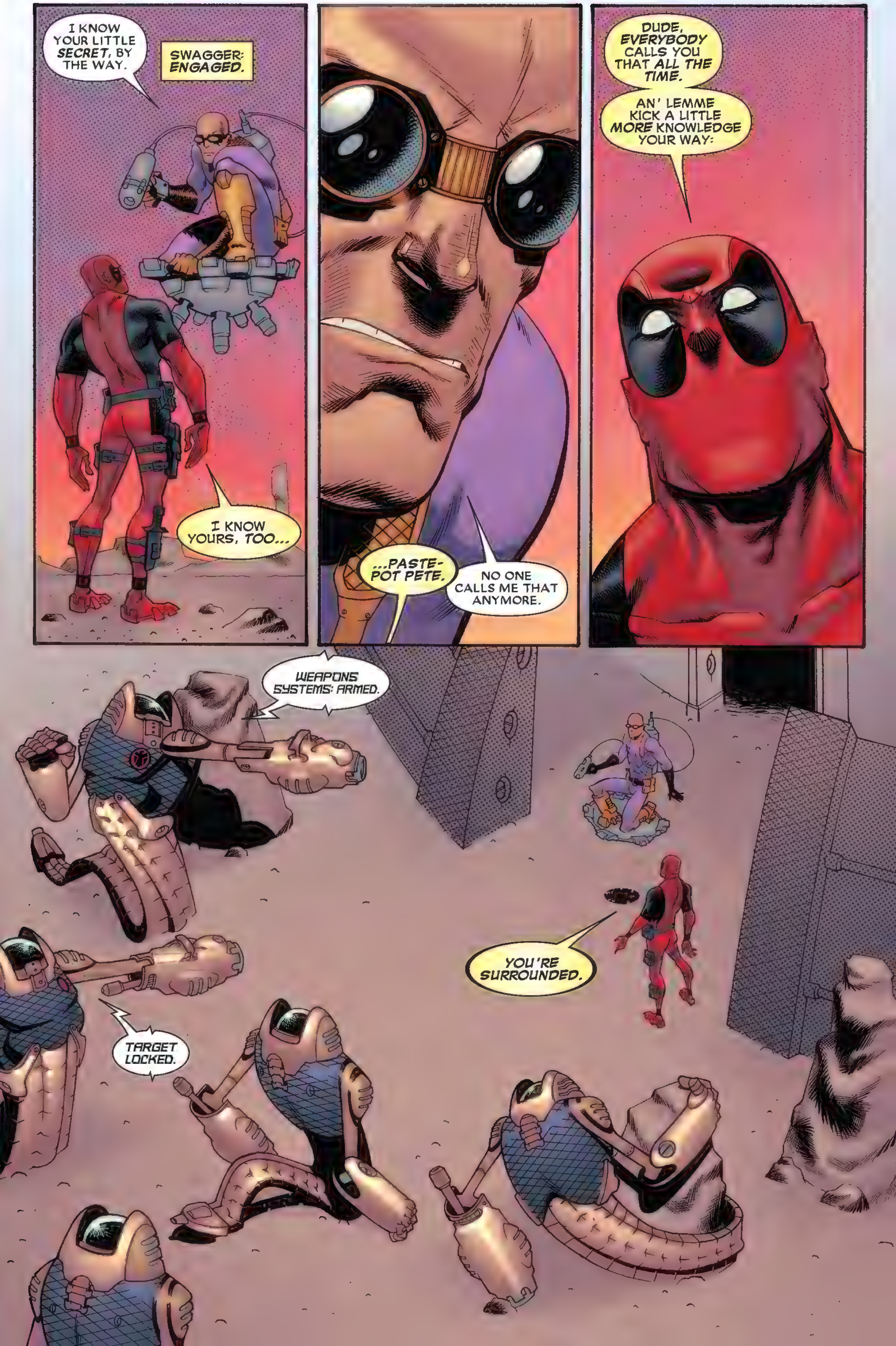

PROBABLY WOULDA *KNOWN* THAT WASN'T A GOOD IDEA...
IF MY STUPID *BRAIN* HAD BEEN PAYIN' *ATTENTION...*
OF COURSE WE DIDN'T TELL 'IM WE CAN'T HEAL--WE SHOULDN'T TELL *ANYBODY!* IF THAT GOT OUT... THAT'D BE LIKE POURIN' *BLOOD* INTO *SHARK-INFESTED WATER!* EVERY DINGUS WE EVER DID WRONG'LL COME AFTER US! *AN' THAT'S A LOTTA DINGUSES!*
Whatever--fact is, once *we* leave? The distraction's gone an' the defensive system'll figure out that we didn't come in alone.
It'll turn on Taskmaster, an' it'll trap him inside the facility.
HE WON'T STAND A CHANCE.
WELL, OKAY...YEAH, THAT *SUCKS* BUT EVEN IF WE *DID* WANNA HELP 'IM, WE CAN'T DO IT IF WE'RE *DEAD!*
Good point--*jump!*
YYAAAAAHHH--!
TARGET LOCKED.
FIRIN--
CHBOOOOMMM


--OOOFFFF!
UH...I THOUGHT THEY SAID "TARGET LOCKED"? 'CAUSE I'M NOT, YA KNOW...DEAD.
?
RESTRICTED
WHAT THE--?
YOU'RE WELCOME. NOW...


HOPE THAT SWEET, SWEET CANDY ASS OF YOURS IS READY FOR ANOTHER *HEINOUS BEATDOWN*...

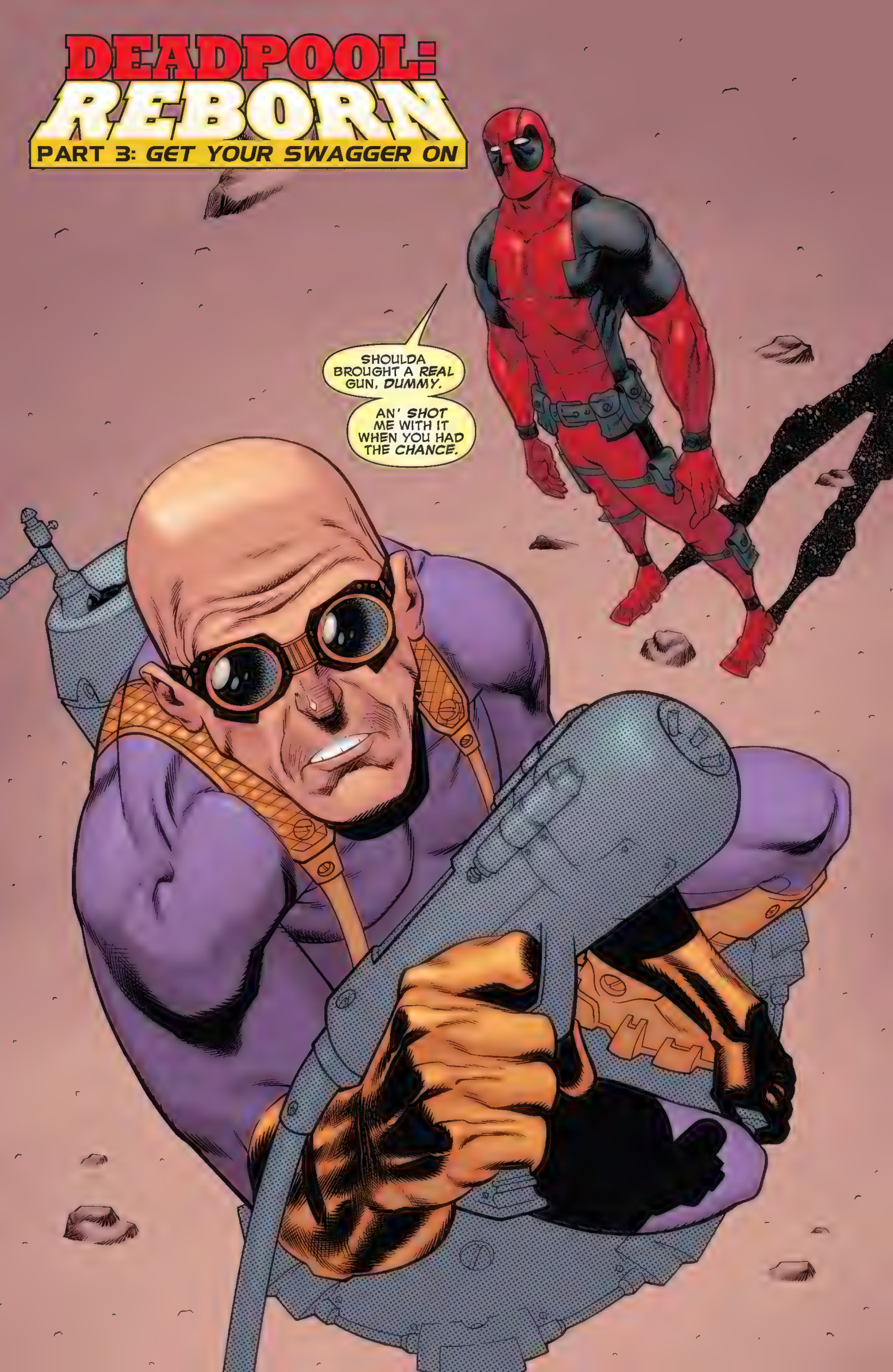
57

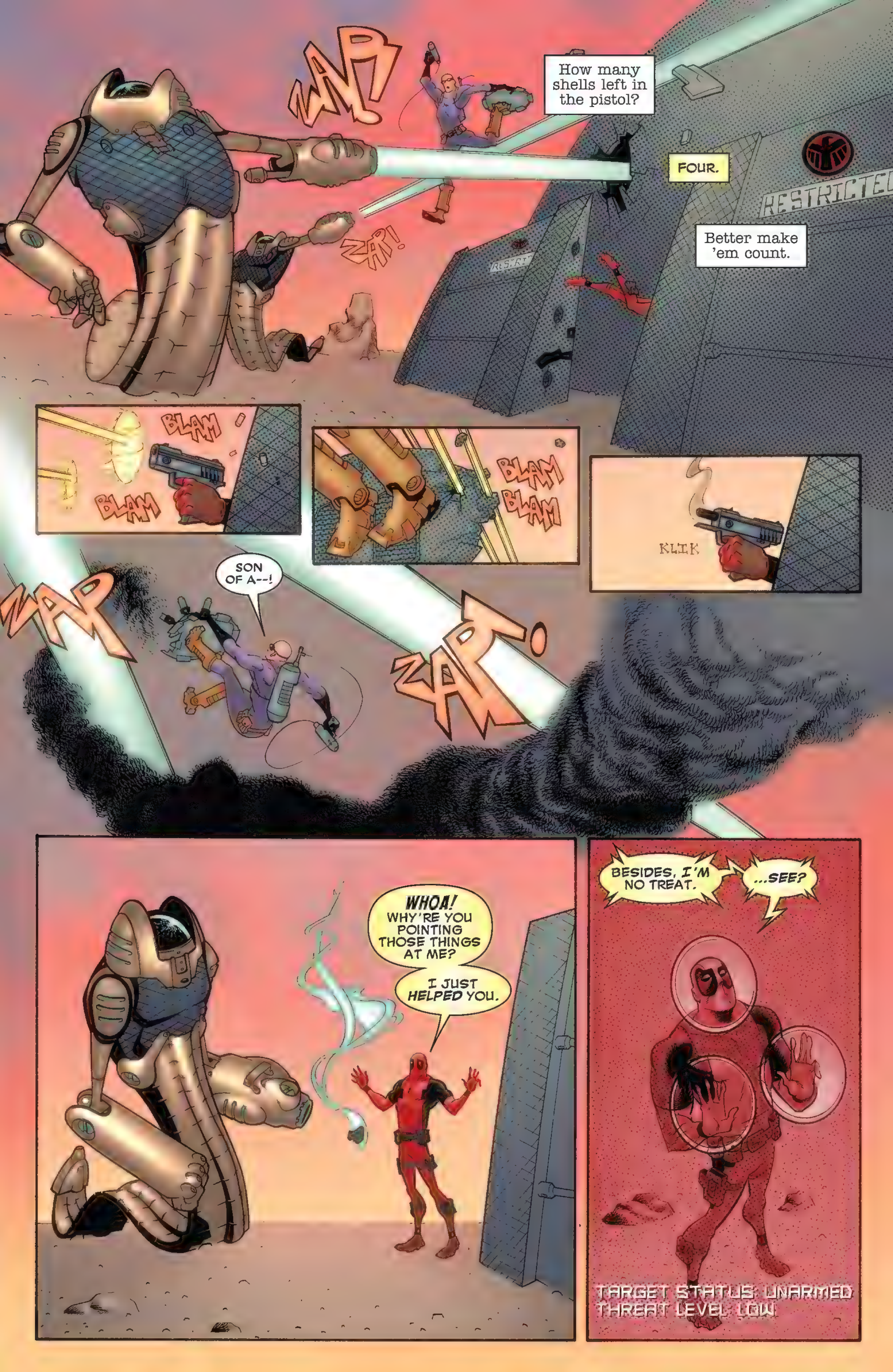

JOHNSON
the TRAPSTER

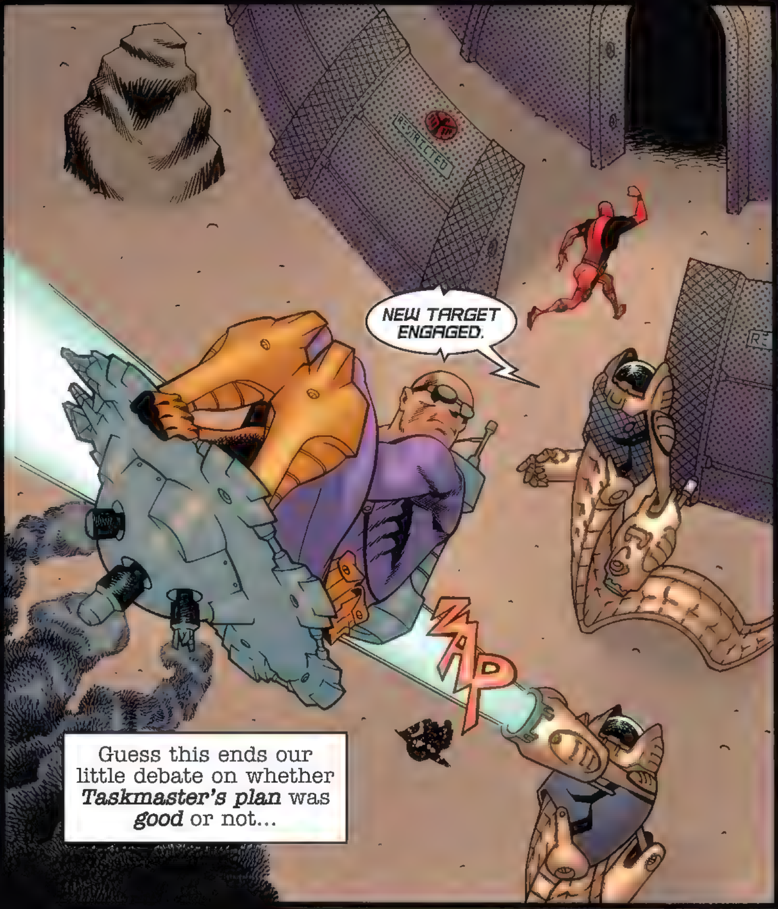

I KNOW YOUR LITTLE *SECRET*, BY THE WAY.
SWAGGER: ENGAGED.
I KNOW YOURS, *TOO...*
...PASTE-POT PETE.
NO ONE CALLS ME THAT ANYMORE.
DUDE, *EVERYBODY* CALLS YOU THAT *ALL THE TIME.*
AN' LEMME KICK A LITTLE *MORE* KNOWLEDGE YOUR WAY:
WEAPONS SYSTEMS: ARMED.
YOU'RE SURROUNDED.
TARGET LOCKED.

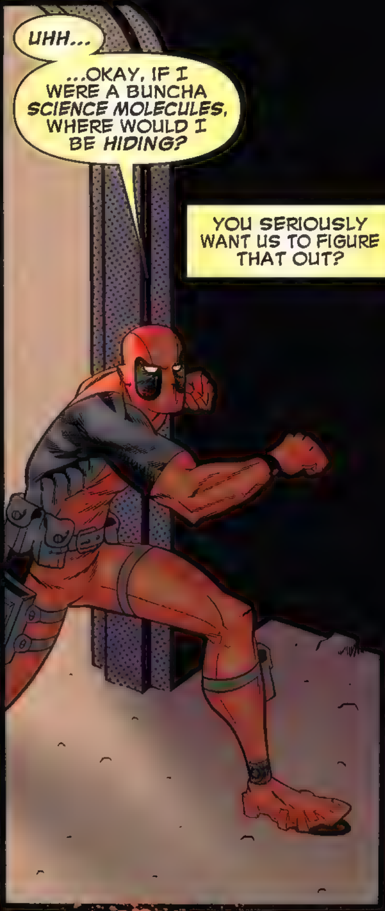
DEADPOOL: REBORN

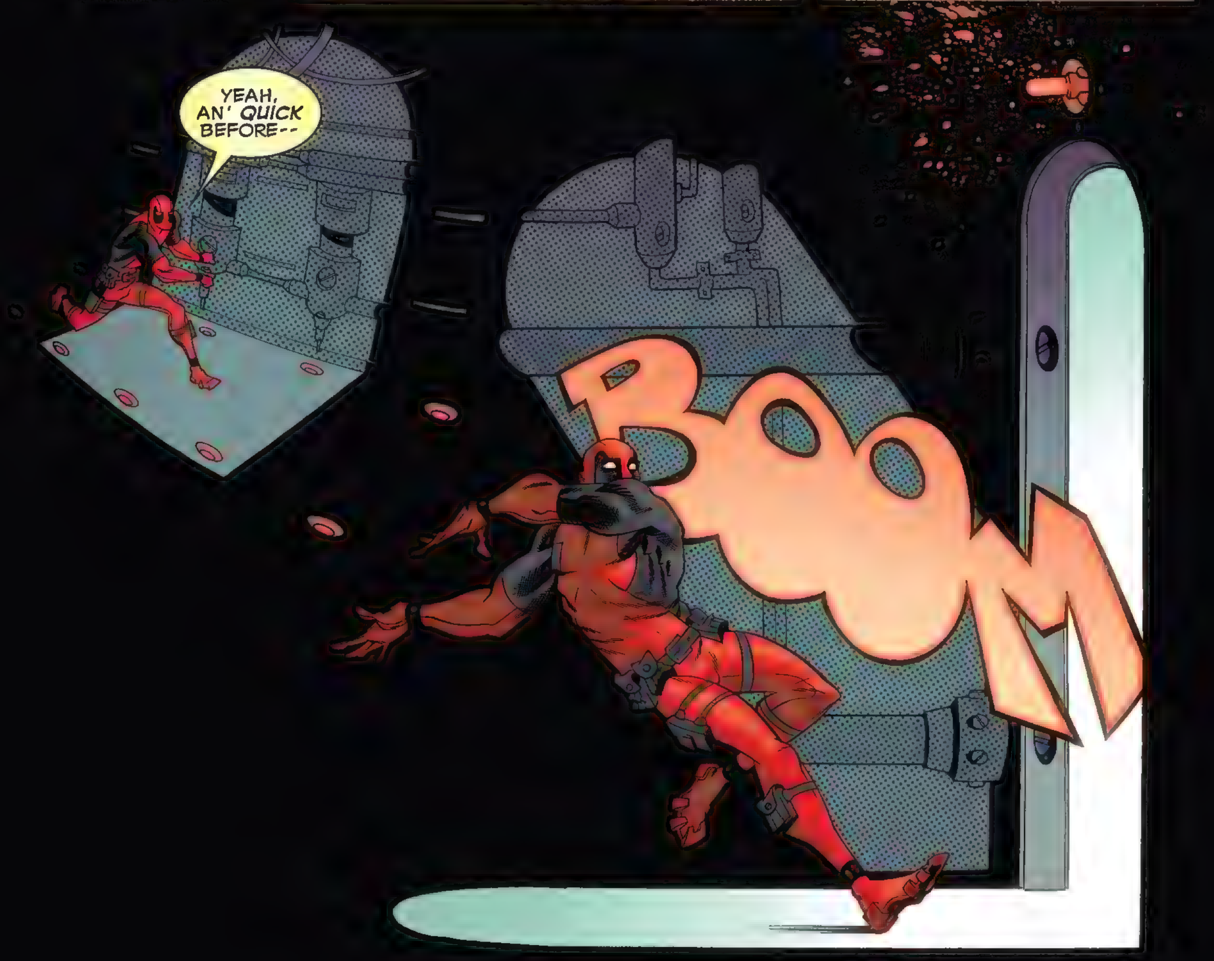
PART 3: GET YOUR SWAGGER ON

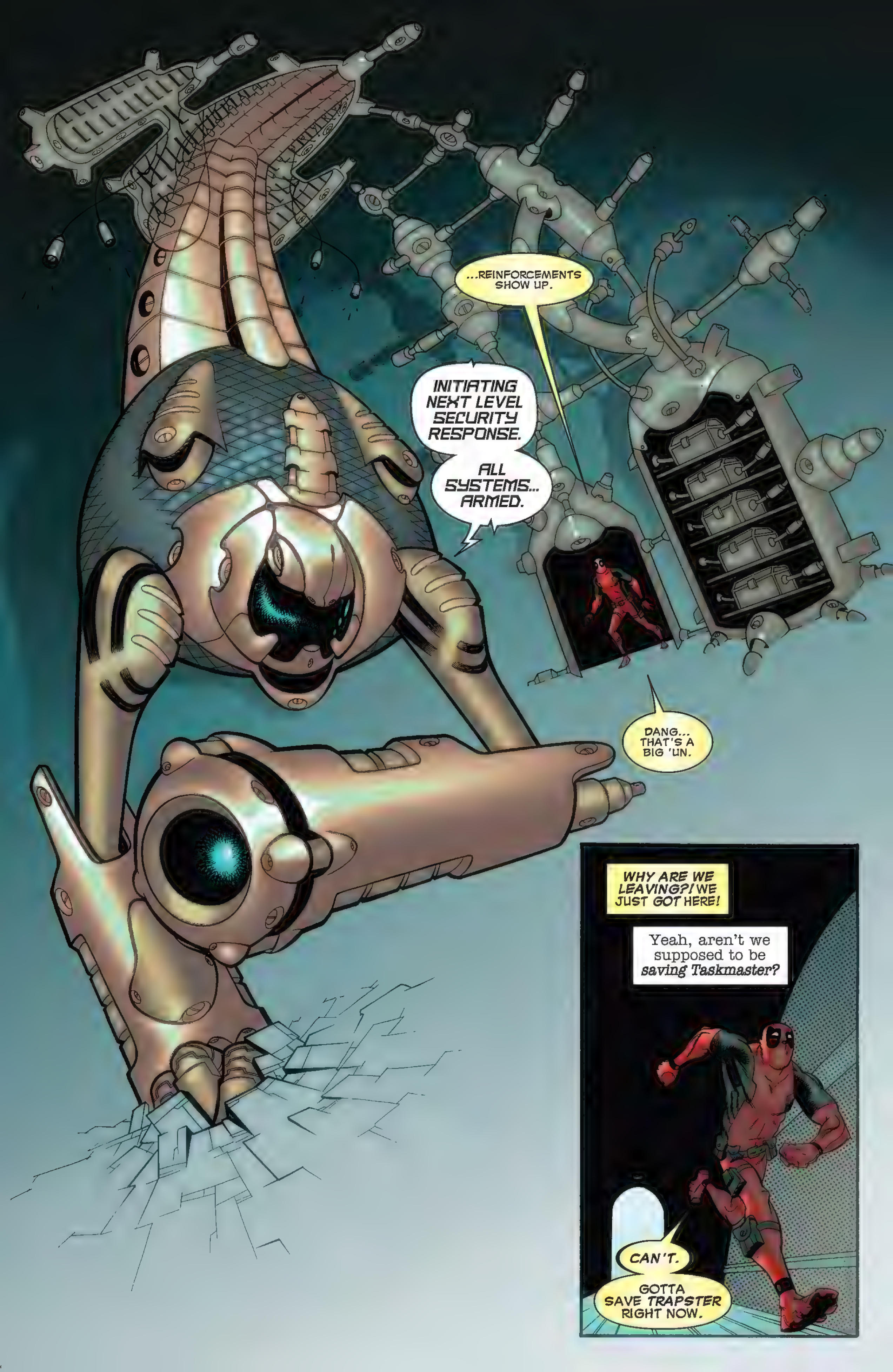

SHOULDA BROUGHT A *REAL* GUN, *DUMMY.*
AN' *SHOT* ME WITH IT WHEN YOU HAD THE *CHANCE.*

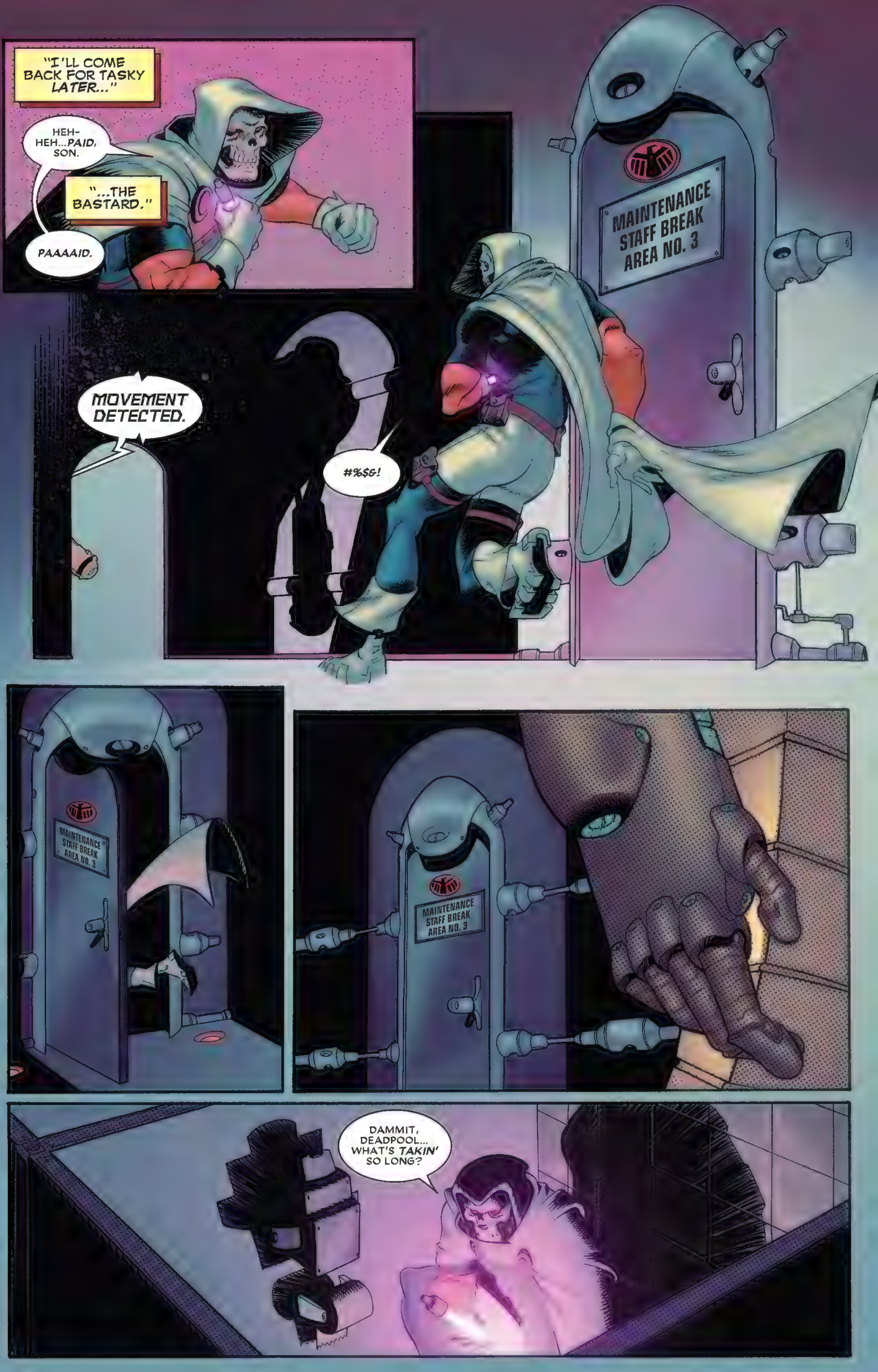

ZAP!
ZAP!
How many shells left in the pistol?
FOUR.
RESTRICTED
Better make 'em count.
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
KLIK
ZAP
SON OF A--!
ZAP!
WHOA! WHY'RE YOU POINTING THOSE THINGS AT ME?
I JUST HELPED YOU.
BESIDES, I'M NO TREAT.
...SEE?
TARGET STATUS: UNARMED
THREAT LEVEL: LOW

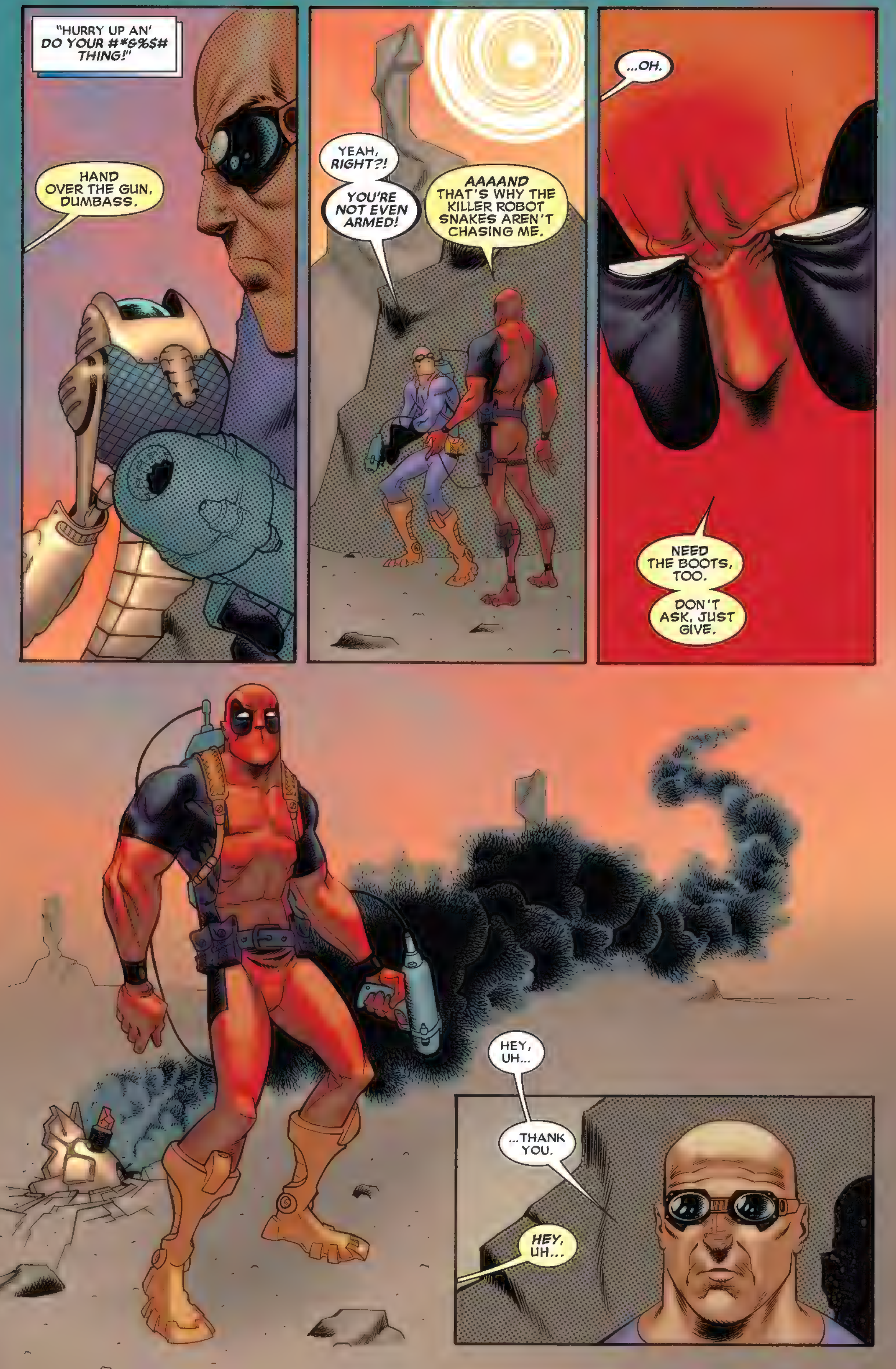

RESTRICTED
NEW TARGET ENGAGED.
ZAP
Guess this ends our little debate on whether *Taskmaster's plan* was *good* or not...

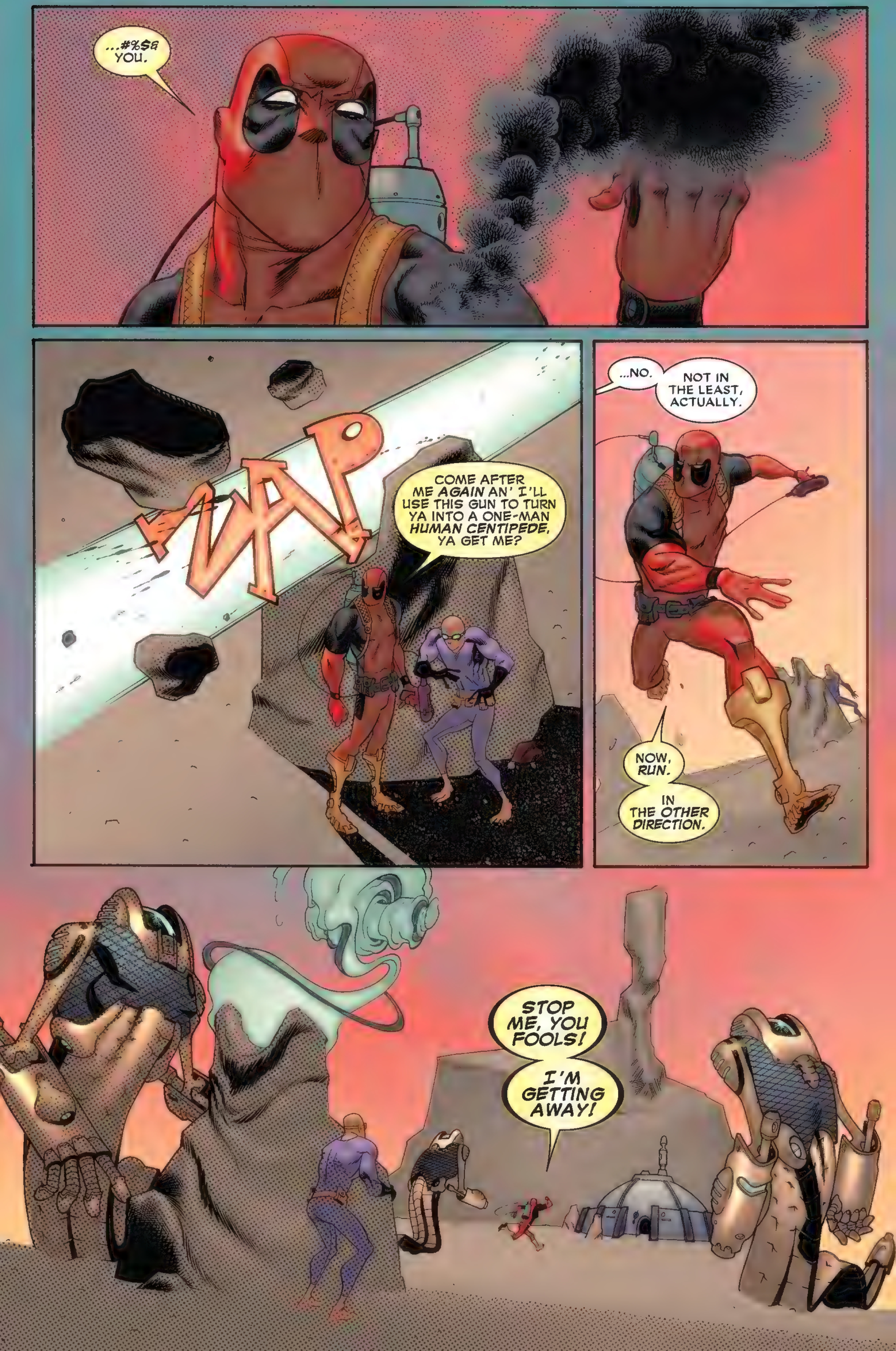

UHH...
...OKAY, IF I WERE A BUNCHA *SCIENCE MOLECULES*, WHERE WOULD I BE *HIDING?*
YOU SERIOUSLY WANT US TO FIGURE THAT OUT?

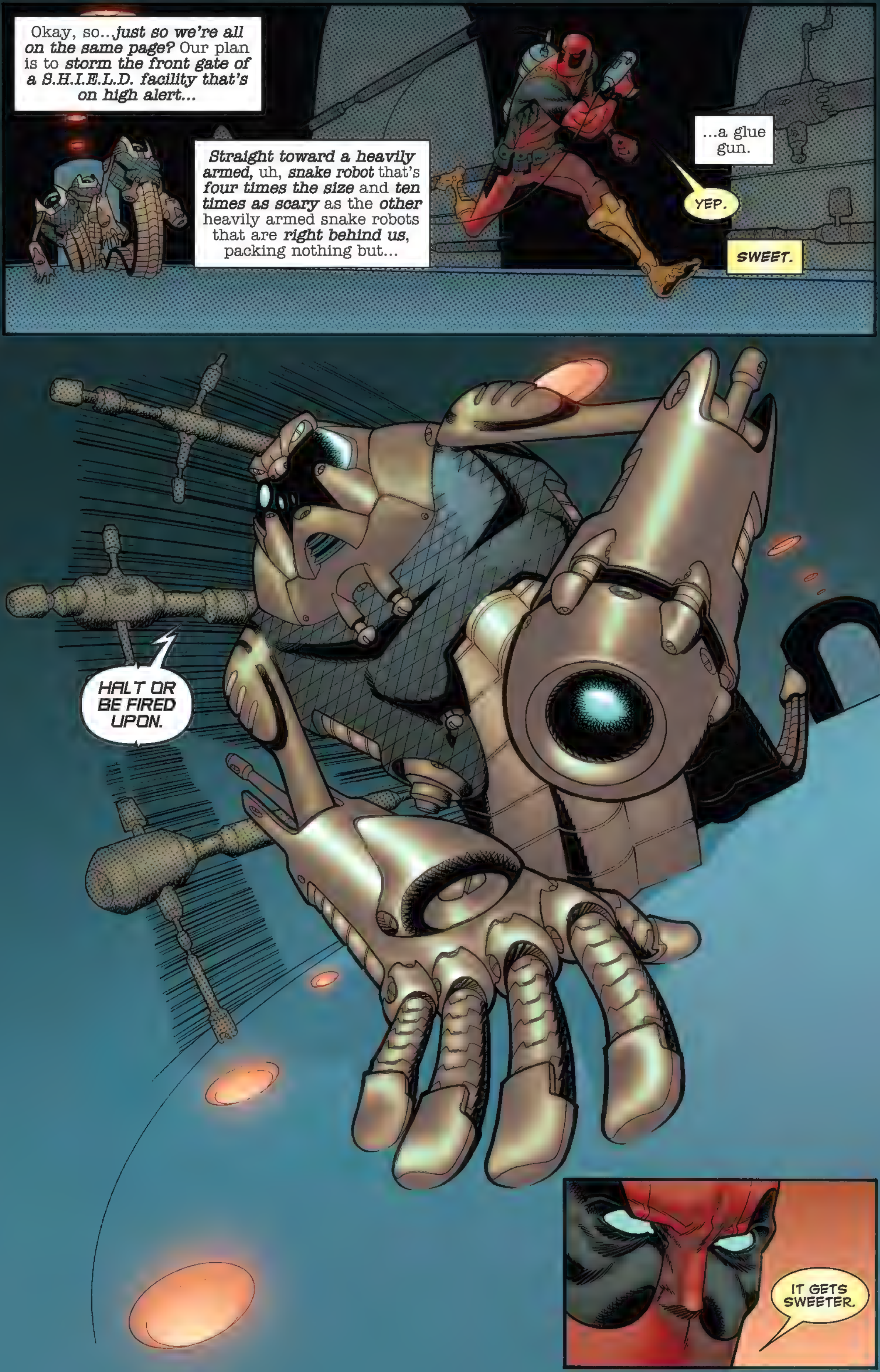

YEAH, AN' *QUICK* BEFORE--
BOOM

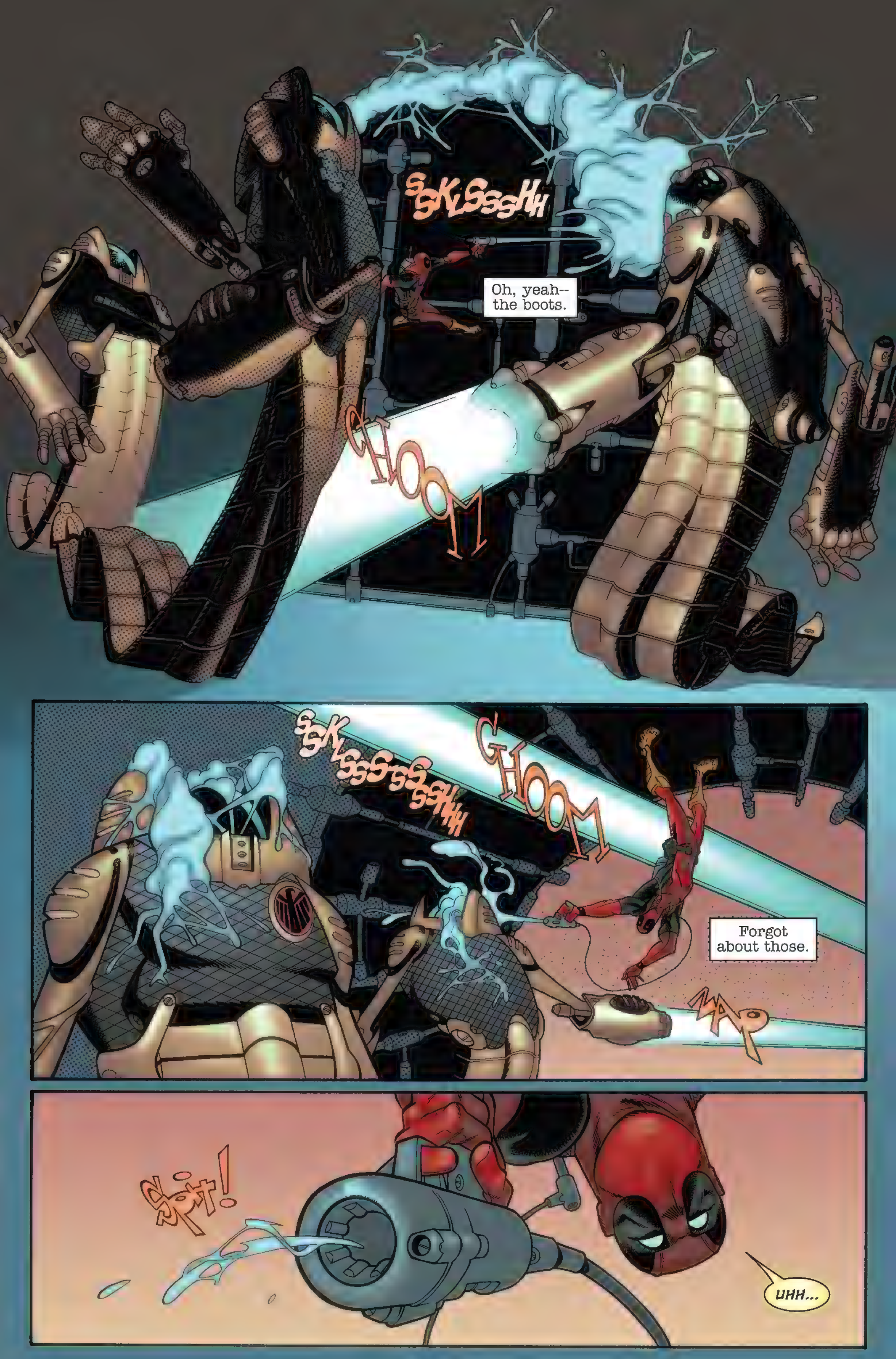

...REINFORCEMENTS SHOW UP.
INITIATING NEXT LEVEL SECURITY RESPONSE.
ALL SYSTEMS... ARMED.
DANG... THAT'S A BIG 'UN.
WHY ARE WE LEAVING?! WE JUST GOT HERE!
Yeah, aren't we supposed to be *saving Taskmaster?*
CAN'T.
GOTTA SAVE *TRAPSTER* RIGHT NOW.

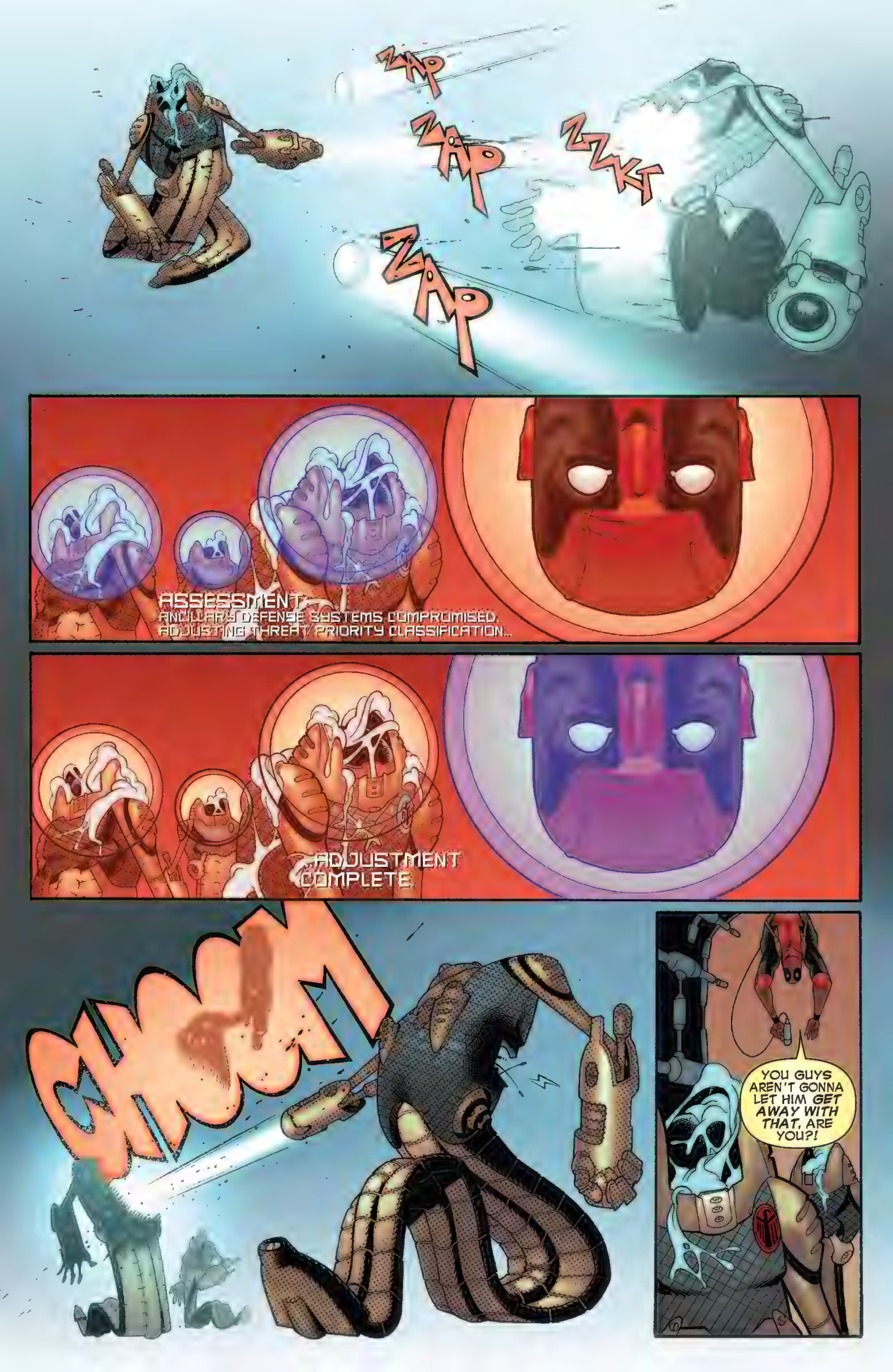

"I'LL COME BACK FOR TASKY *LATER*..."
HEH-HEH...*PAID*, SON.
"...THE BASTARD."
PAAAAID.
MAINTENANCE STAFF BREAK AREA NO. 3
MOVEMENT DETECTED.
#%$&!
MAINTENANCE STAFF BREAK AREA NO. 3
MAINTENANCE STAFF BREAK AREA NO. 3
DAMMIT, DEADPOOL... WHAT'S *TAKIN'* SO LONG?

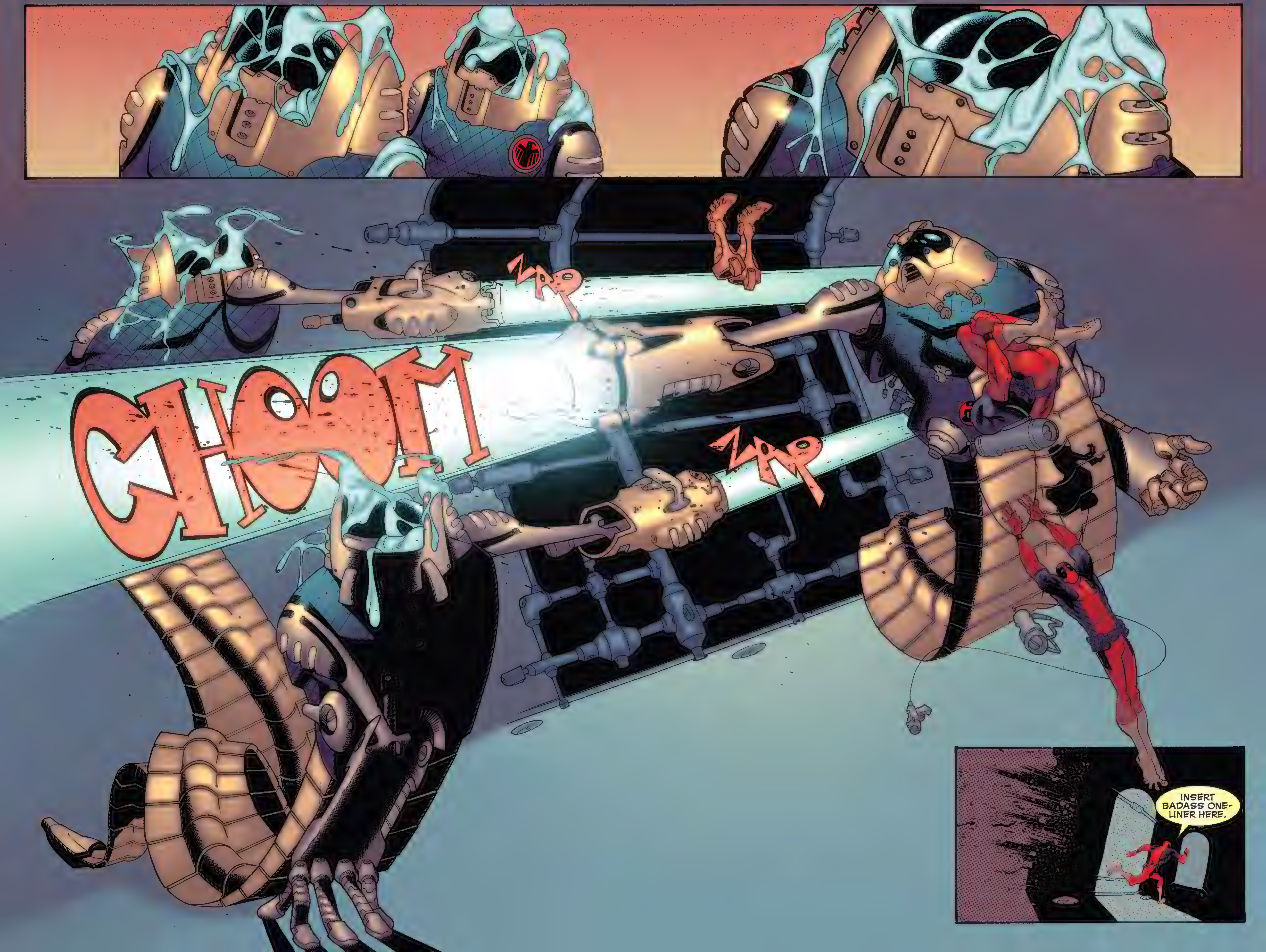

"HURRY UP AN' DO YOUR #*&%$# THING!"
HAND OVER THE GUN, DUMBASS.
YEAH, RIGHT?!
YOU'RE NOT EVEN ARMED!
AAAAND THAT'S WHY THE KILLER ROBOT SNAKES AREN'T CHASING ME.
...OH.
NEED THE BOOTS, TOO.
DON'T ASK, JUST GIVE.
HEY, UH...
...THANK YOU.
HEY, UH...

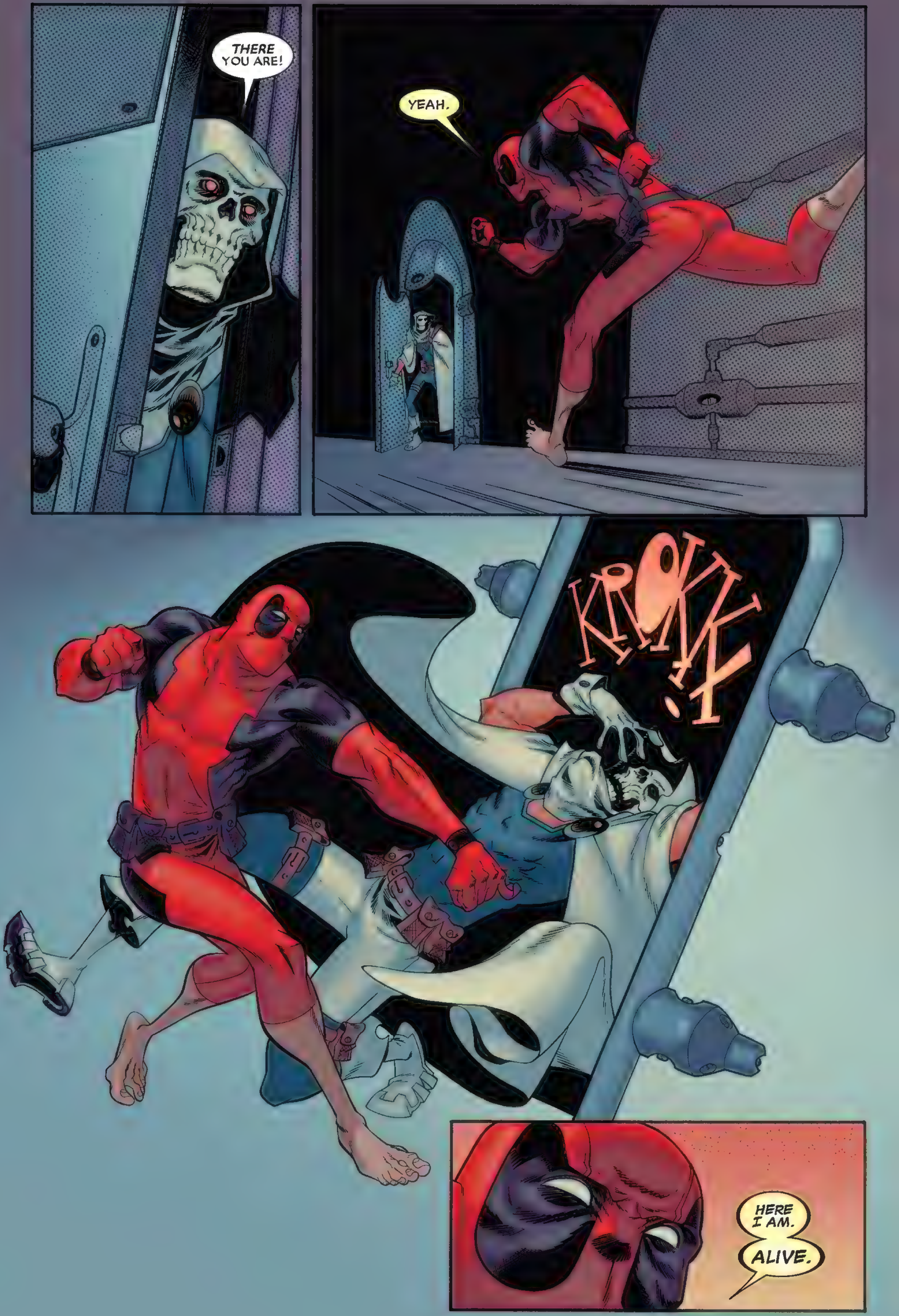

...#%$@ YOU.
ZAP
COME AFTER ME AGAIN AN' I'LL USE THIS GUN TO TURN YA INTO A ONE-MAN HUMAN CENTIPEDE, YA GET ME?
...NO.
NOT IN THE LEAST, ACTUALLY.
NOW, RUN.
IN THE OTHER DIRECTION.
STOP ME, YOU FOOLS!
I'M GETTING AWAY!

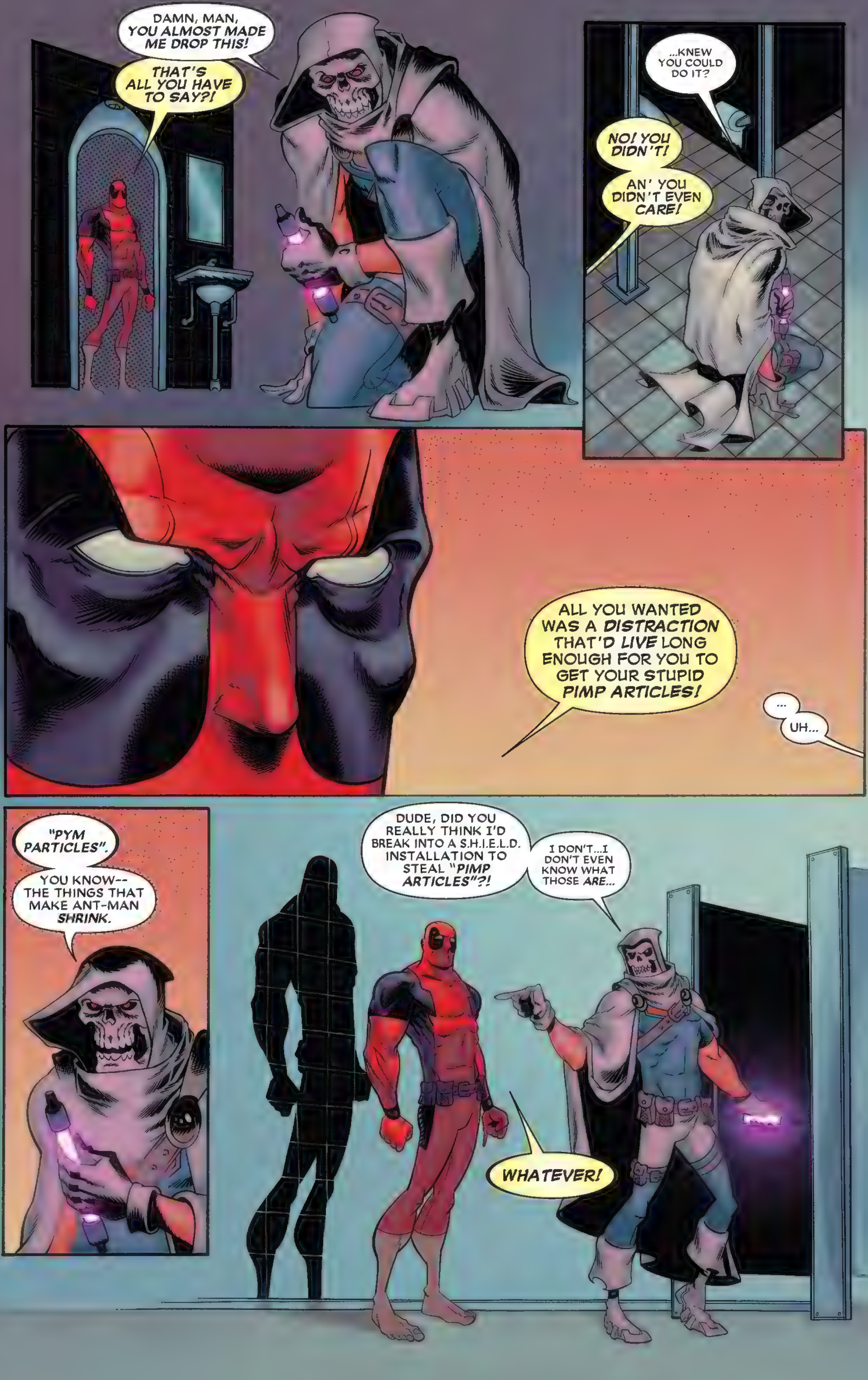

Okay, so...just so we're all on the same page? Our plan is to storm the front gate of a S.H.I.E.L.D. facility that's on high alert...
Straight toward a heavily armed, uh, snake robot that's four times the size and ten times as scary as the other heavily armed snake robots that are right behind us, packing nothing but...
...a glue gun.
YEP.
SWEET.
HALT OR BE FIRED UPON.
IT GETS SWEETER.

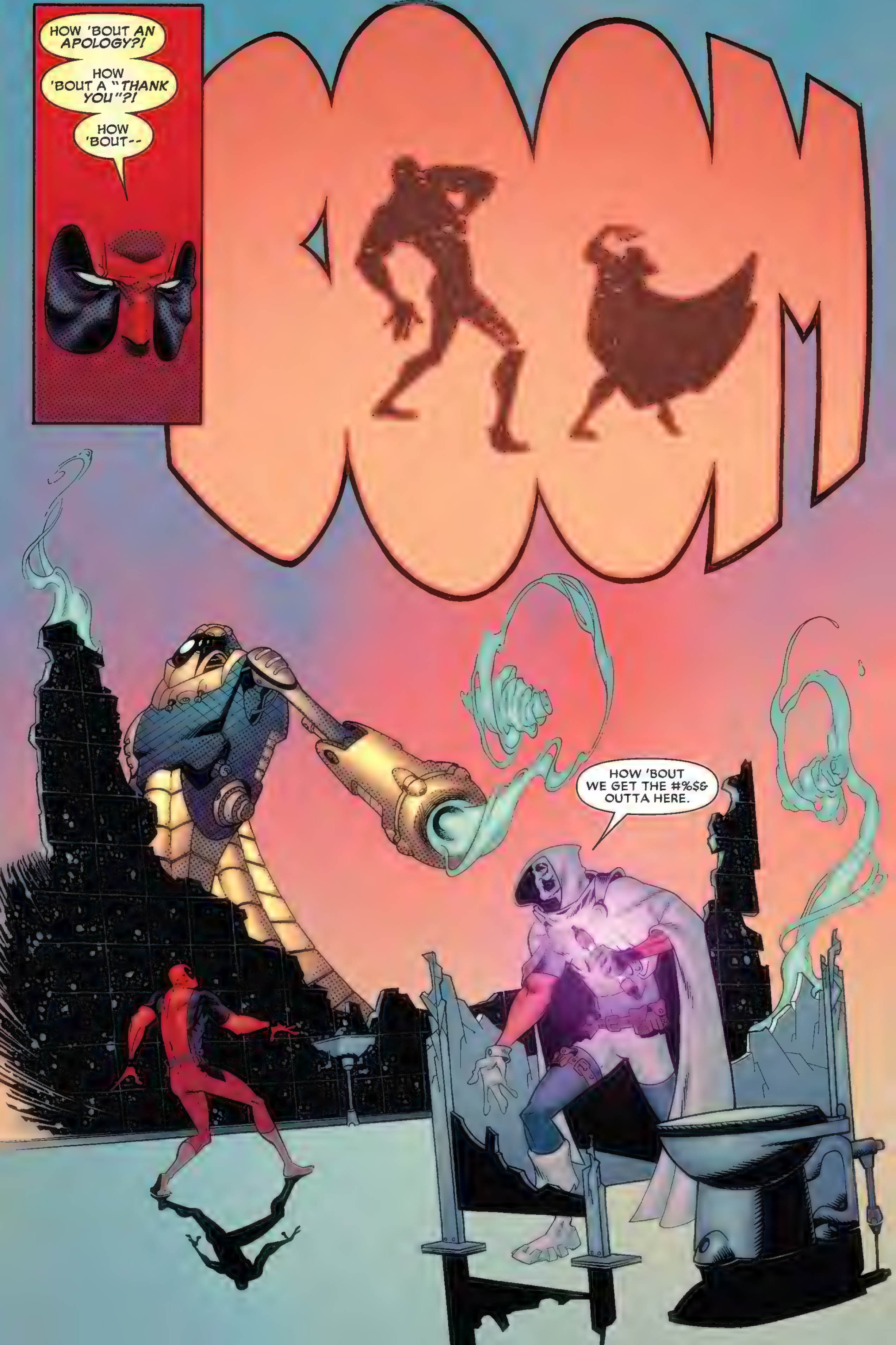

SSKLSSSHH
Oh, yeah-- the boots.
GHOOM
SSKLSSSSSSHH
GHOOM
Forgot about those.
ZAP
SPITT!
UHH...

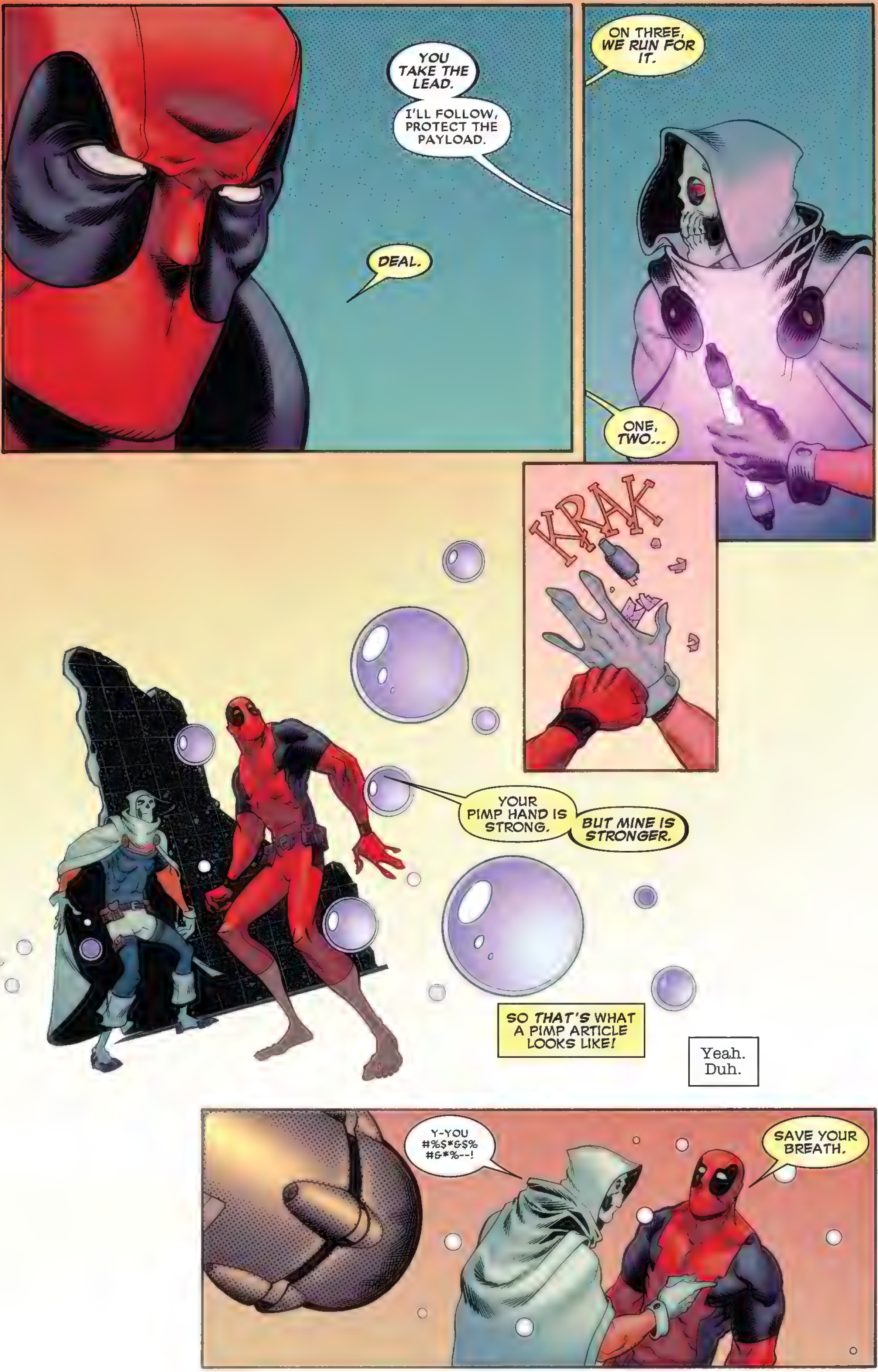

ZAP
ZAP
ZZKT
ZAP
ASSESSMENT:
ANCILLARY DEFENSE SYSTEMS COMPROMISED.
ADJUSTING THREAT PRIORITY CLASSIFICATION...
...ADJUSTMENT COMPLETE.
CHOOM
YOU GUYS AREN'T GONNA LET HIM GET AWAY WITH THAT, ARE YOU?!

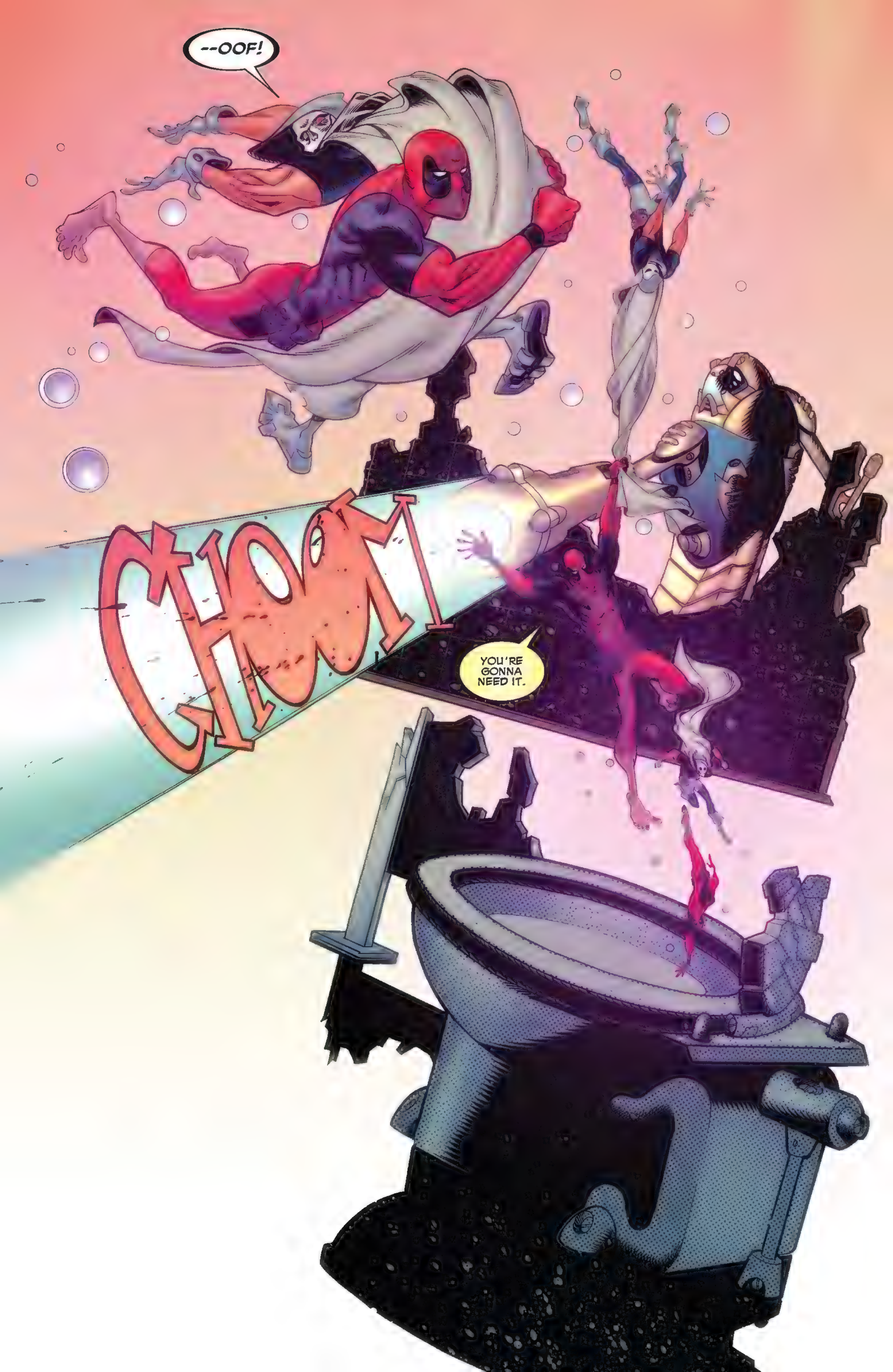

ZAP
CHOOM
ZAP
INSERT BADASS ONE-LINER HERE.

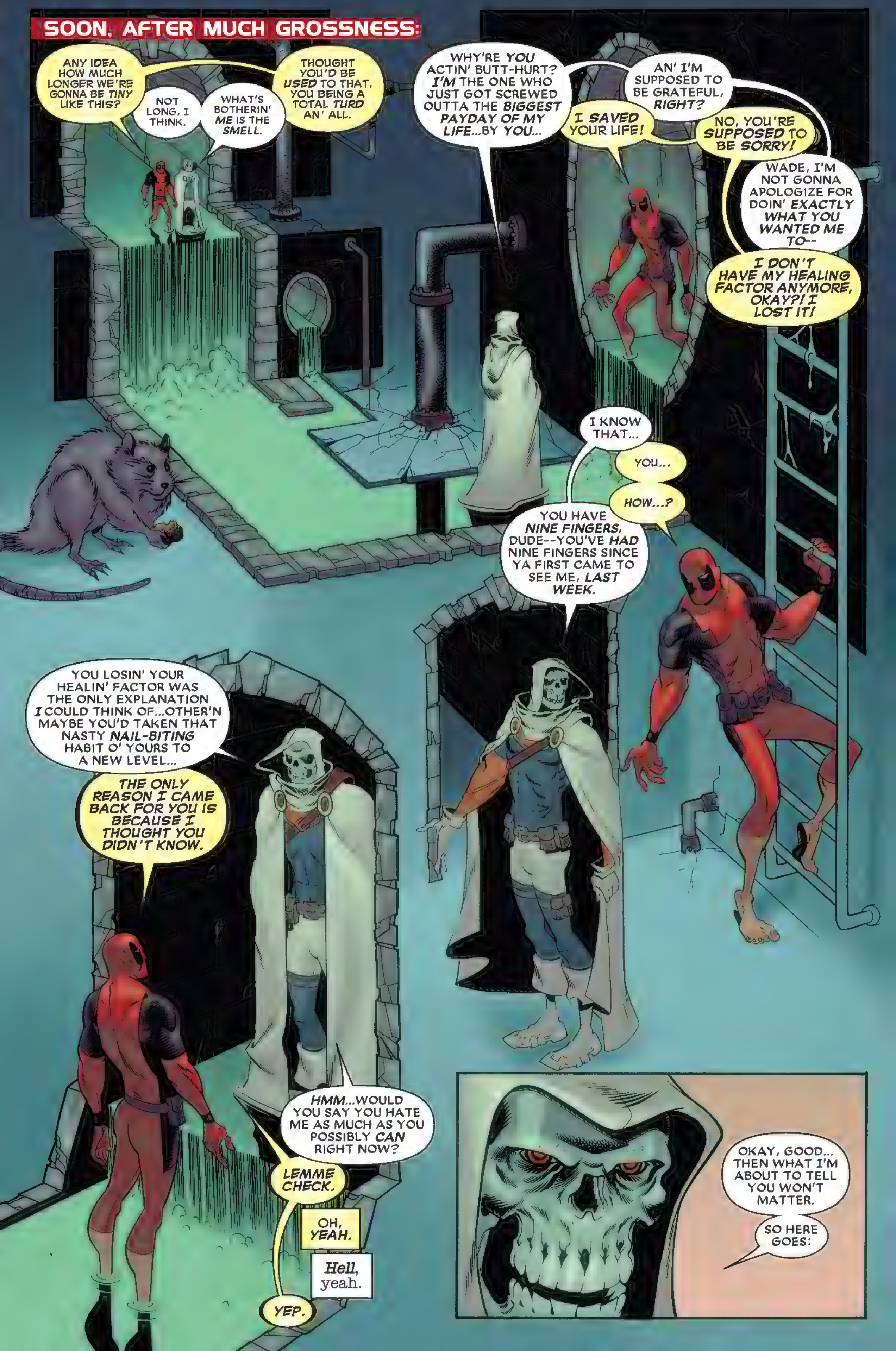

THERE YOU ARE!
YEAH.
KROKK!
HERE I AM.
ALIVE.

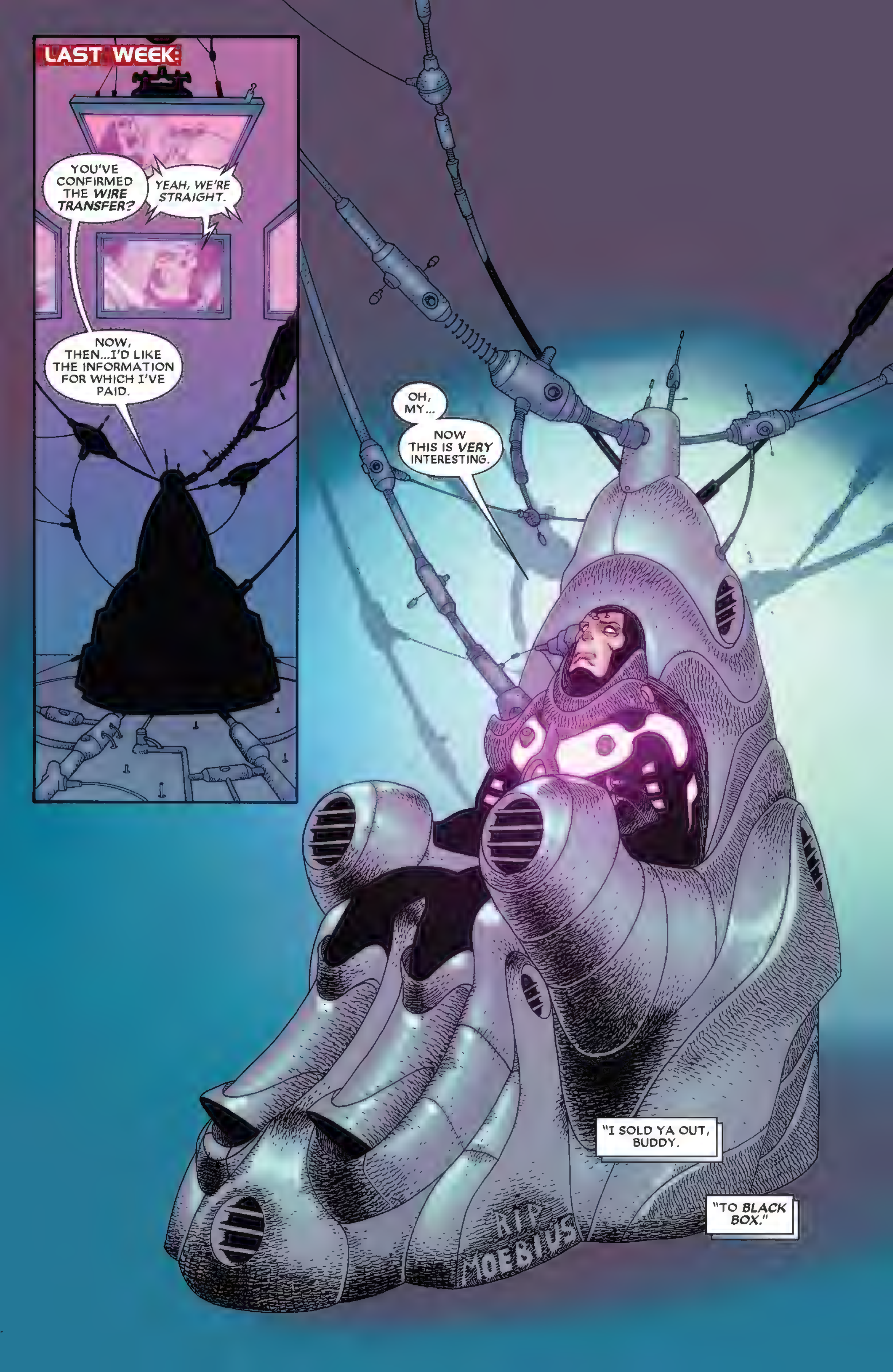

DAMN, MAN, YOU ALMOST MADE ME DROP THIS!
THAT'S ALL YOU HAVE TO SAY?!
...KNEW YOU COULD DO IT?
NO! YOU DIDN'T!
AN' YOU DIDN'T EVEN CARE!
ALL YOU WANTED WAS A *DISTRACTION* THAT'D *LIVE* LONG ENOUGH FOR YOU TO GET YOUR STUPID *PIMP ARTICLES!*
...
UH...
"PYM PARTICLES".
YOU KNOW-- THE THINGS THAT MAKE ANT-MAN *SHRINK.*
DUDE, DID YOU REALLY THINK I'D BREAK INTO A S.H.I.E.L.D. INSTALLATION TO STEAL "*PIMP ARTICLES*"?!
I DON'T...I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT THOSE *ARE*...
WHATEVER!

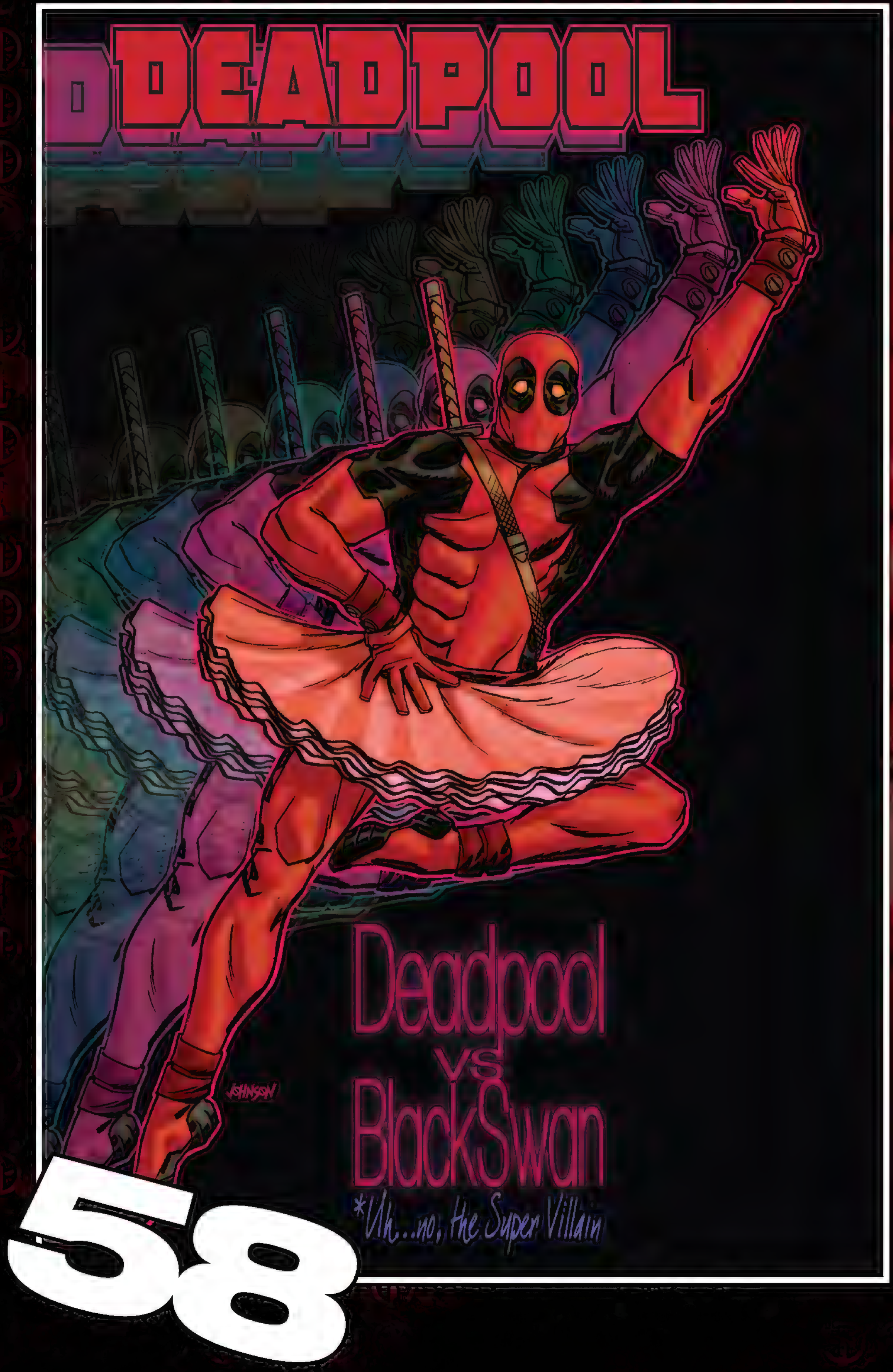

HOW 'BOUT AN *APOLOGY?!*
HOW 'BOUT A "*THANK YOU*"?!
HOW 'BOUT--
DOOOM
HOW 'BOUT WE GET THE #%$& OUTTA HERE.

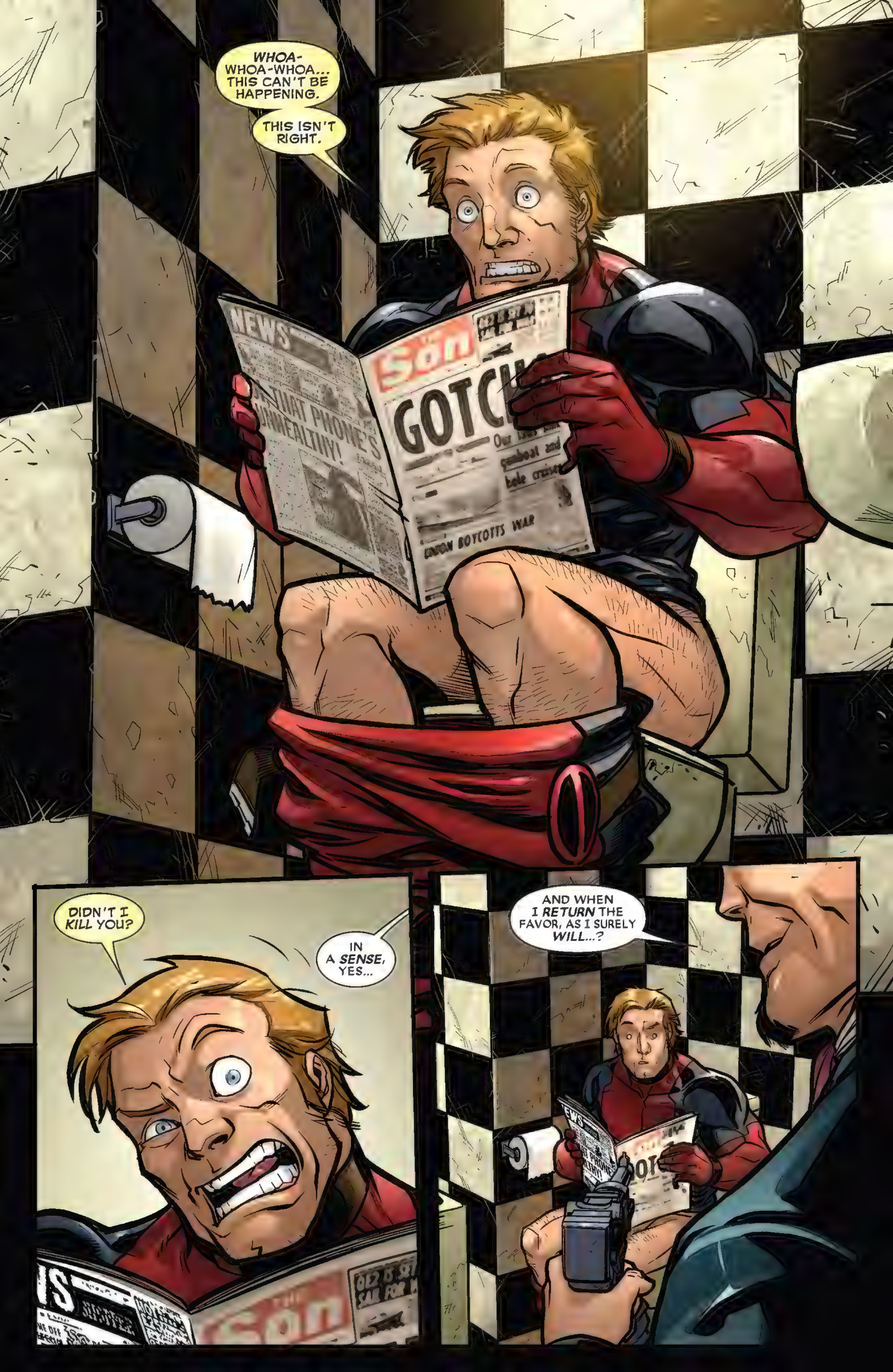

YOU TAKE THE LEAD.
I'LL FOLLOW, PROTECT THE PAYLOAD.
DEAL.
ON THREE, WE RUN FOR IT.
ONE, TWO...
KRAK
YOUR PIMP HAND IS STRONG.
BUT MINE IS STRONGER.
SO THAT'S WHAT A PIMP ARTICLE LOOKS LIKE!
Yeah. Duh.
Y-YOU #%$*&$% #&*%--!
SAVE YOUR BREATH.


--OOF!
CHOOM
YOU'RE GONNA NEED IT.

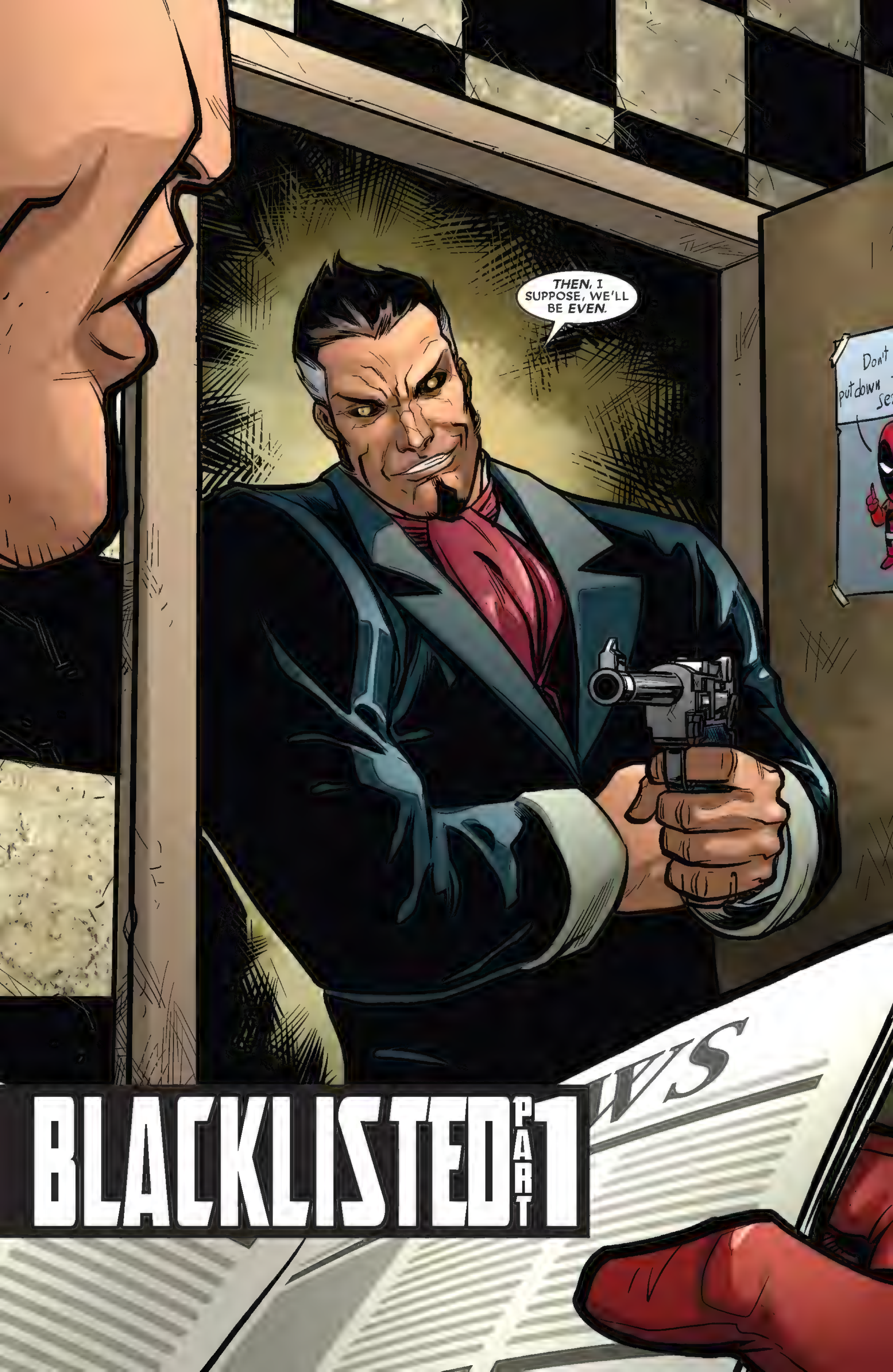

SOON, AFTER MUCH GROSSNESS:
ANY IDEA HOW MUCH LONGER WE'RE GONNA BE TINY LIKE THIS?
NOT LONG, I THINK.
WHAT'S BOTHERIN' ME IS THE SMELL.
THOUGHT YOU'D BE USED TO THAT, YOU BEING A TOTAL TURD AN' ALL.
WHY'RE YOU ACTIN' BUTT-HURT? I'M THE ONE WHO JUST GOT SCREWED OUTTA THE BIGGEST PAYDAY OF MY LIFE...BY YOU...
I SAVED YOUR LIFE!
AN' I'M SUPPOSED TO BE GRATEFUL, RIGHT?
NO, YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE SORRY!
WADE, I'M NOT GONNA APOLOGIZE FOR DOIN' EXACTLY WHAT YOU WANTED ME TO--
I DON'T HAVE MY HEALING FACTOR ANYMORE, OKAY?! I LOST IT!
I KNOW THAT...
YOU...
HOW...?
YOU HAVE NINE FINGERS, DUDE--YOU'VE HAD NINE FINGERS SINCE YA FIRST CAME TO SEE ME, LAST WEEK.
YOU LOSIN' YOUR HEALIN' FACTOR WAS THE ONLY EXPLANATION I COULD THINK OF...OTHER'N MAYBE YOU'D TAKEN THAT NASTY NAIL-BITING HABIT O' YOURS TO A NEW LEVEL...
THE ONLY REASON I CAME BACK FOR YOU IS BECAUSE I THOUGHT YOU DIDN'T KNOW.
HMM...WOULD YOU SAY YOU HATE ME AS MUCH AS YOU POSSIBLY CAN RIGHT NOW?
LEMME CHECK.
OH, YEAH.
Hell, yeah.
YEP.
OKAY, GOOD... THEN WHAT I'M ABOUT TO TELL YOU WON'T MATTER.
SO HERE GOES:

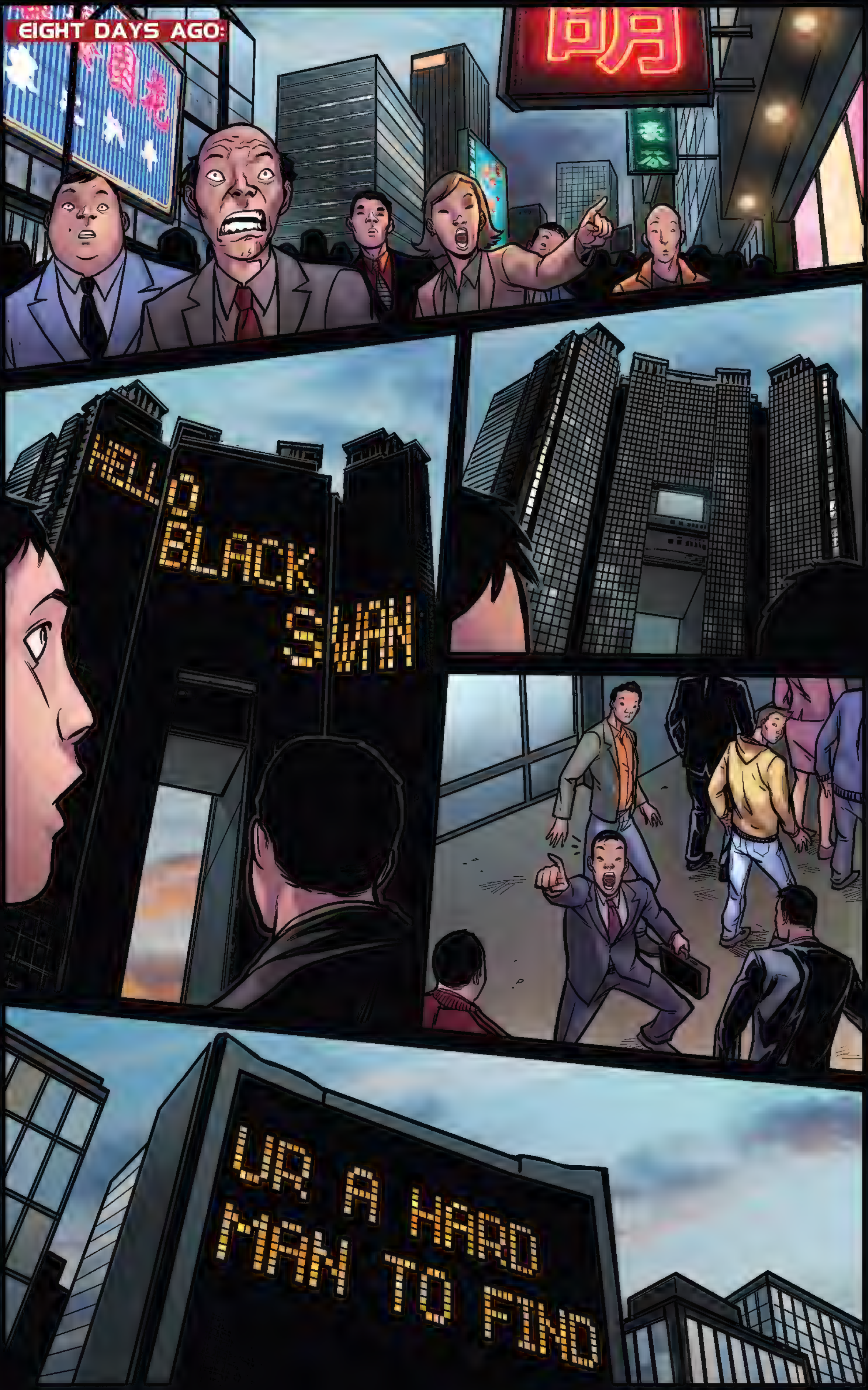

LAST WEEK:
YOU'VE CONFIRMED THE *WIRE TRANSFER?*
YEAH, WE'RE STRAIGHT.
NOW, THEN...I'D LIKE THE INFORMATION FOR WHICH I'VE PAID.
OH, MY...
NOW THIS IS *VERY* INTERESTING.
R.I.P. MOEBIUS
"I SOLD YA OUT, BUDDY.
"TO *BLACK BOX.*"

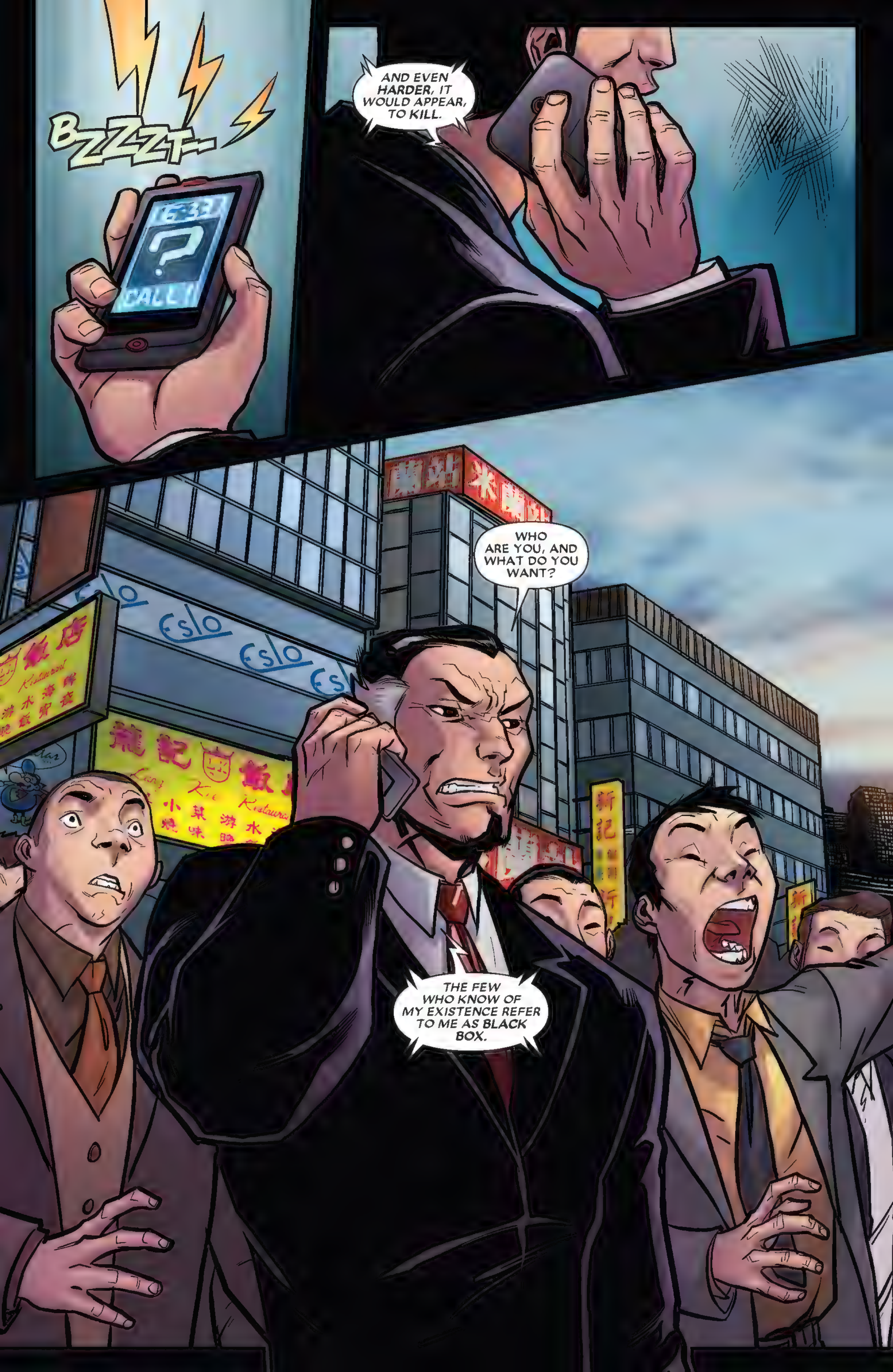

DEADPOOL
JOHNSON
Deadpool vs BlackSwan
*Uh...no, the Super Villain
58

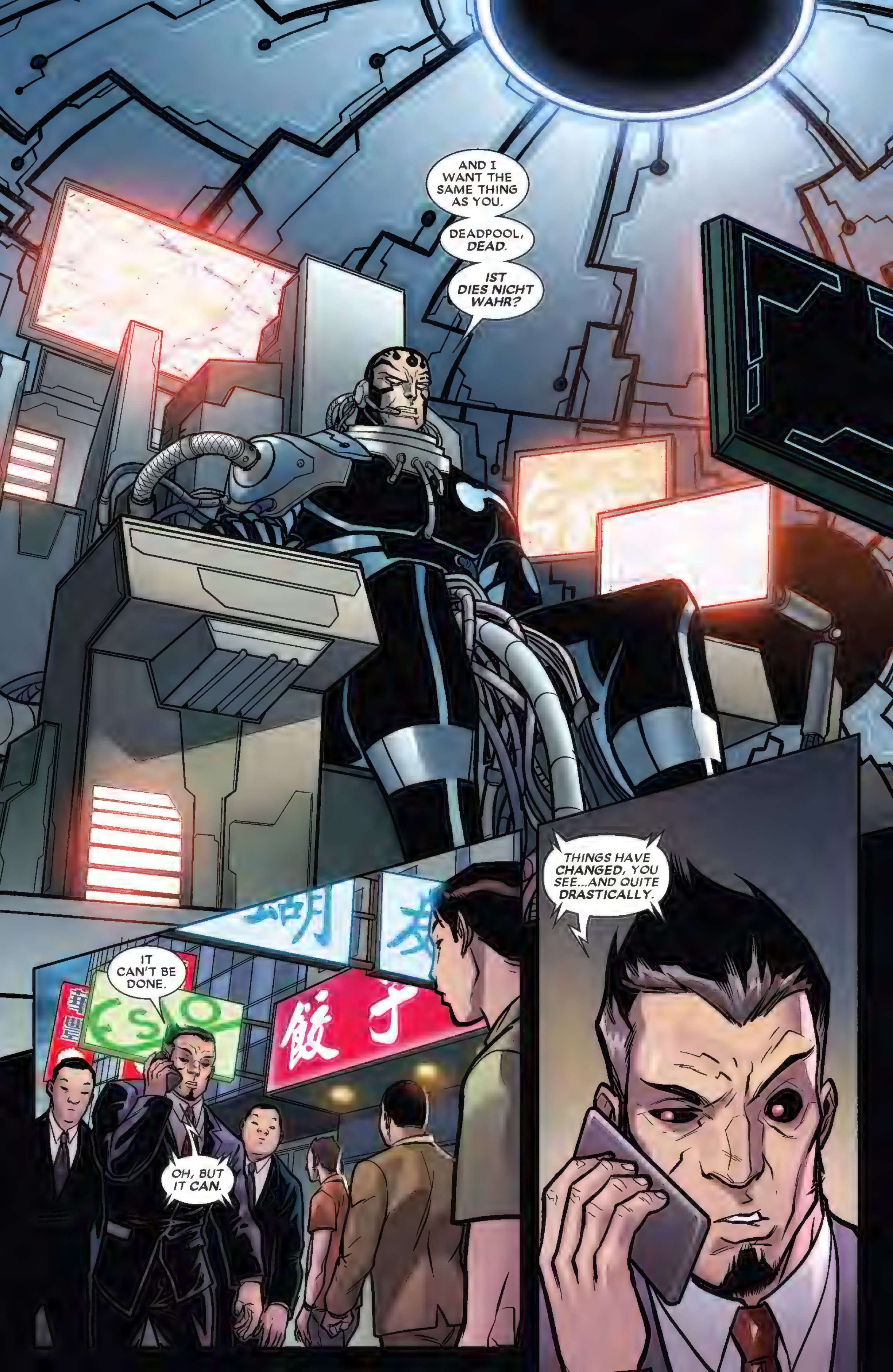

WHOA-WHOA-WHOA... THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING.
THIS ISN'T RIGHT.
NEWS
THAT PHONE'S UNHEALTHY!
The Sun
GOTCH
UNION BOYCOTTS WAR
DIDN'T I *KILL* YOU?
IN A *SENSE*, YES...
AND WHEN I *RETURN* THE FAVOR, AS I SURELY *WILL*...?

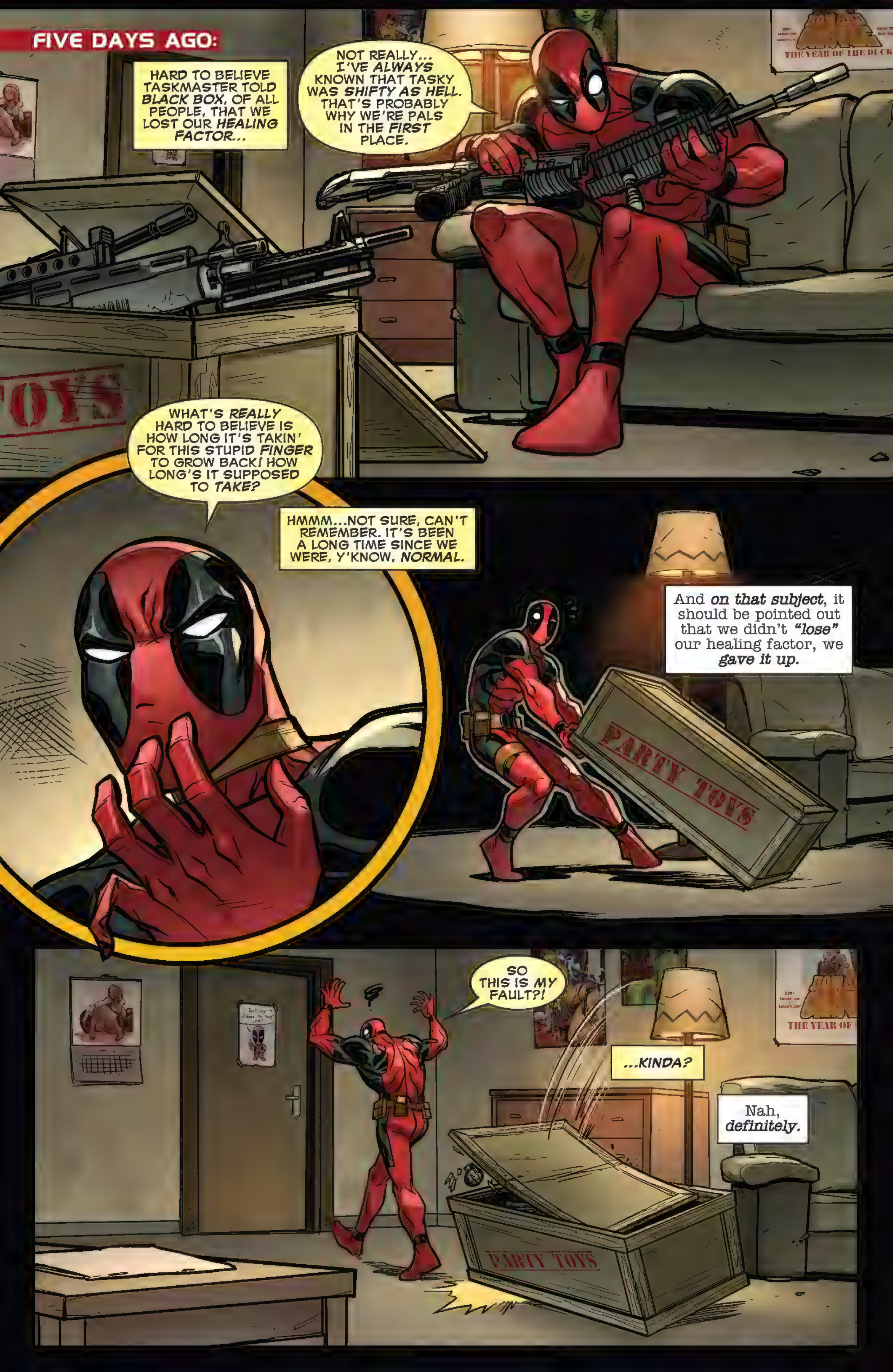
BLACKLISTED PART 1

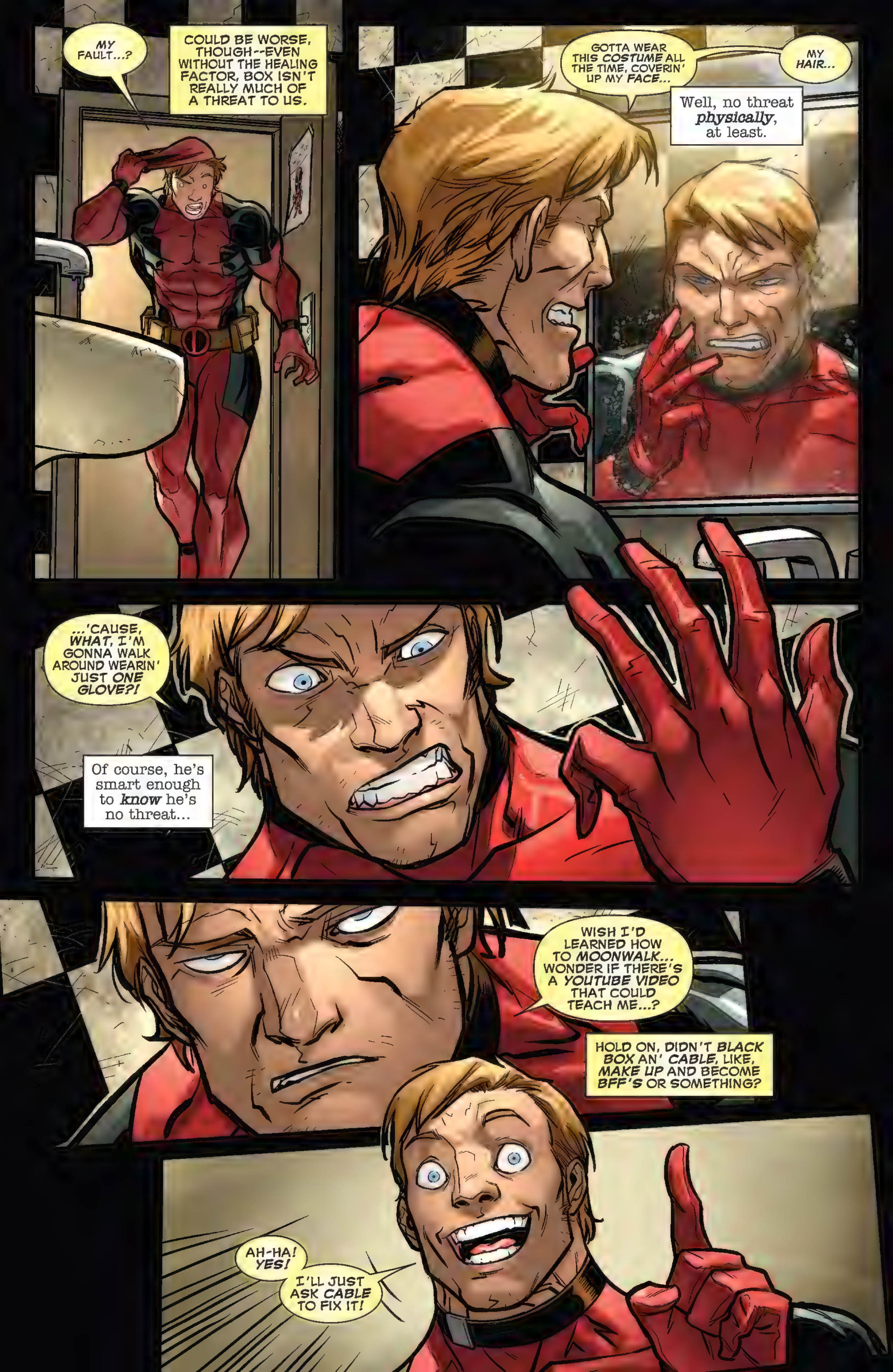

THEN, I SUPPOSE, WE'LL BE *EVEN*.
Don't putdown
WS

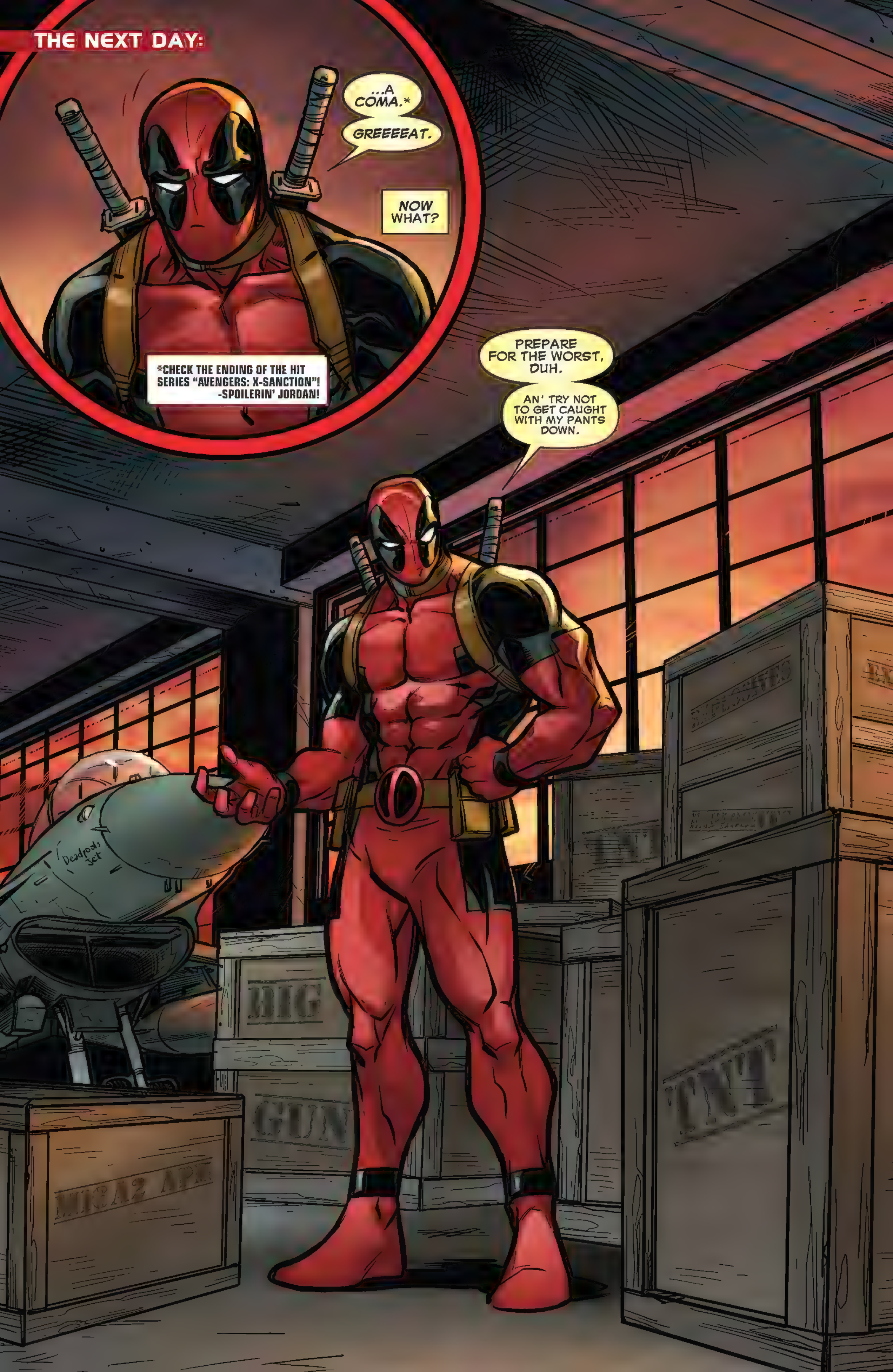

EIGHT DAYS AGO:
HELLO BLACK SWAN
UR A HARD MAN TO FIND

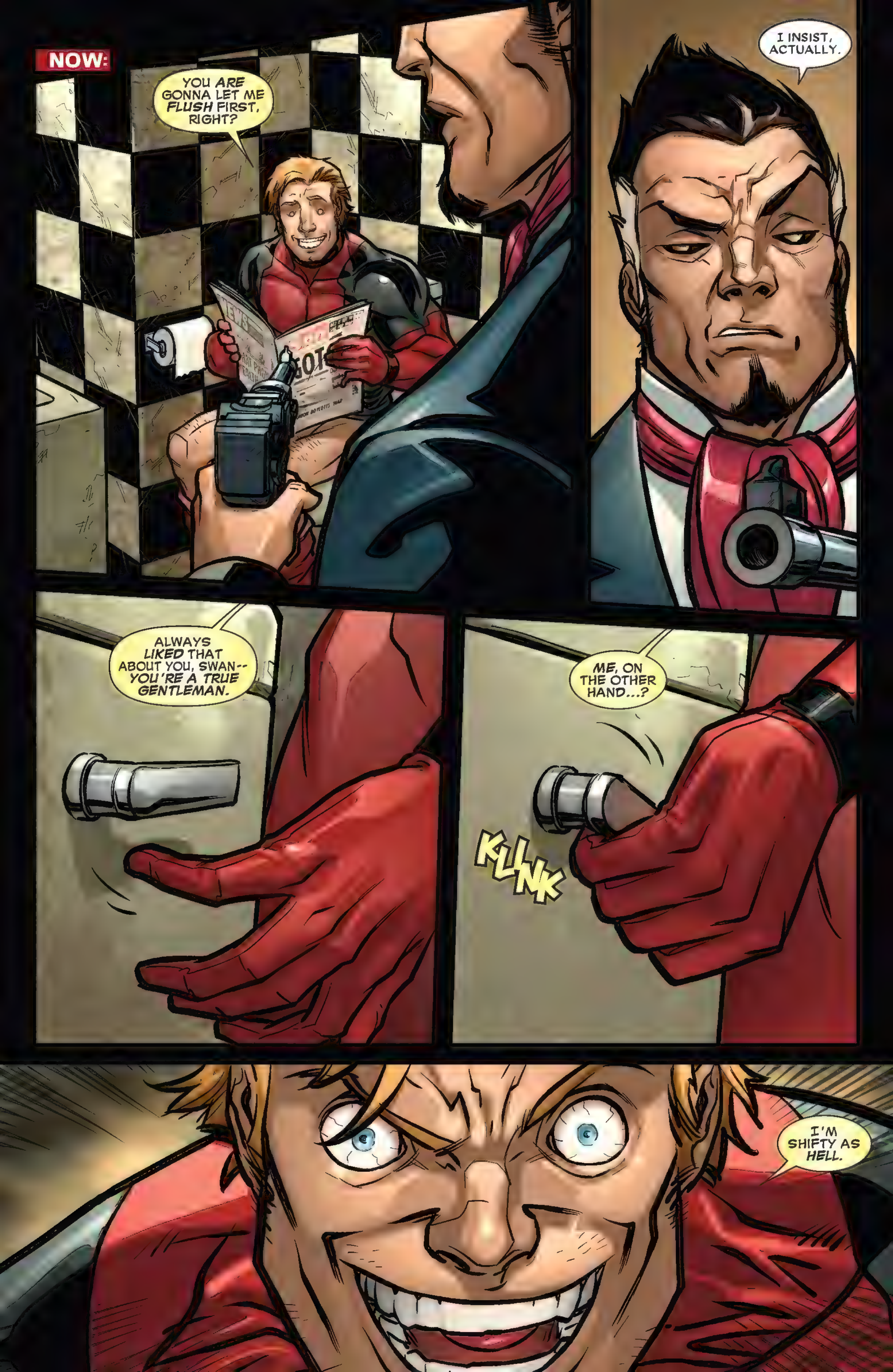

BZZZT--
6:33
?
CALL!
AND EVEN HARDER, IT WOULD APPEAR, TO KILL.
WHO ARE YOU, AND WHAT DO YOU WANT?
THE FEW WHO KNOW OF MY EXISTENCE REFER TO ME AS BLACK BOX.
Eslo
飯店
龍記
新記

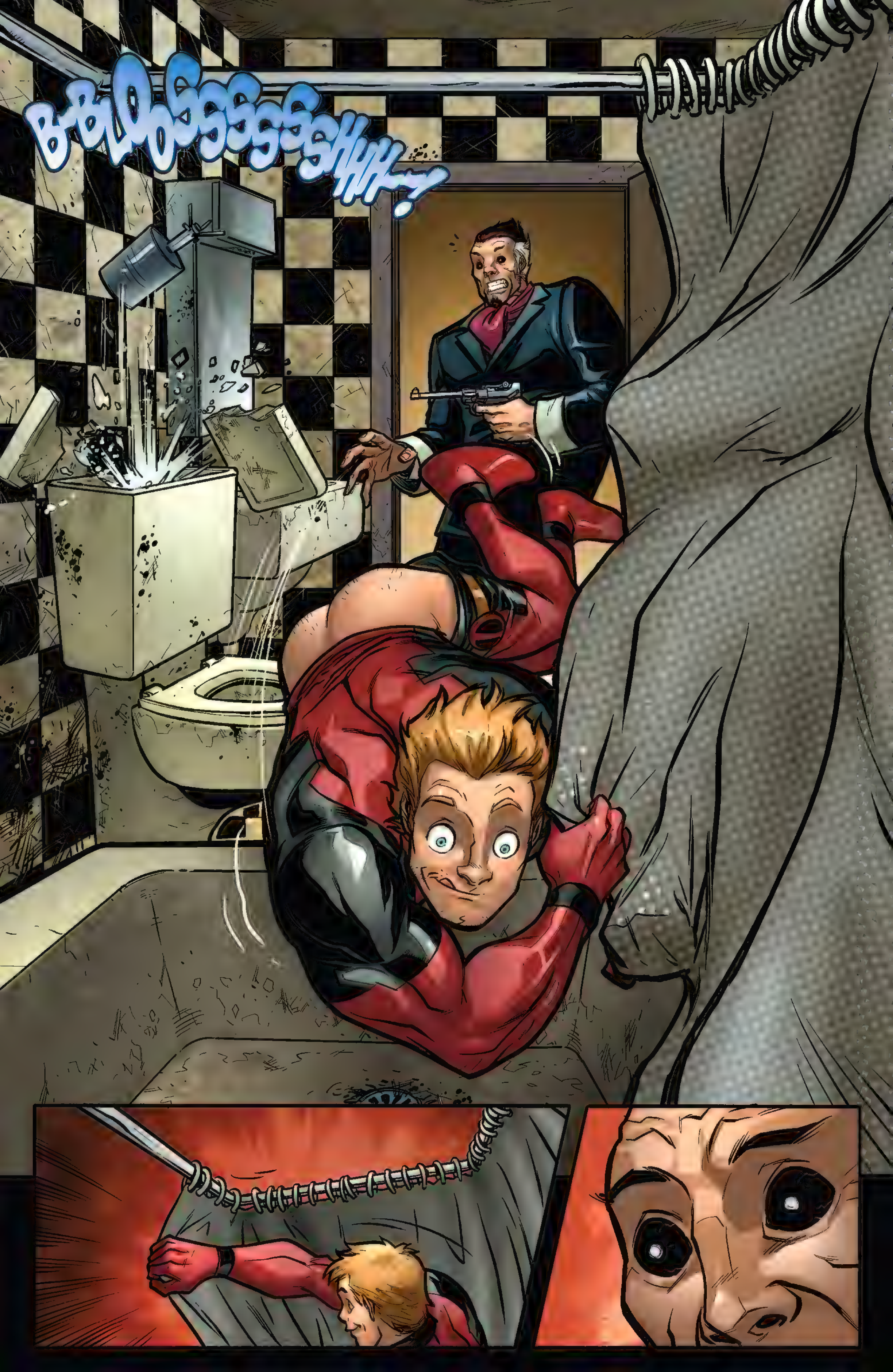

AND I WANT THE SAME THING AS YOU.
DEADPOOL, DEAD.
IST DIES NICHT WAHR?
IT CAN'T BE DONE.
餃子
OH, BUT IT CAN.
THINGS HAVE CHANGED, YOU SEE...AND QUITE DRASTICALLY.

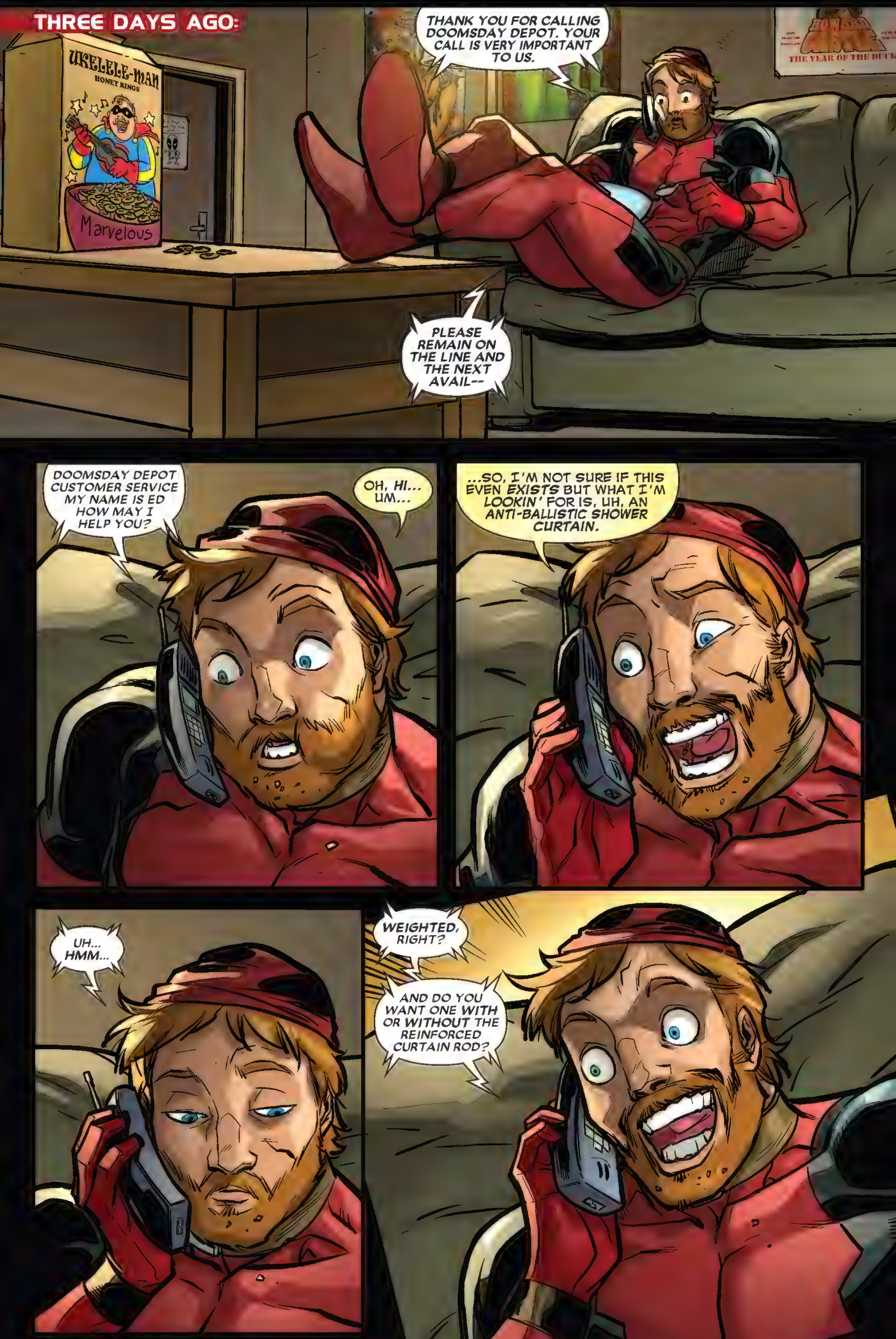

FIVE DAYS AGO:
HARD TO BELIEVE TASKMASTER TOLD *BLACK BOX*, OF ALL PEOPLE, THAT WE LOST OUR *HEALING FACTOR*...
NOT REALLY... I'VE *ALWAYS* KNOWN THAT TASKY WAS *SHIFTY AS HELL*. THAT'S PROBABLY WHY WE'RE PALS IN THE *FIRST* PLACE.
TOYS
WHAT'S *REALLY* HARD TO BELIEVE IS HOW LONG IT'S TAKIN' FOR THIS STUPID *FINGER* TO GROW BACK! HOW LONG'S IT SUPPOSED TO *TAKE?*
HMMM...NOT SURE, CAN'T REMEMBER. IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE WE WERE, Y'KNOW, *NORMAL*.
And ***on that subject***, it should be pointed out that we didn't ***"lose"*** our healing factor, we ***gave it up***.
PARTY TOYS
SO THIS IS *MY* FAULT?!
...KINDA?
Nah, ***definitely***.
PARTY TOYS
THE YEAR OF

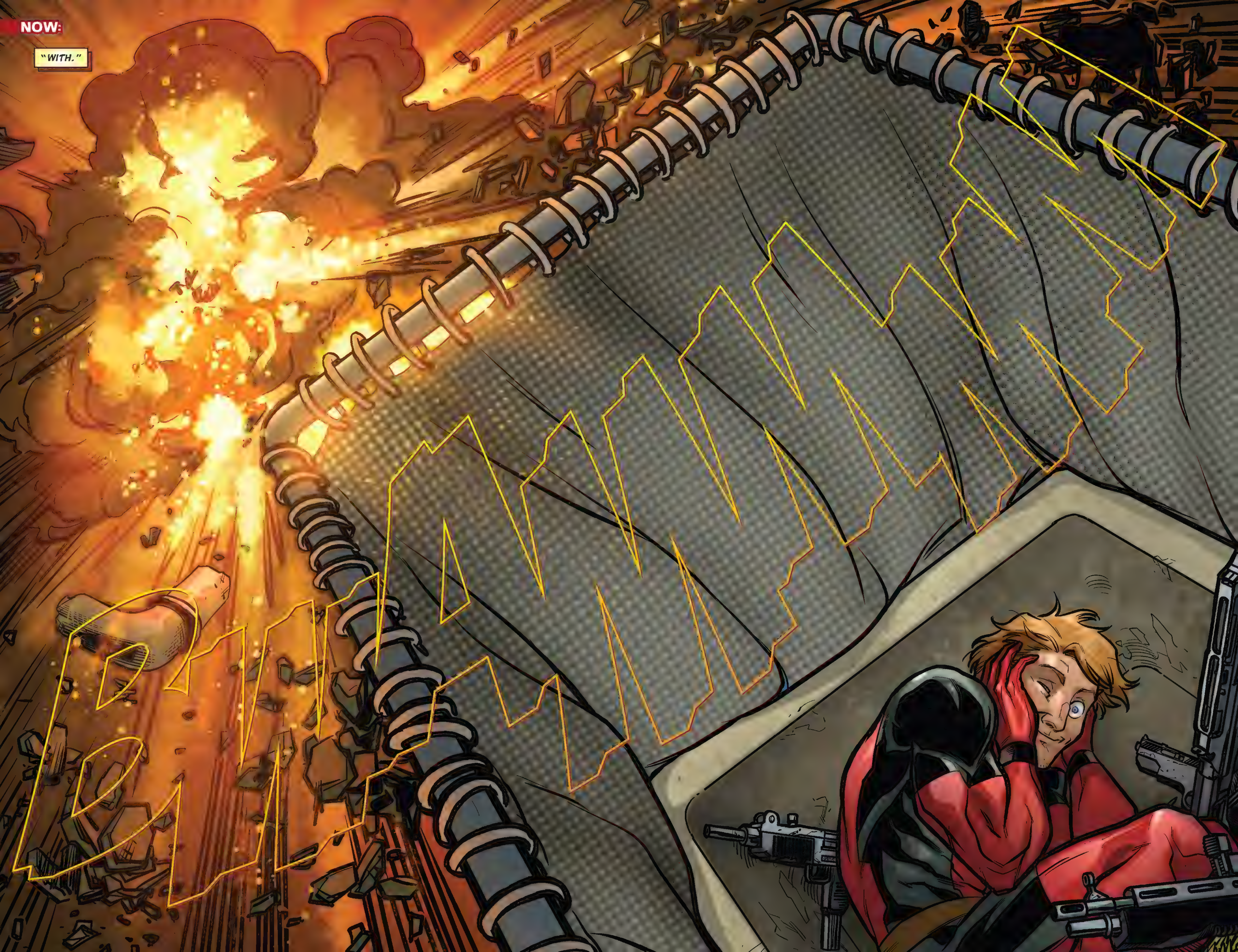

MY FAULT...?
COULD BE WORSE, THOUGH--EVEN WITHOUT THE HEALING FACTOR, BOX ISN'T REALLY MUCH OF A THREAT TO US.
GOTTA WEAR THIS COSTUME ALL THE TIME, COVERIN' UP MY FACE...
MY HAIR...
Well, no threat physically, at least.
...'CAUSE, WHAT, I'M GONNA WALK AROUND WEARIN' JUST ONE GLOVE?!
Of course, he's smart enough to know he's no threat...
WISH I'D LEARNED HOW TO MOONWALK... WONDER IF THERE'S A YOUTUBE VIDEO THAT COULD TEACH ME...?
HOLD ON, DIDN'T BLACK BOX AN' CABLE, LIKE, MAKE UP AND BECOME BFF'S OR SOMETHING?
AH-HA! YES!
I'LL JUST ASK CABLE TO FIX IT!

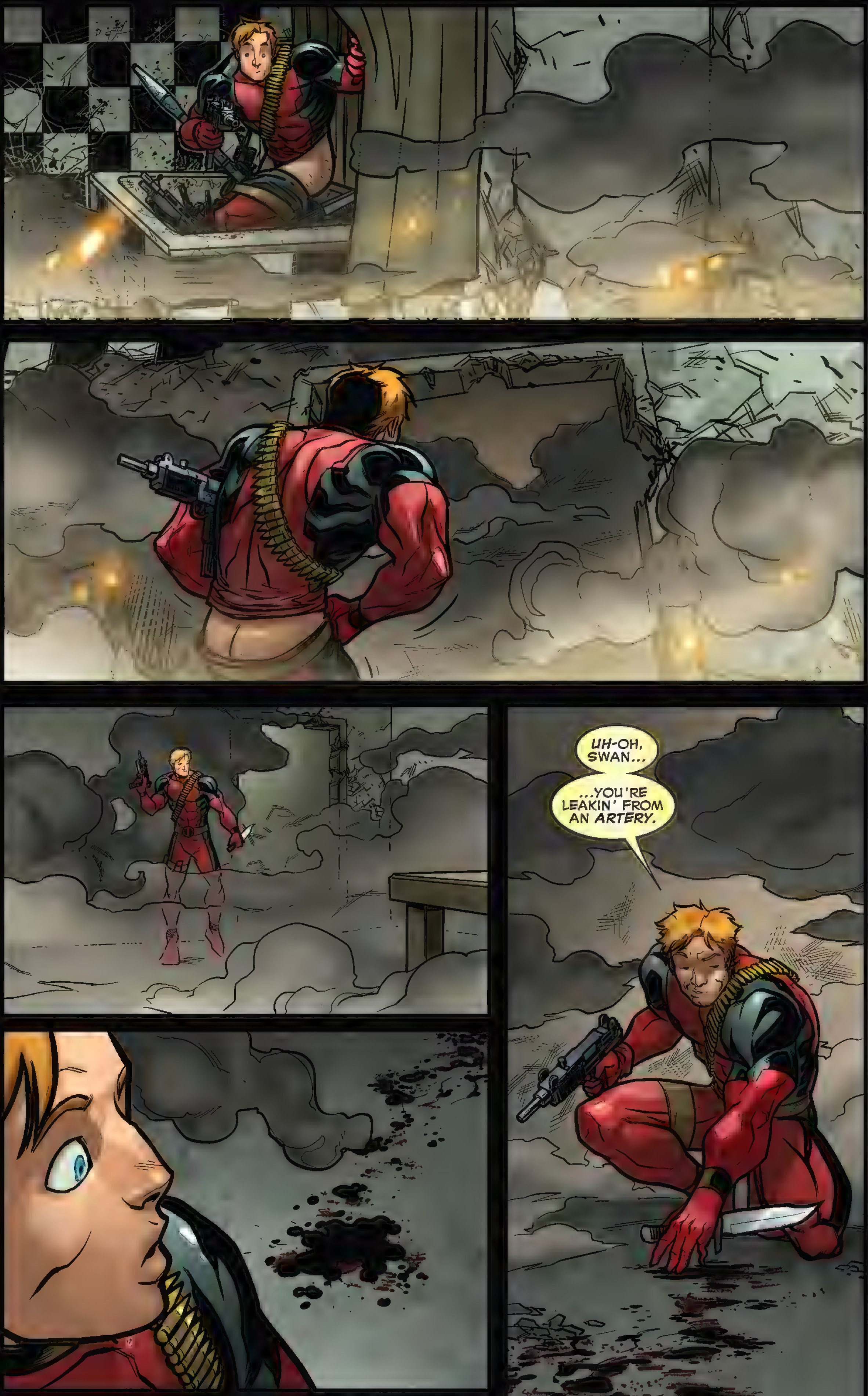

THE NEXT DAY:
...A COMA.*
GREEEEAT.
NOW WHAT?
*CHECK THE ENDING OF THE HIT SERIES "AVENGERS: X-SANCTION"! -SPOILERIN' JORDAN!
PREPARE FOR THE WORST, DUH.
AN' TRY NOT TO GET CAUGHT WITH MY PANTS DOWN.
Deadpool's Jet
BIG
GUN
TNT
TNT

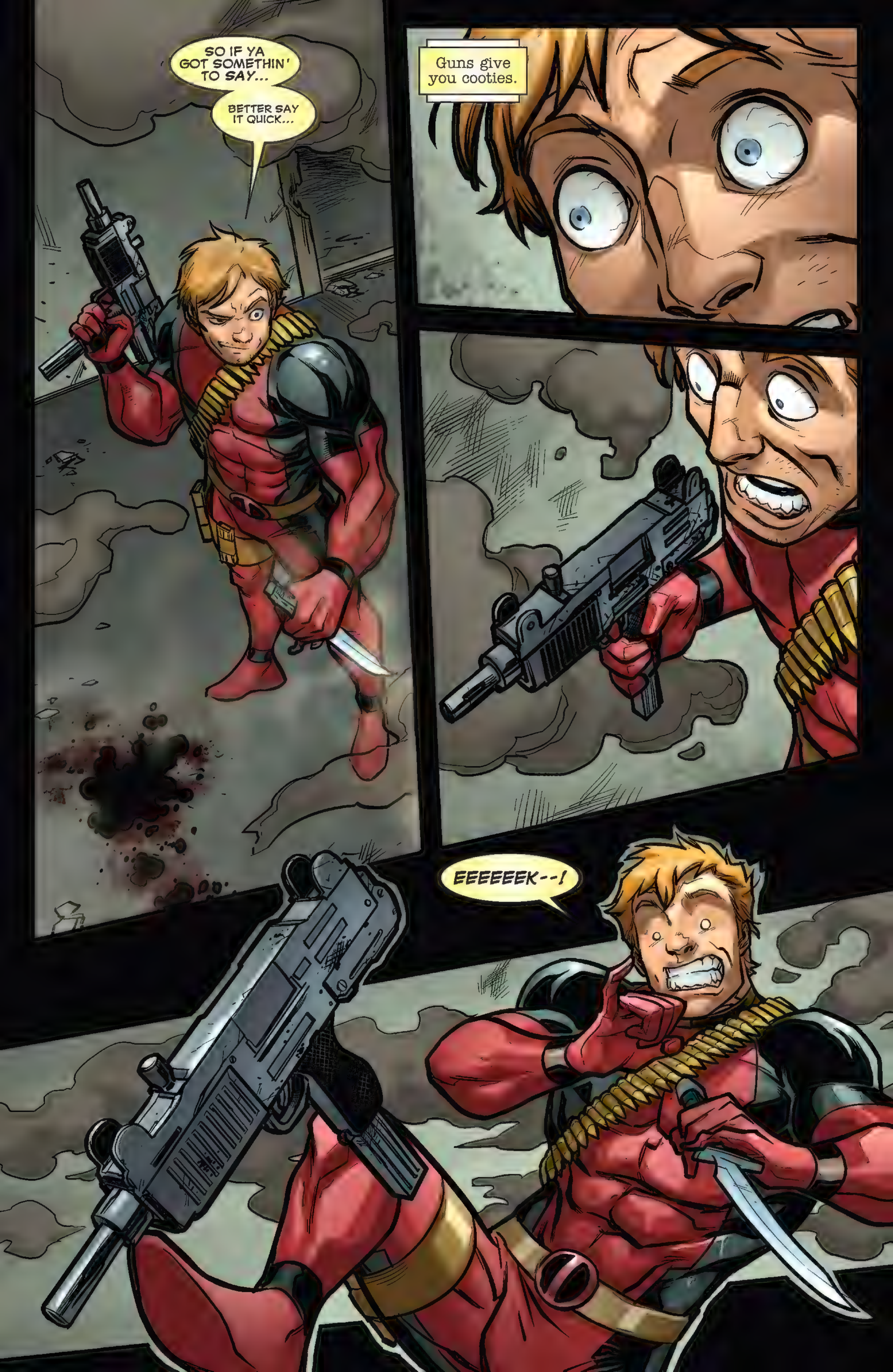

NOW:
YOU ARE GONNA LET ME FLUSH FIRST, RIGHT?
I INSIST, ACTUALLY.
ALWAYS LIKED THAT ABOUT YOU, SWAN-- YOU'RE A TRUE GENTLEMAN.
ME, ON THE OTHER HAND...?
KLUNK
I'M SHIFTY AS HELL.

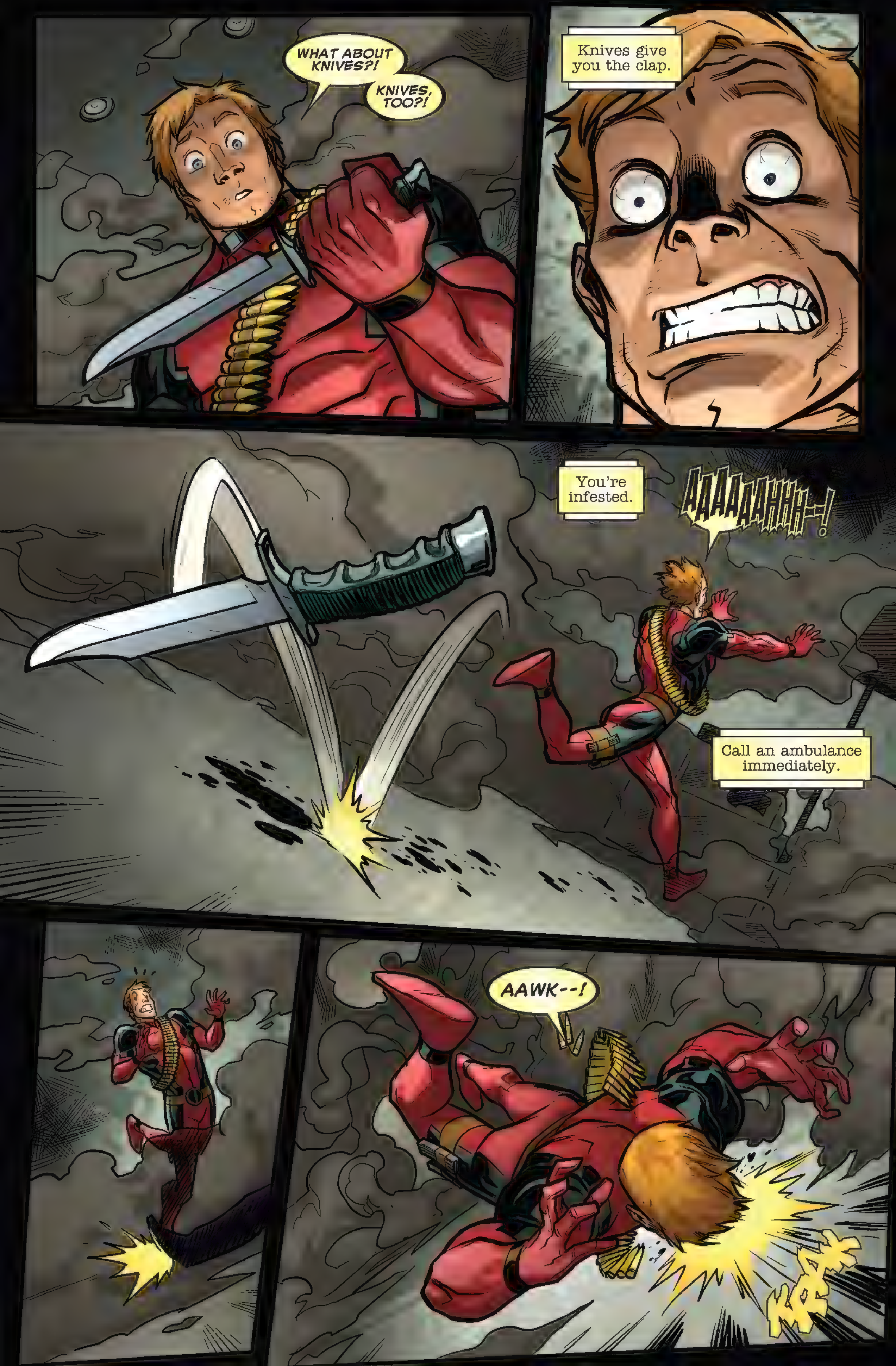

B-BLOOSSSSSSHHH--!

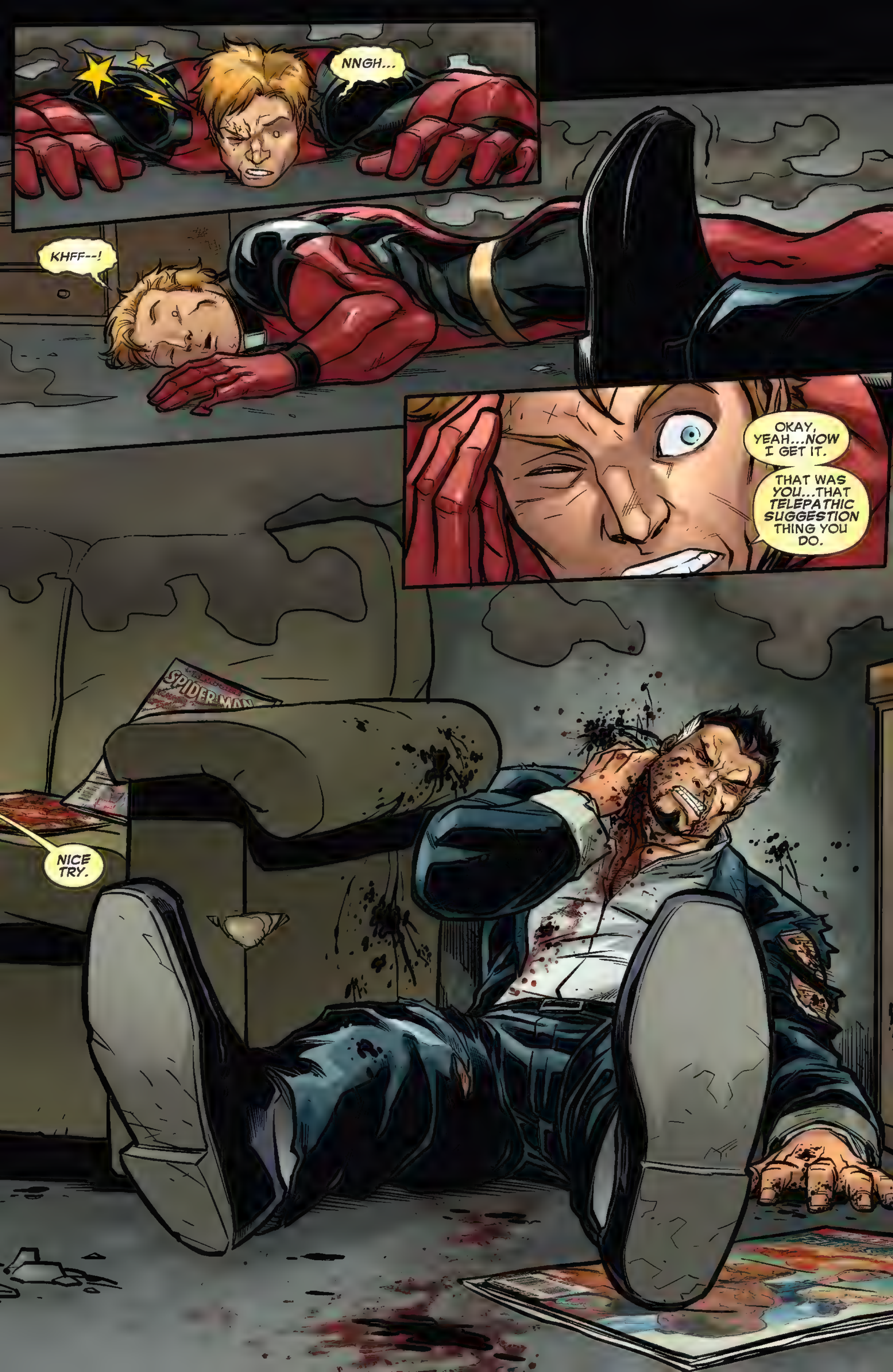

THREE DAYS AGO:
UKELELE-MAN
HONEY RINGS
Marvelous
THE YEAR OF THE DUCK
THANK YOU FOR CALLING DOOMSDAY DEPOT. YOUR CALL IS VERY IMPORTANT TO US.
PLEASE REMAIN ON THE LINE AND THE NEXT AVAIL--
DOOMSDAY DEPOT CUSTOMER SERVICE MY NAME IS ED HOW MAY I HELP YOU?
OH, HI... UM...
...SO, I'M NOT SURE IF THIS EVEN EXISTS BUT WHAT I'M LOOKIN' FOR IS, UH, AN ANTI-BALLISTIC SHOWER CURTAIN.
UH... HMM...
WEIGHTED, RIGHT?
AND DO YOU WANT ONE WITH OR WITHOUT THE REINFORCED CURTAIN ROD?

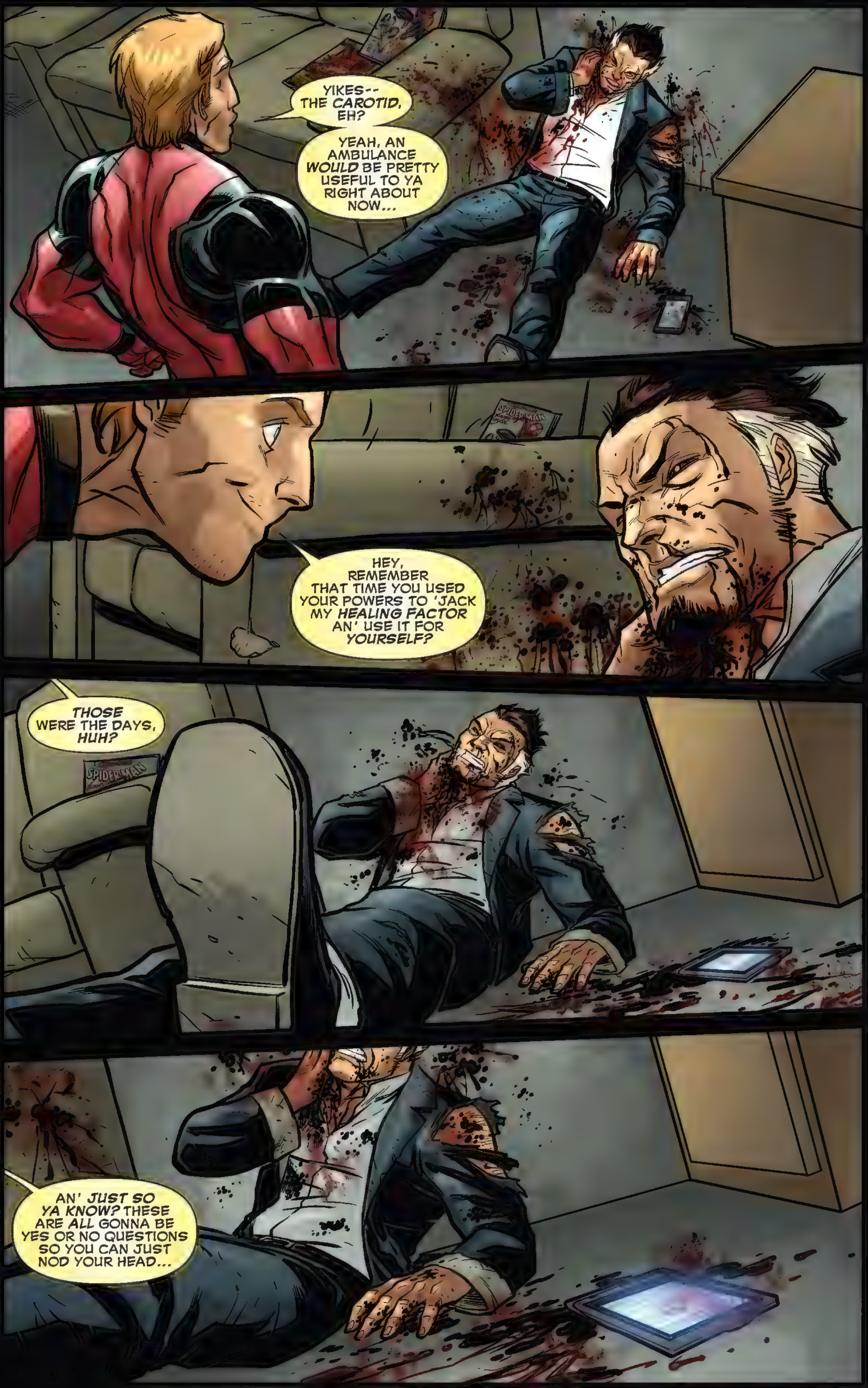

NOW:
"WITH."
BLAMMMM!

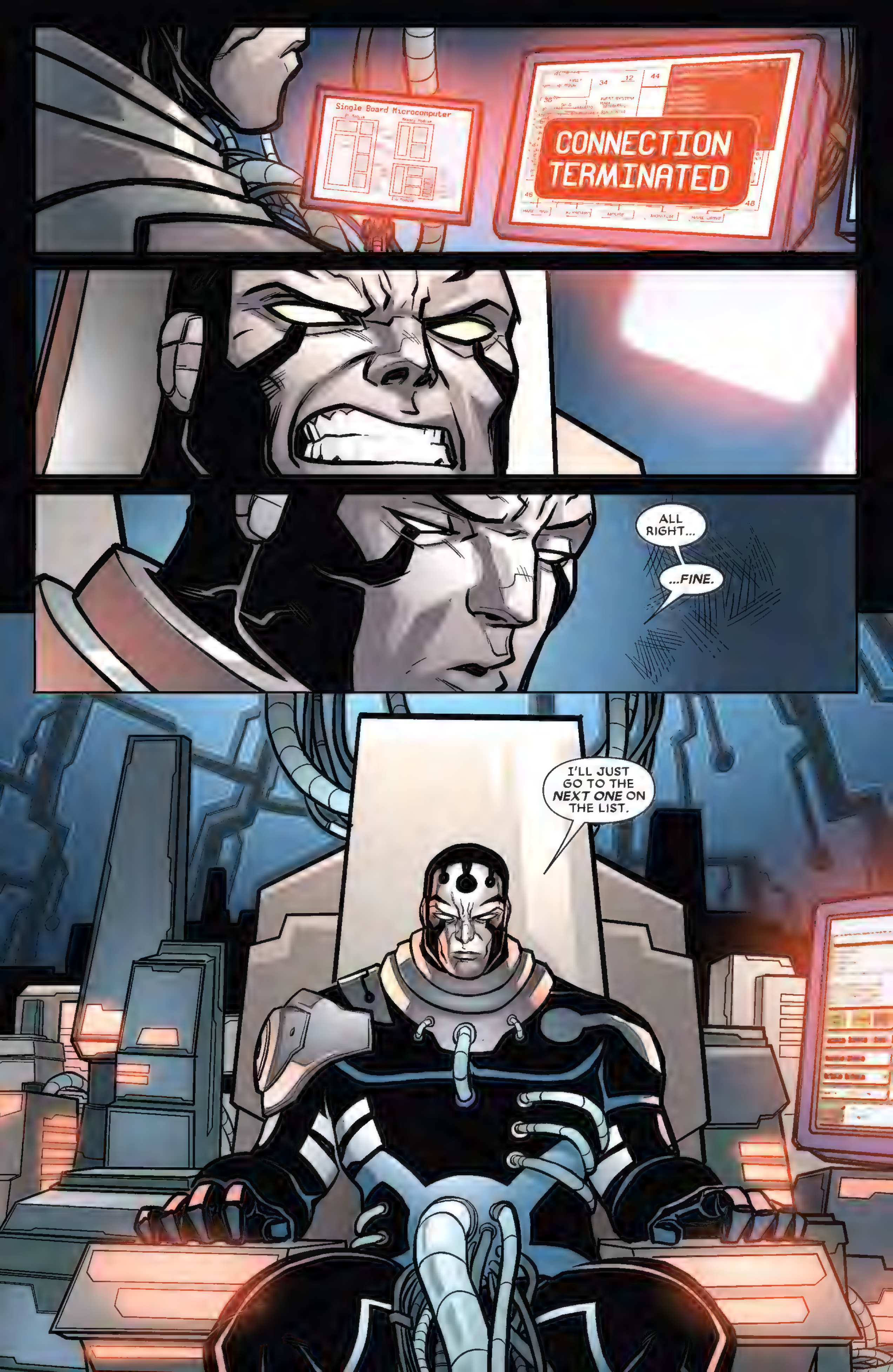

UH-OH, SWAN...
...YOU'RE LEAKIN' FROM AN ARTERY.

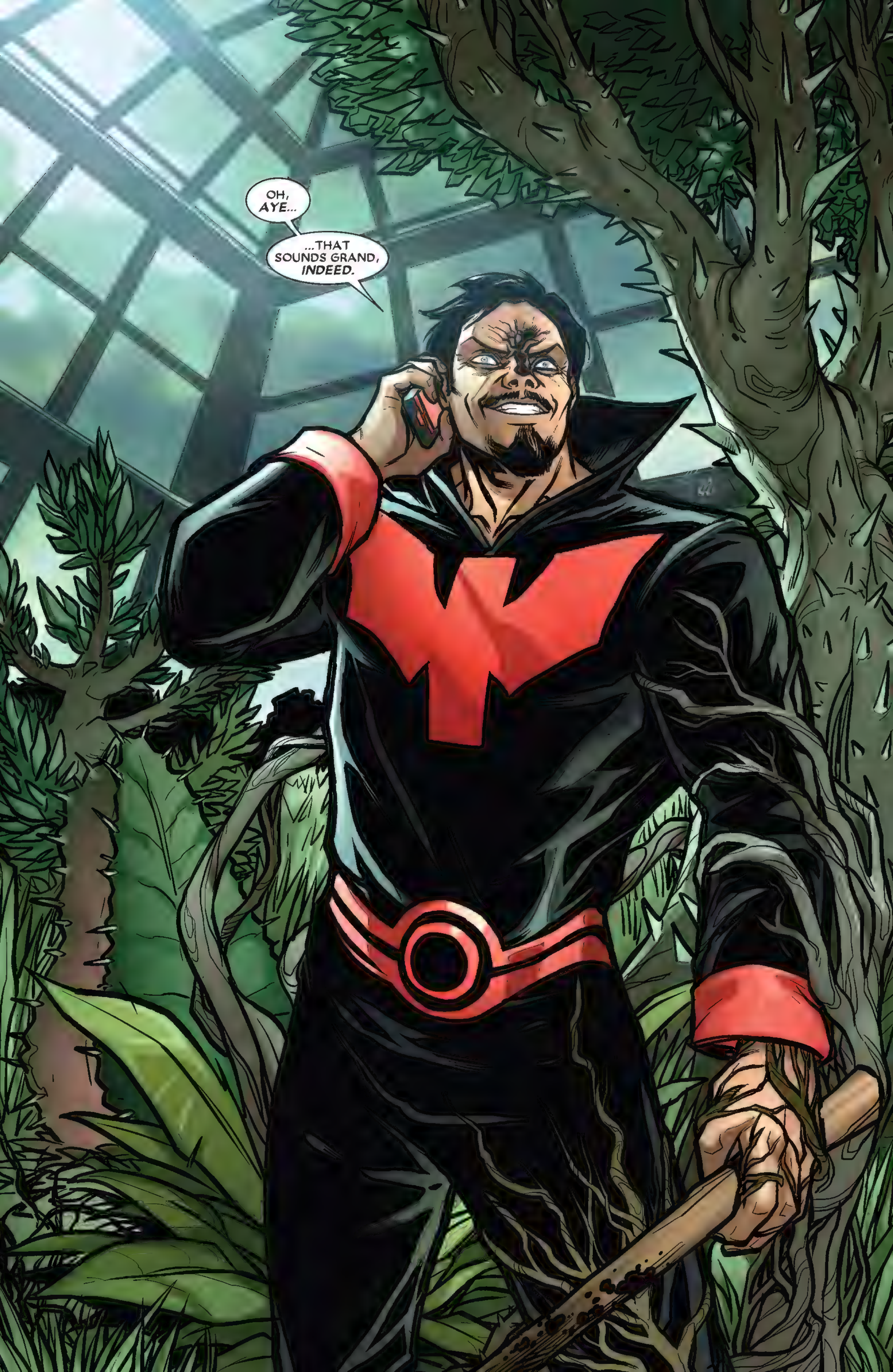

SO IF YA GOT SOMETHIN' TO SAY...
BETTER SAY IT QUICK...
Guns give you cooties.
EEEEEEK--!

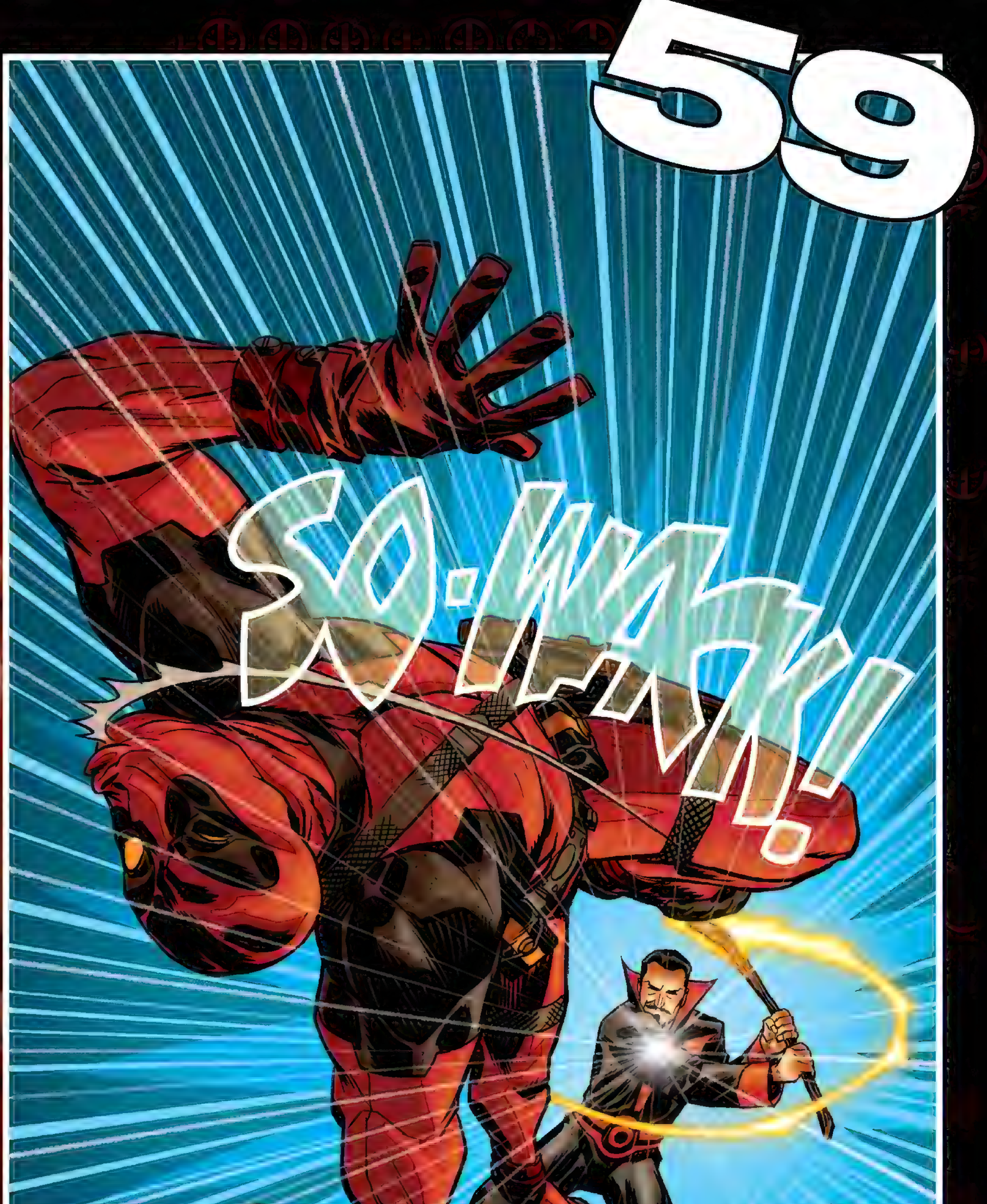

WHAT ABOUT KNIVES?!
KNIVES, TOO?!
Knives give you the clap.
You're infested.
AAAAAAHHH--!
Call an ambulance immediately.
AAWK--!
KRAK

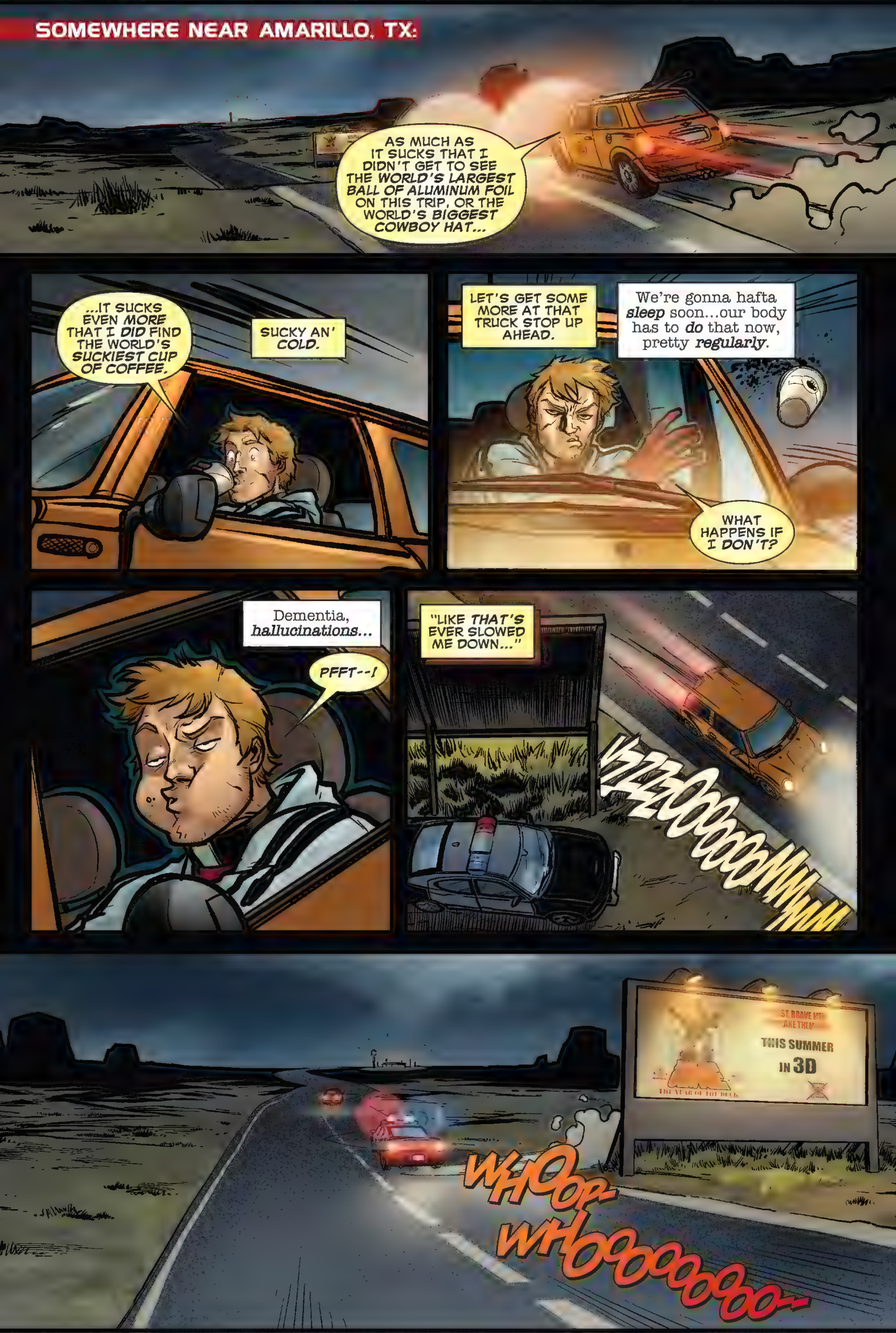

NNGH...
KHFF--!
OKAY, YEAH...NOW I GET IT.
THAT WAS YOU...THAT *TELEPATHIC SUGGESTION* THING YOU DO.
SPIDER-MAN
NICE TRY.

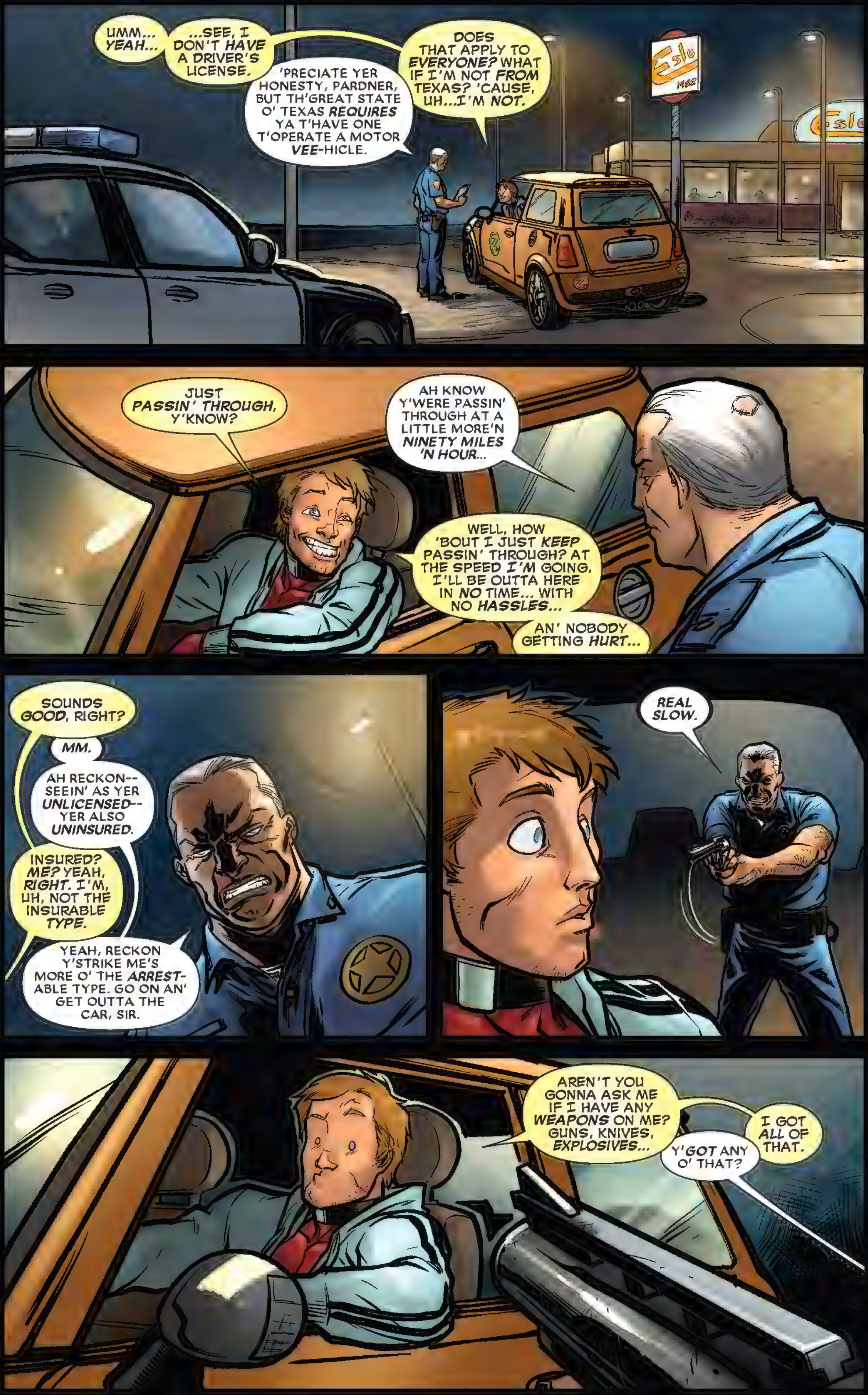

YIKES-- THE *CAROTID*, EH?
YEAH, AN AMBULANCE *WOULD* BE PRETTY USEFUL TO YA RIGHT ABOUT NOW...
HEY, REMEMBER THAT TIME YOU USED YOUR POWERS TO 'JACK MY *HEALING FACTOR* AN' USE IT FOR *YOURSELF?*
SPIDER-MAN
THOSE WERE THE DAYS, *HUH?*
SPIDER-MAN
AN' *JUST SO YA KNOW?* THESE ARE *ALL* GONNA BE YES OR NO QUESTIONS SO YOU CAN JUST NOD YOUR HEAD...

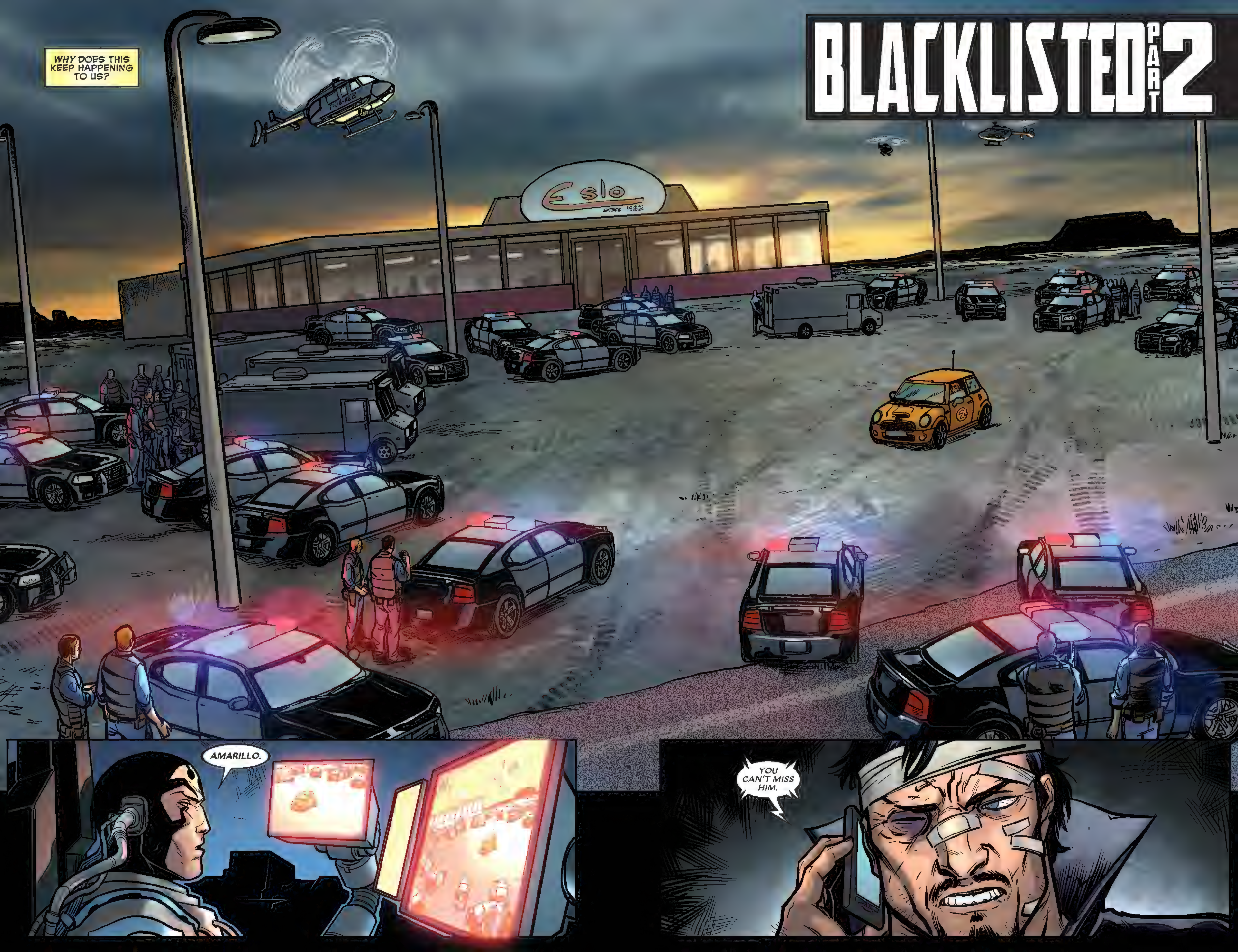

Single Board Microcomputer
CONNECTION TERMINATED
ALL RIGHT...
...FINE.
I'LL JUST GO TO THE *NEXT ONE* ON THE LIST.

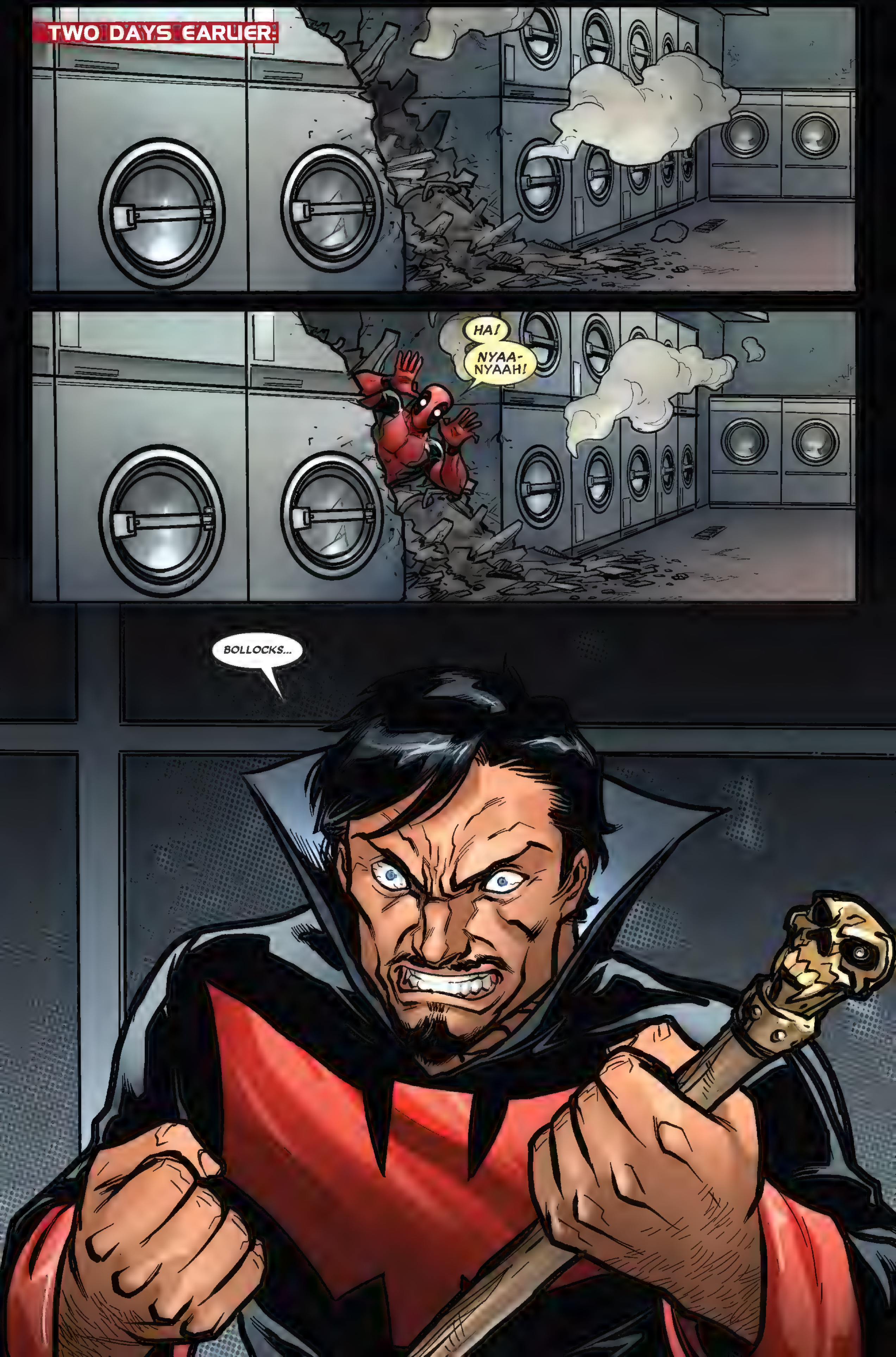

OH, AYE...
...THAT SOUNDS GRAND, INDEED.

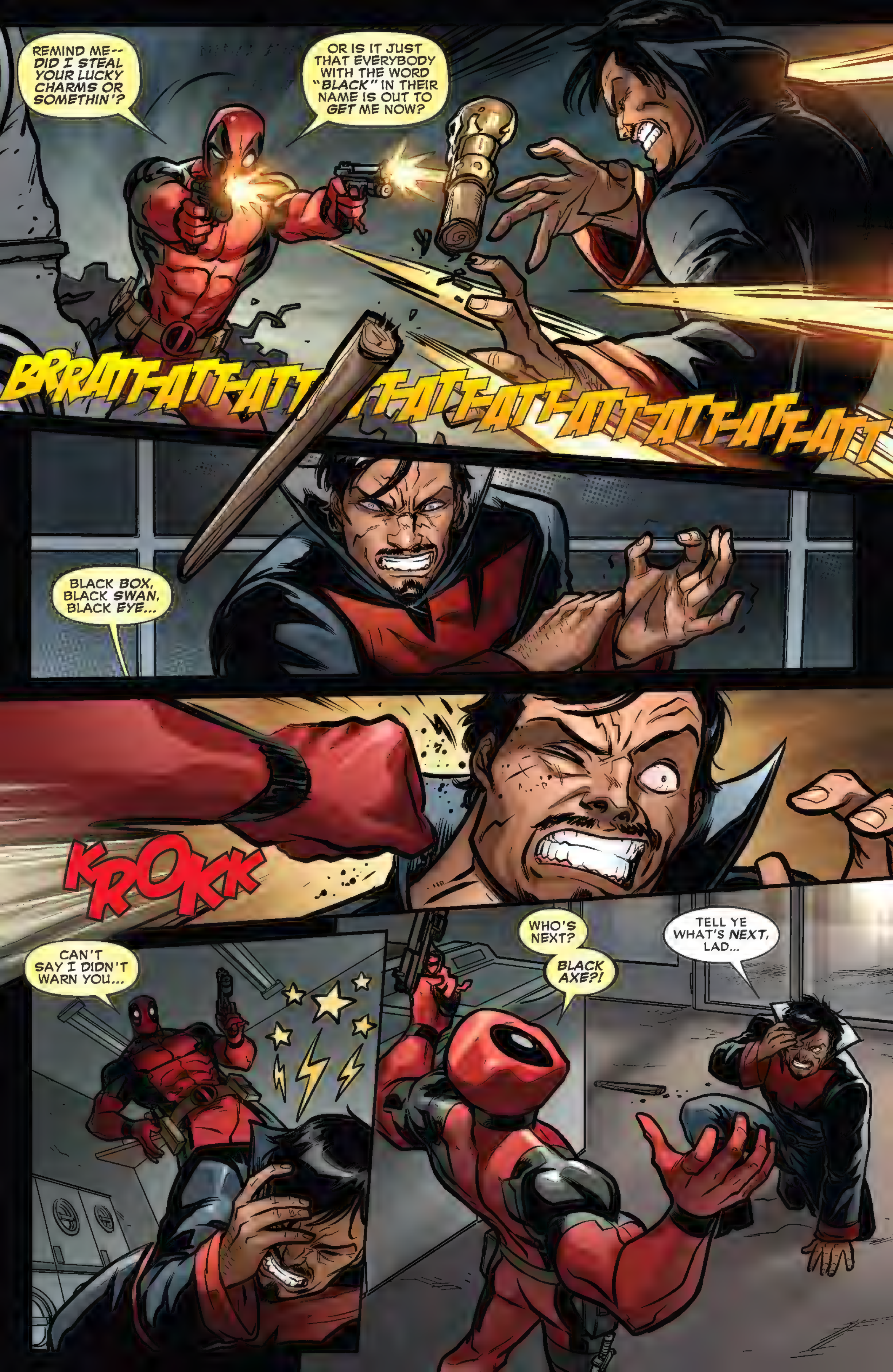

59
SQ-WAK!
JOHNSON

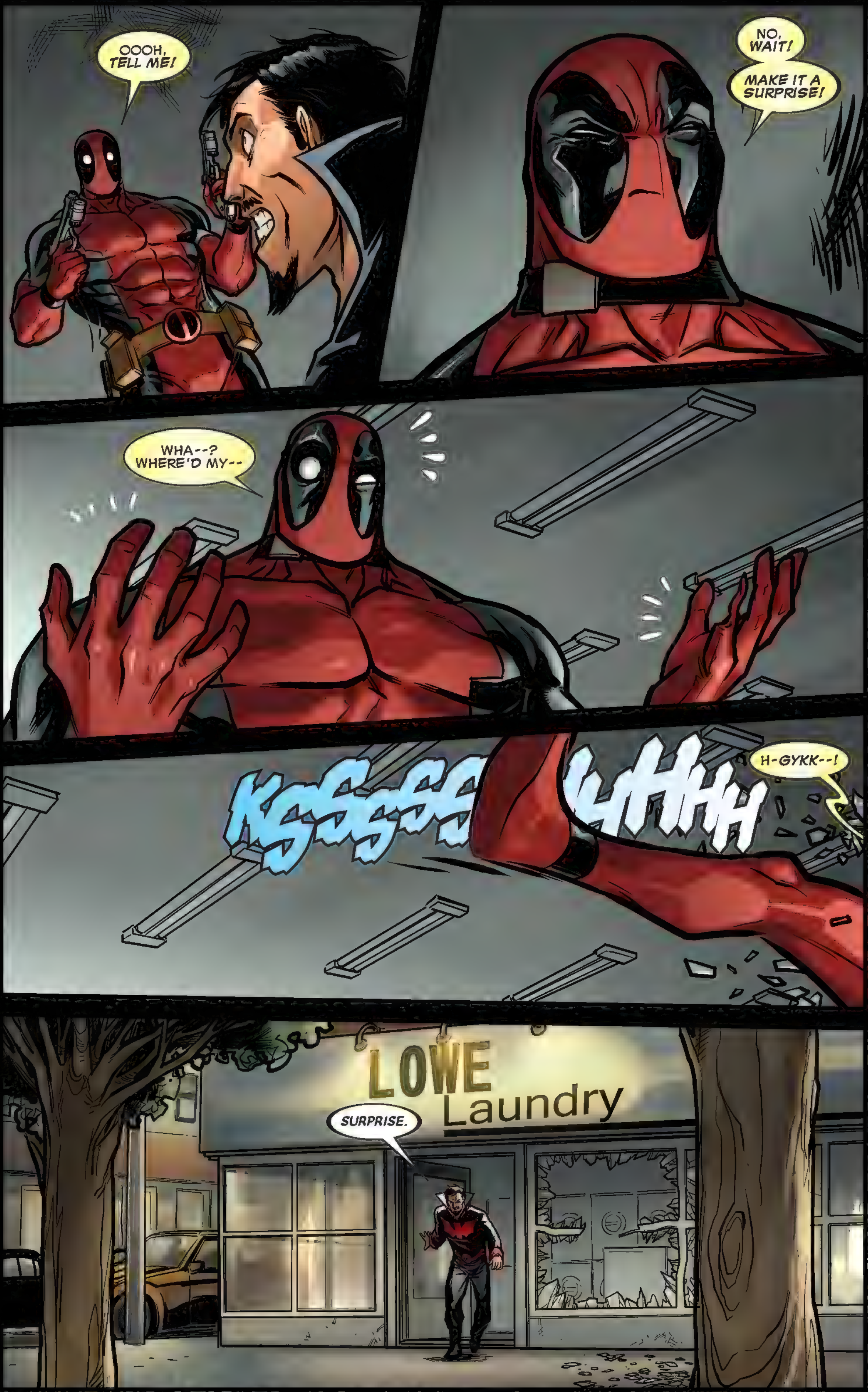

SOMEWHERE NEAR AMARILLO, TX:
AS MUCH AS IT SUCKS THAT I DIDN'T GET TO SEE THE WORLD'S LARGEST BALL OF ALUMINUM FOIL ON THIS TRIP, OR THE WORLD'S BIGGEST COWBOY HAT...
...IT SUCKS EVEN MORE THAT I DID FIND THE WORLD'S SUCKIEST CUP OF COFFEE.
SUCKY AN' COLD.
LET'S GET SOME MORE AT THAT TRUCK STOP UP AHEAD.
We're gonna hafta sleep soon...our body has to do that now, pretty regularly.
WHAT HAPPENS IF I DON'T?
Dementia, hallucinations...
PFFT--!
"LIKE THAT'S EVER SLOWED ME DOWN..."
VZZZOOOOOMMMM
THIS SUMMER
IN 3D
WHOOP WHOOOOOOOO

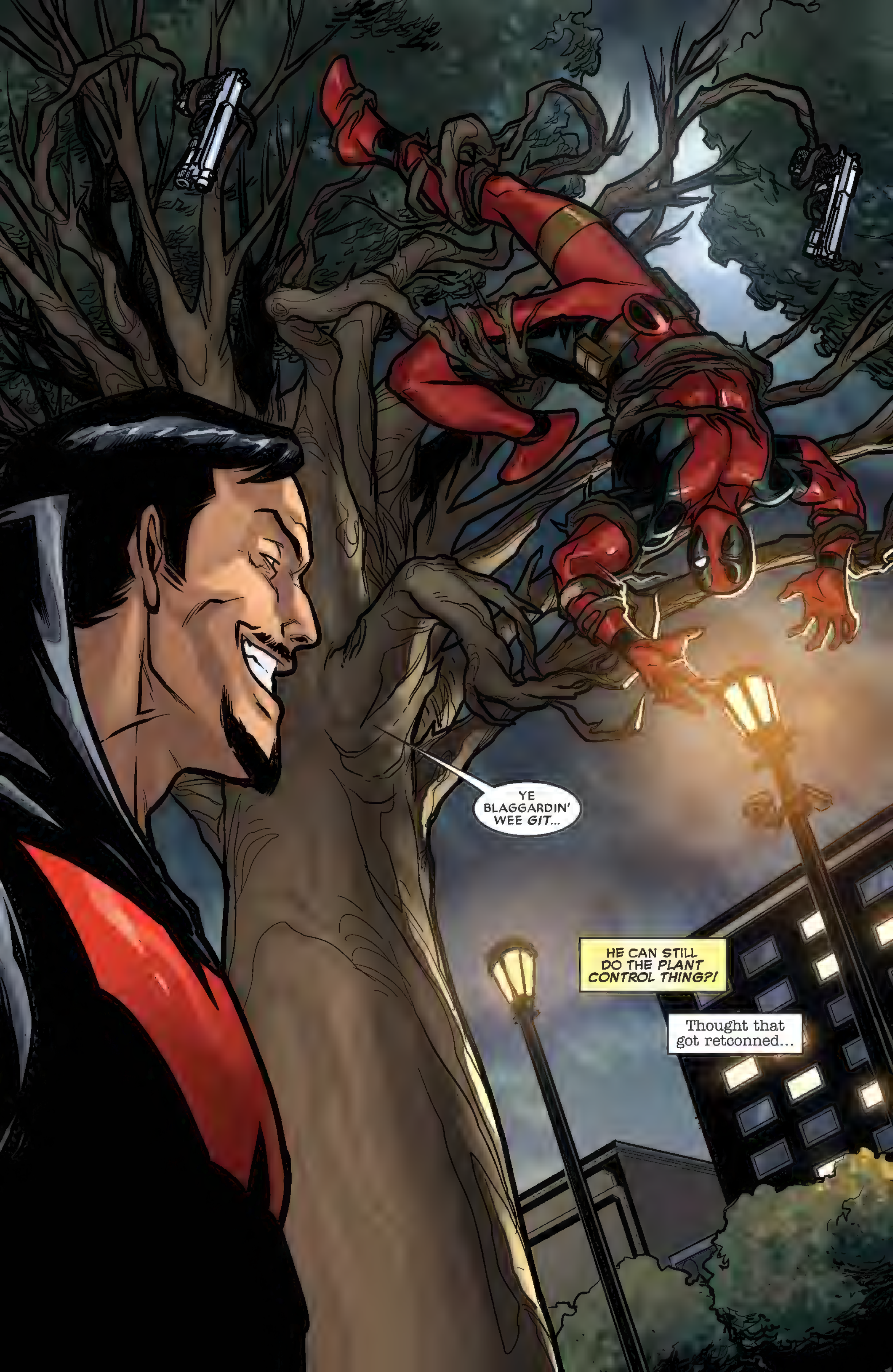

UMM... YEAH...
...SEE, I DON'T HAVE A DRIVER'S LICENSE.
'PRECIATE YER HONESTY, PARDNER, BUT TH'GREAT STATE O' TEXAS REQUIRES YA T'HAVE ONE T'OPERATE A MOTOR VEE-HICLE.
DOES THAT APPLY TO EVERYONE? WHAT IF I'M NOT FROM TEXAS? 'CAUSE, UH...I'M NOT.
Eslo 1982
Eslo
JUST PASSIN' THROUGH, Y'KNOW?
AH KNOW Y'WERE PASSIN' THROUGH AT A LITTLE MORE'N NINETY MILES 'N HOUR...
WELL, HOW 'BOUT I JUST KEEP PASSIN' THROUGH? AT THE SPEED I'M GOING, I'LL BE OUTTA HERE IN NO TIME... WITH NO HASSLES...
AN' NOBODY GETTING HURT...
SOUNDS GOOD, RIGHT?
MM.
AH RECKON-- SEEIN' AS YER UNLICENSED-- YER ALSO UNINSURED.
INSURED? ME? YEAH, RIGHT. I'M, UH, NOT THE INSURABLE TYPE.
YEAH, RECKON Y'STRIKE ME'S MORE O' THE ARREST-ABLE TYPE. GO ON AN' GET OUTTA THE CAR, SIR.
REAL SLOW.
AREN'T YOU GONNA ASK ME IF I HAVE ANY WEAPONS ON ME? GUNS, KNIVES, EXPLOSIVES...
Y'GOT ANY O' THAT?
I GOT ALL OF THAT.

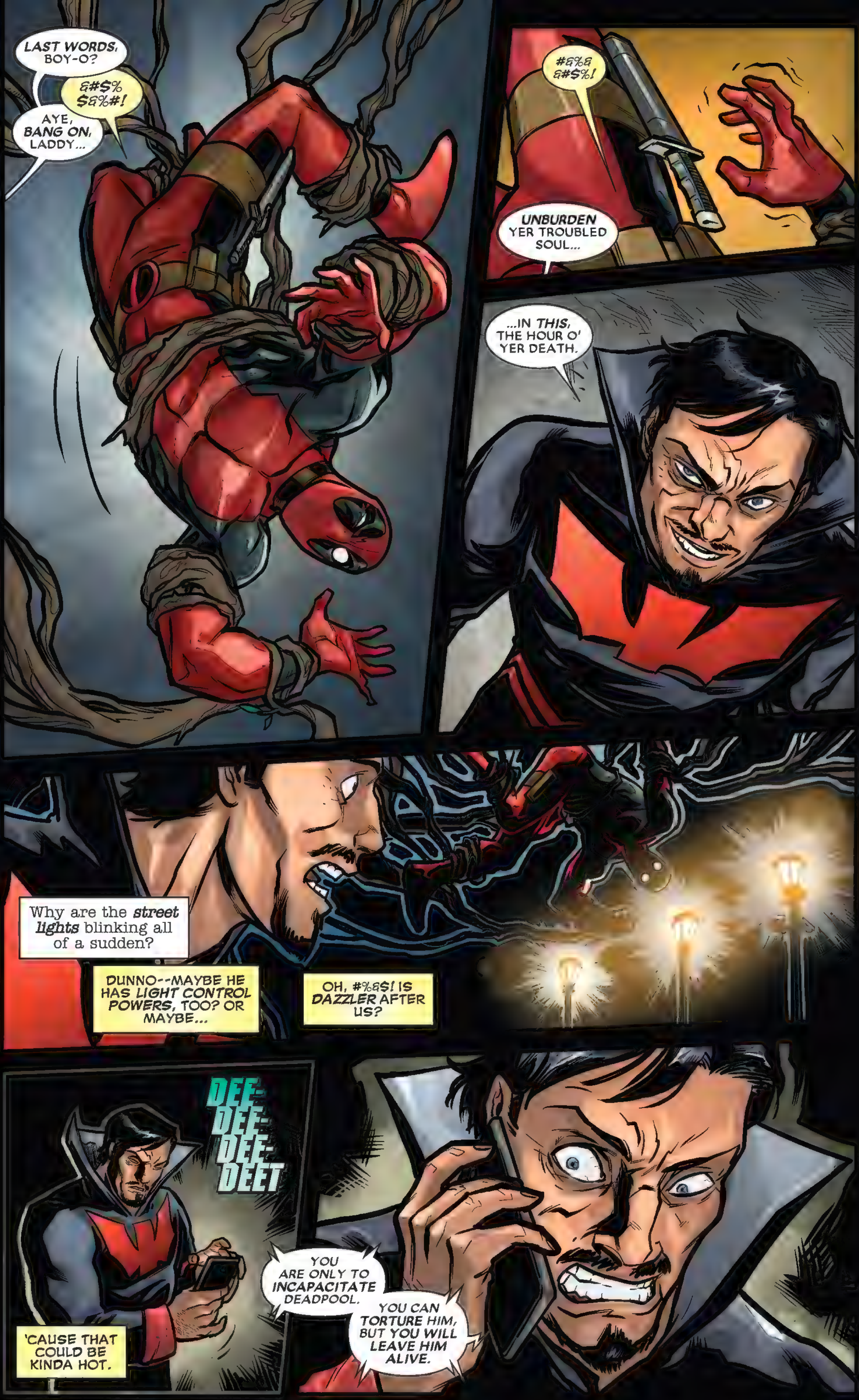

BLACKLISTED PART 2
WHY DOES THIS KEEP HAPPENING TO US?
Eslo since 1982
AMARILLO.
YOU CAN'T MISS HIM.

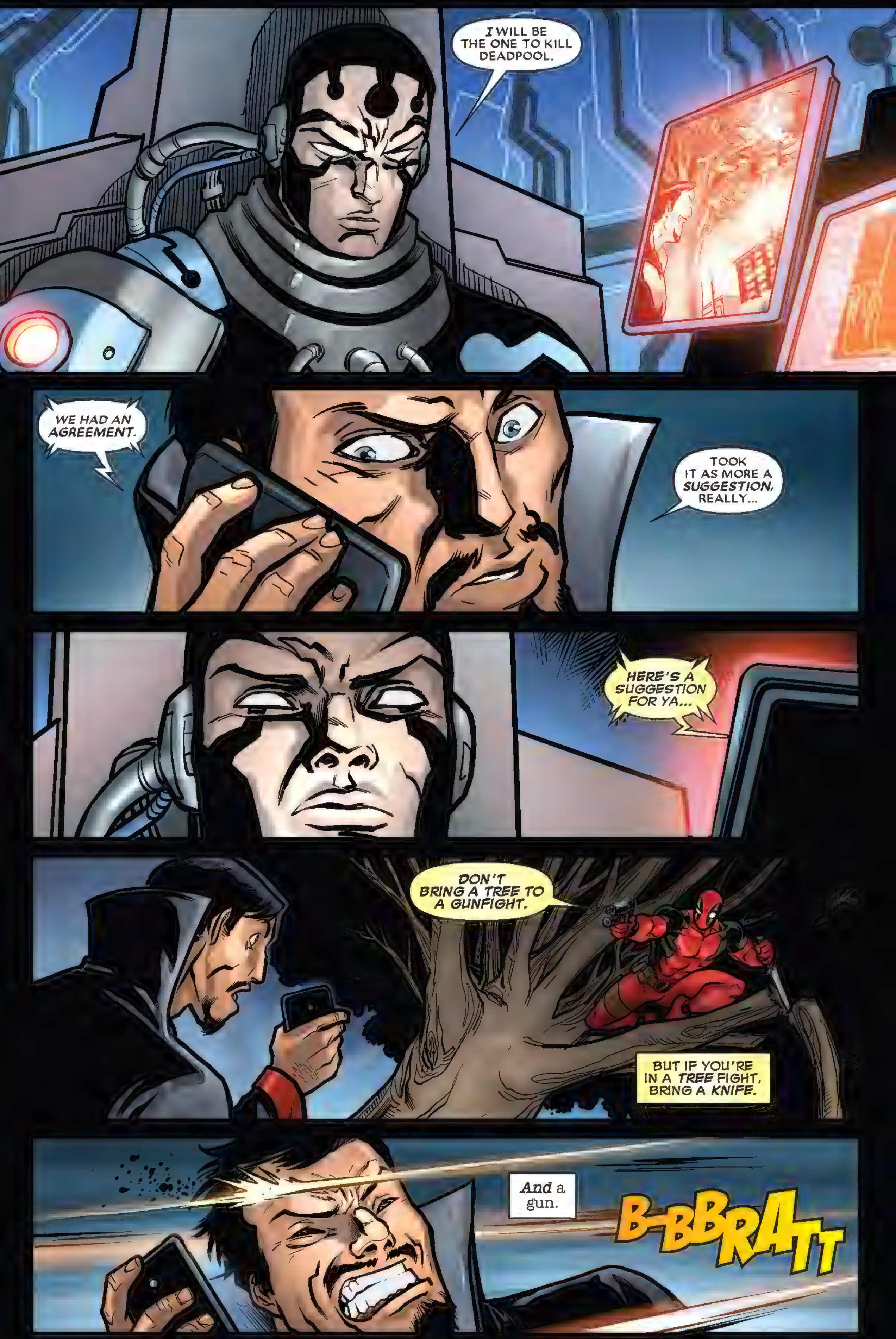

TWO DAYS EARLIER:
HA!
NYAA-NYAAH!
BOLLOCKS...

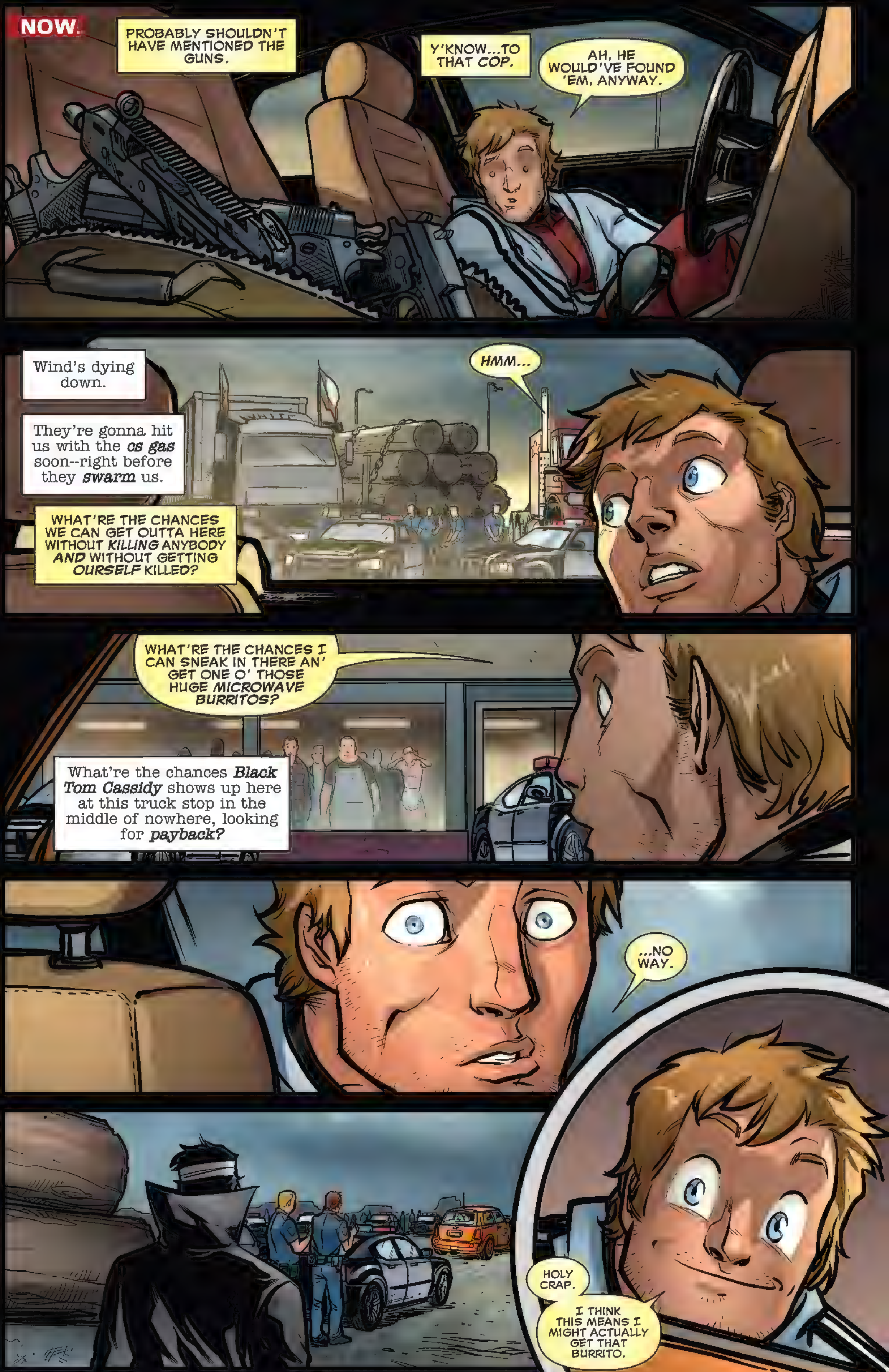

REMIND ME-- DID I STEAL YOUR LUCKY CHARMS OR SOMETHIN'?
OR IS IT JUST THAT EVERYBODY WITH THE WORD "BLACK" IN THEIR NAME IS OUT TO GET ME NOW?
BRRATT-ATT-ATT-ATT-ATT-ATT-ATT-ATT-ATT-ATT
BLACK BOX, BLACK SWAN, BLACK EYE...
KROKK
CAN'T SAY I DIDN'T WARN YOU...
WHO'S NEXT?
BLACK AXE?!
TELL YE WHAT'S NEXT, LAD...

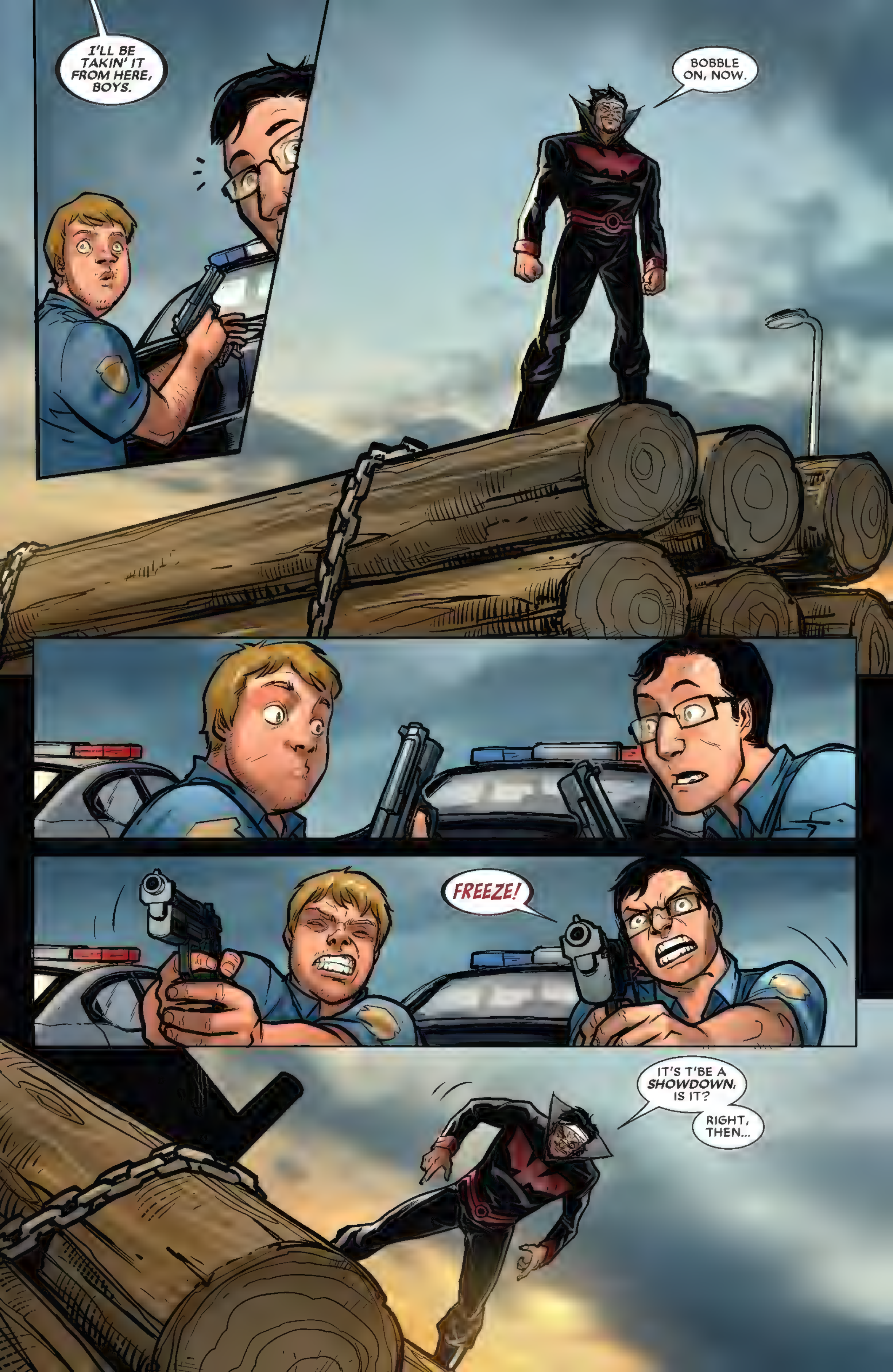

OOOH, TELL ME!
NO, WAIT!
MAKE IT A SURPRISE!
WHA--? WHERE'D MY--
KSSSSSHHHH
H-GYKK--!
LOWE
Laundry
SURPRISE.

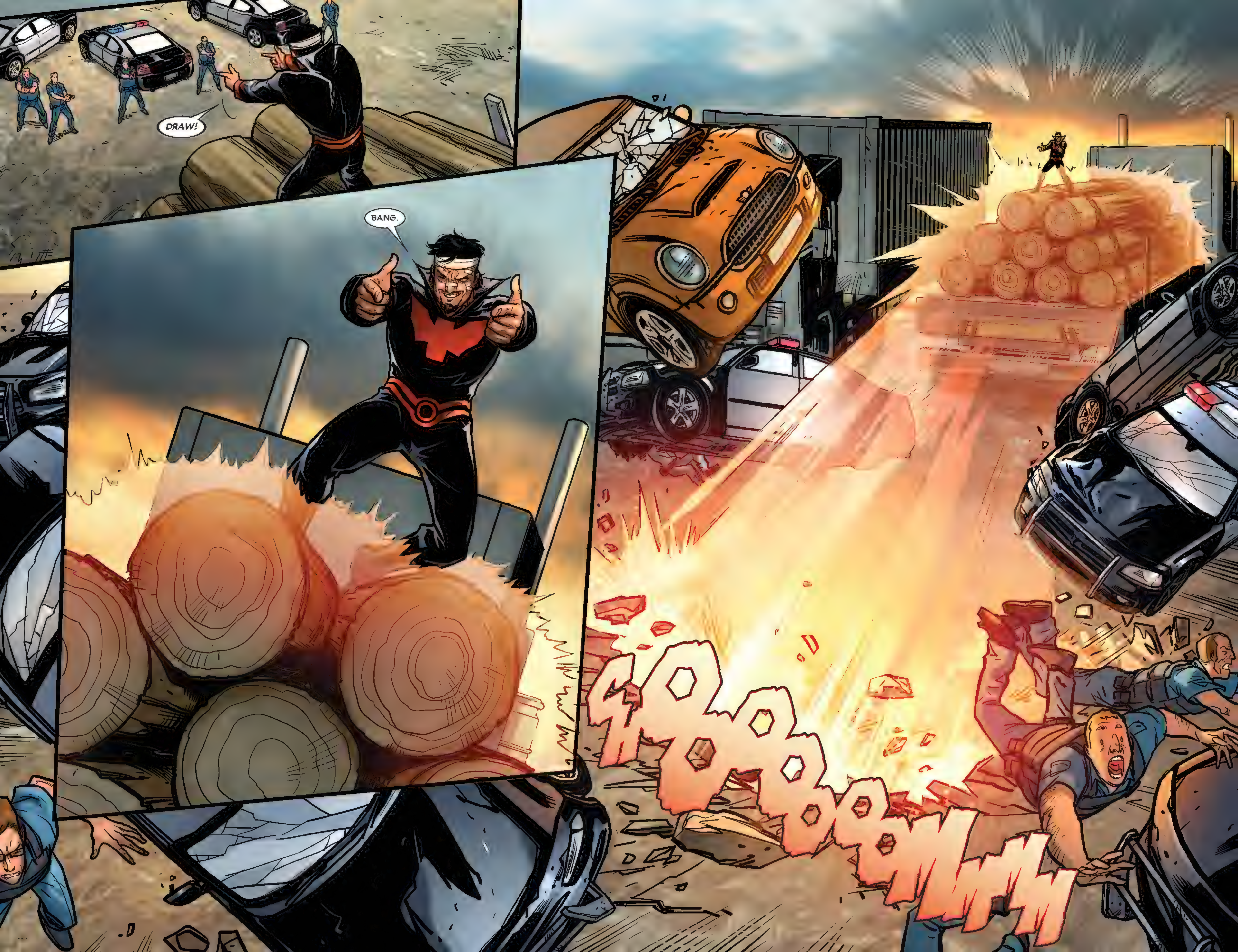

YE BLAGGARDIN' WEE *GIT*...
HE CAN STILL DO THE *PLANT CONTROL THING?!*
Thought that got retconned...

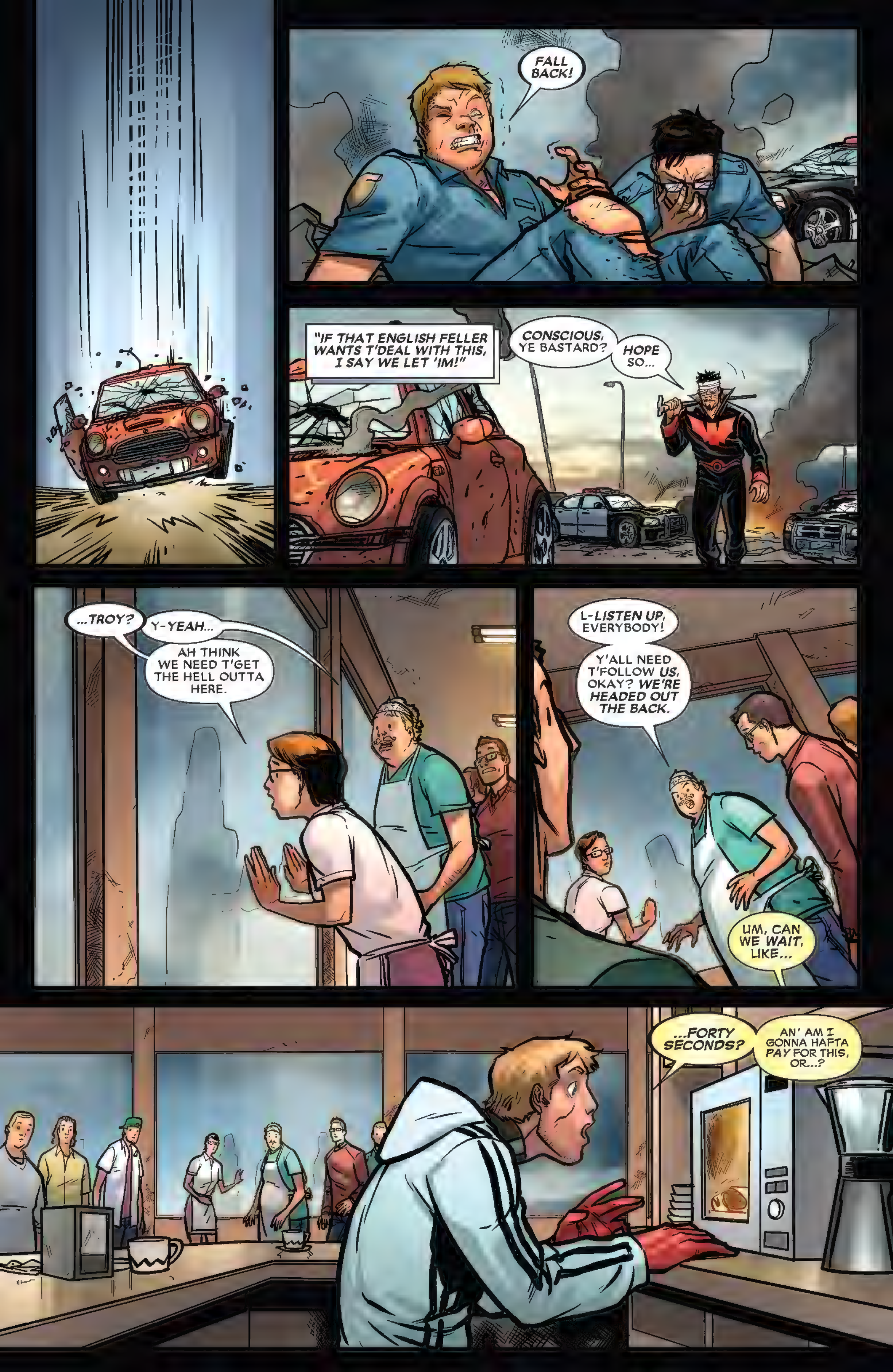

LAST WORDS, BOY-O?
&#$% $&%#!
AYE, BANG ON, LADDY...
#&%& &#$%!
UNBURDEN YER TROUBLED SOUL...
...IN THIS, THE HOUR O' YER DEATH.
Why are the street lights blinking all of a sudden?
DUNNO--MAYBE HE HAS LIGHT CONTROL POWERS, TOO? OR MAYBE...
OH, #%&$! IS DAZZLER AFTER US?
DEE-DEE-DEE-DEET
'CAUSE THAT COULD BE KINDA HOT.
YOU ARE ONLY TO INCAPACITATE DEADPOOL.
YOU CAN TORTURE HIM, BUT YOU WILL LEAVE HIM ALIVE.

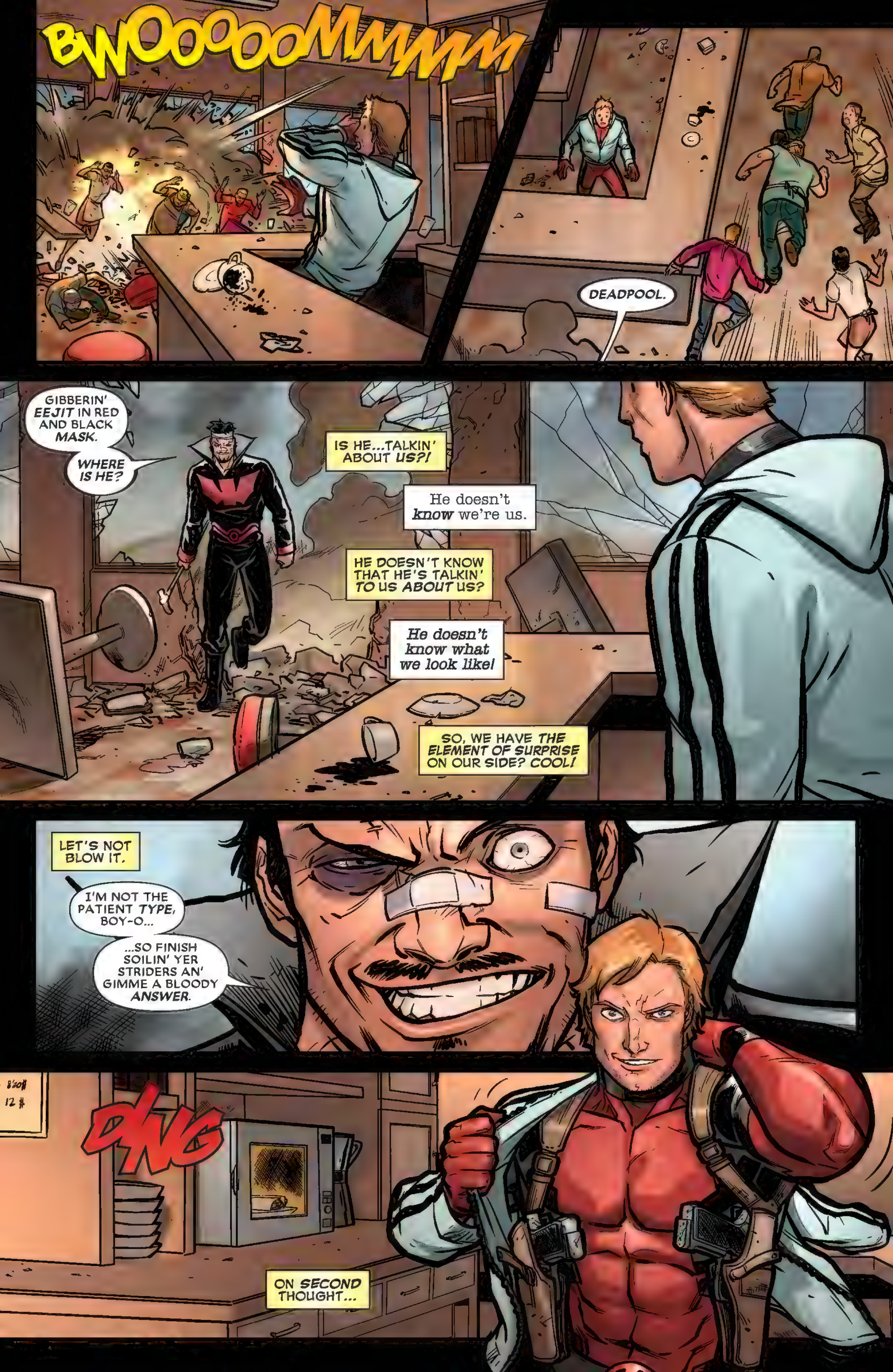

I WILL BE THE ONE TO KILL DEADPOOL.
WE HAD AN AGREEMENT.
TOOK IT AS MORE A *SUGGESTION*, REALLY...
HERE'S A SUGGESTION FOR YA...
DON'T BRING A TREE TO A GUNFIGHT.
BUT IF YOU'RE IN A *TREE* FIGHT, BRING A *KNIFE*.
And a gun.
B-BBRATT

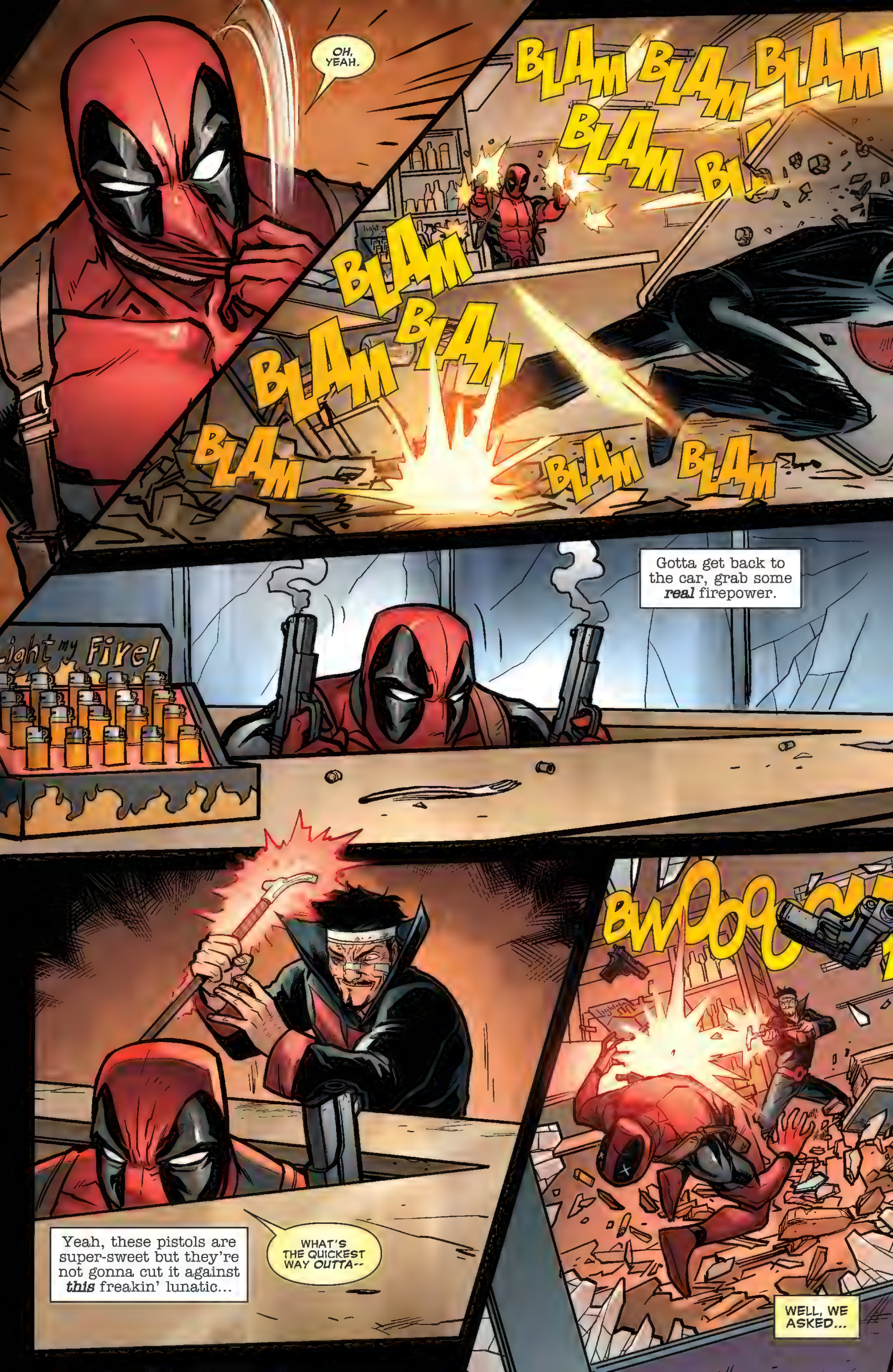

NOW.
PROBABLY SHOULDN'T HAVE MENTIONED THE GUNS.
Y'KNOW...TO THAT *COP.*
AH, HE WOULD'VE FOUND 'EM, ANYWAY.
Wind's dying down.
They're gonna hit us with the ***cs gas*** soon--right before they ***swarm*** us.
HMM...
WHAT'RE THE CHANCES WE CAN GET OUTTA HERE WITHOUT *KILLING* ANYBODY *AND* WITHOUT GETTING *OURSELF* KILLED?
WHAT'RE THE CHANCES I CAN SNEAK IN THERE AN' GET ONE O' THOSE HUGE *MICROWAVE BURRITOS?*
What're the chances ***Black Tom Cassidy*** shows up here at this truck stop in the middle of nowhere, looking for ***payback?***
...NO WAY.
HOLY CRAP.
I THINK THIS MEANS I MIGHT ACTUALLY GET THAT BURRITO.

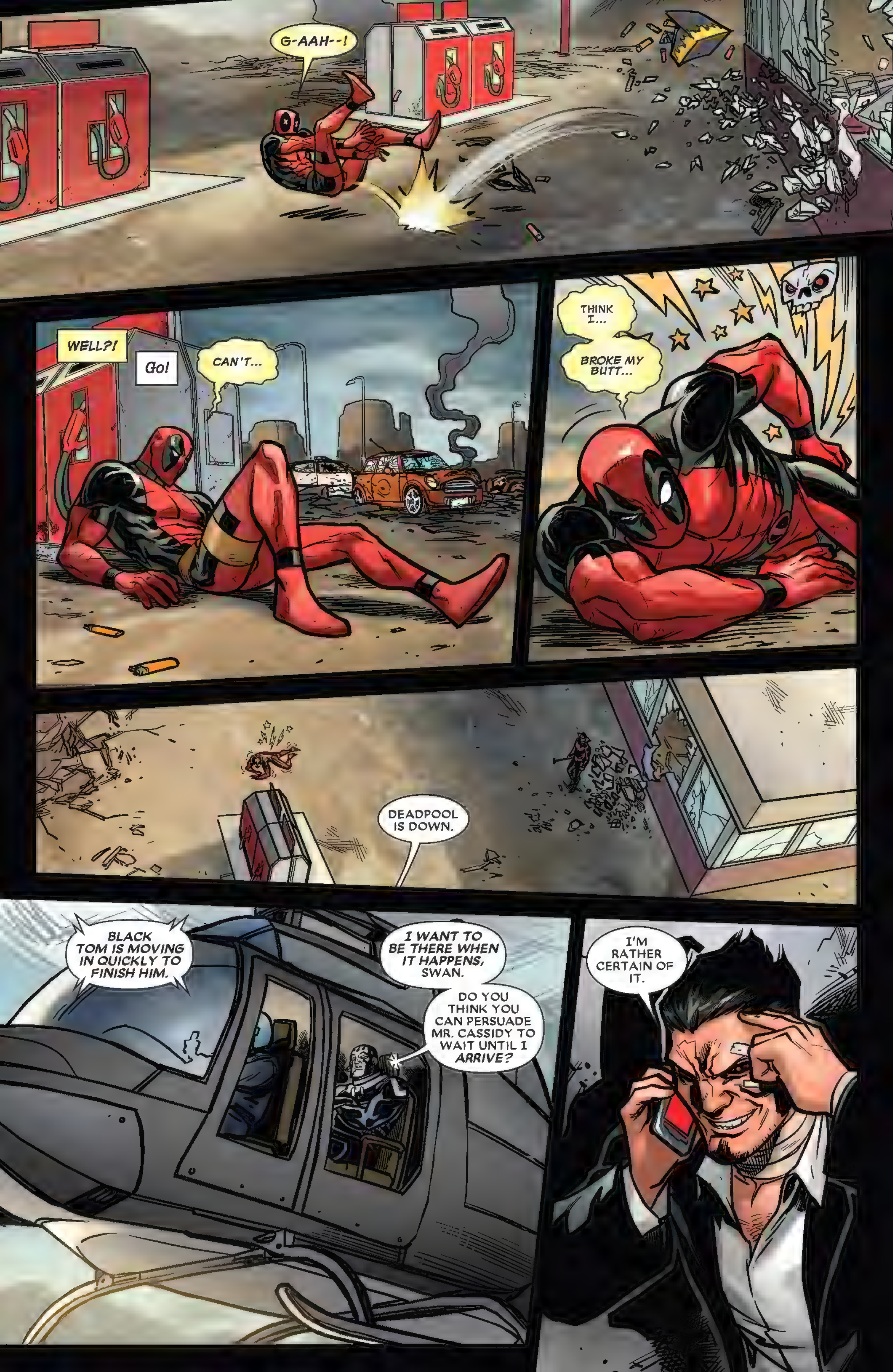

I'LL BE TAKIN' IT FROM HERE, BOYS.
BOBBLE ON, NOW.
FREEZE!
IT'S T'BE A SHOWDOWN, IS IT?
RIGHT, THEN...

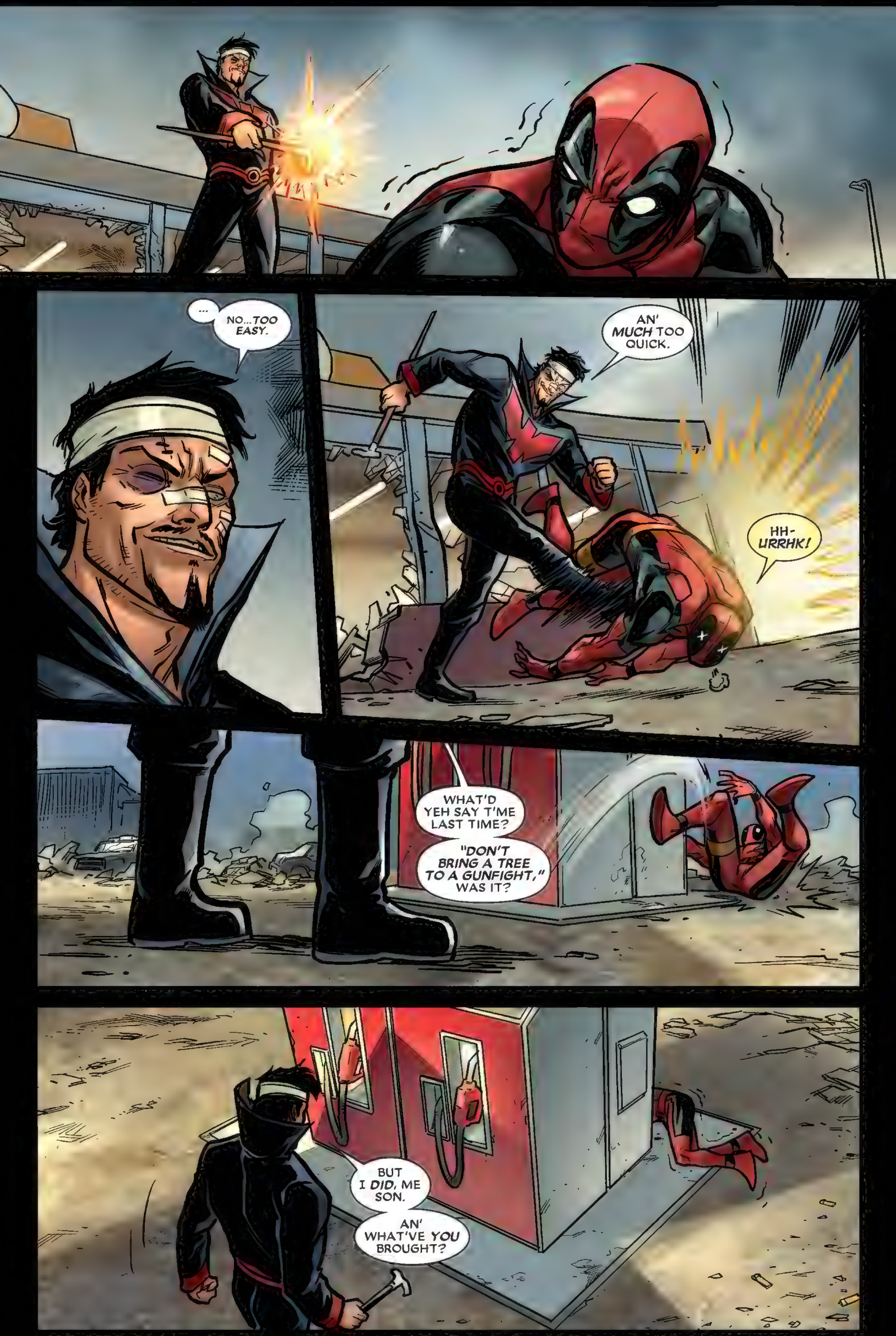

DRAW!
BANG.
SHOOOOOOOMMMM

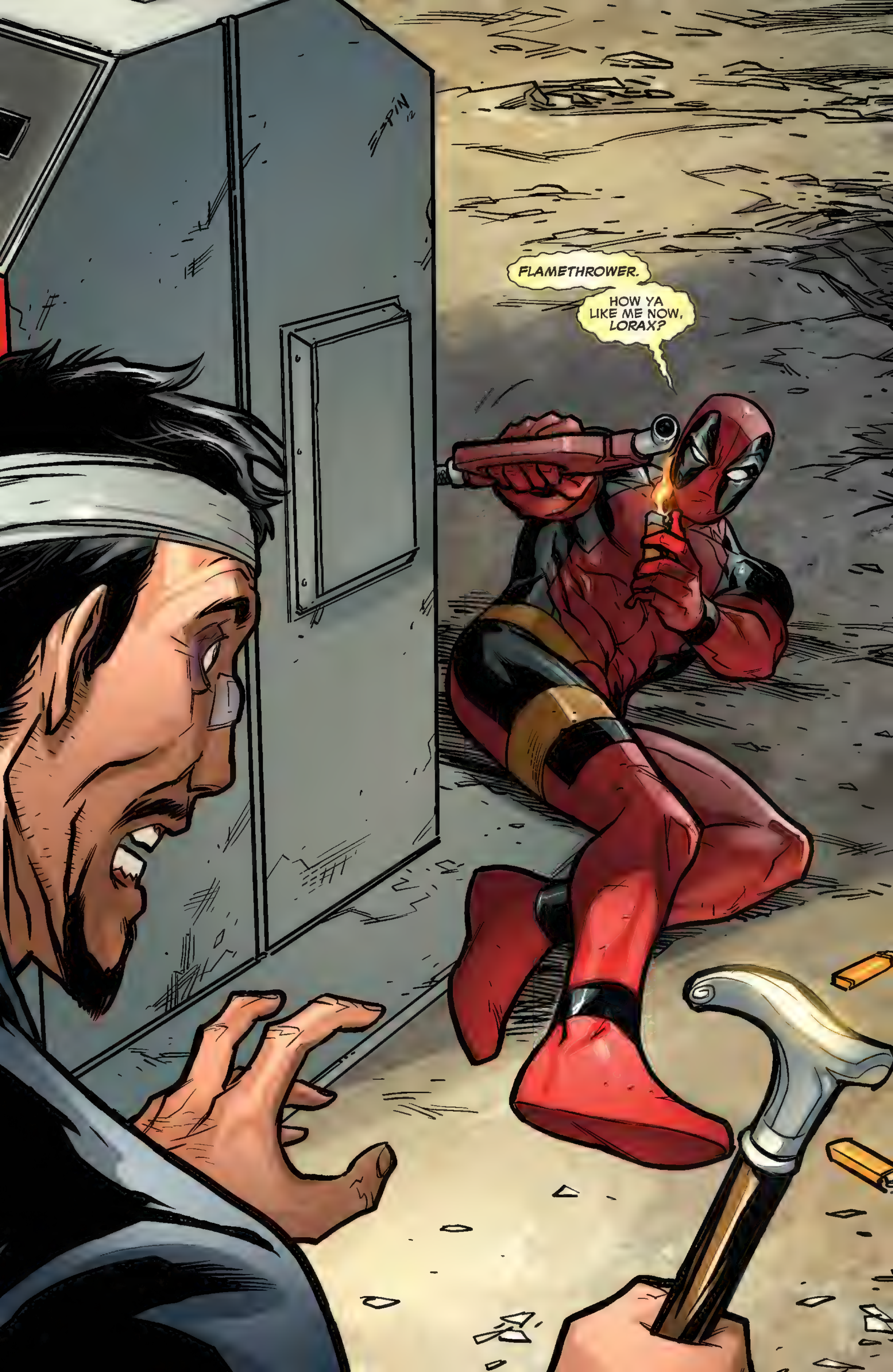

FALL BACK!
"IF THAT ENGLISH FELLER WANTS T'DEAL WITH THIS, I SAY WE LET 'IM!"
CONSCIOUS, YE BASTARD?
HOPE SO...
...TROY?
Y-YEAH...
AH THINK WE NEED T'GET THE HELL OUTTA HERE.
L-LISTEN UP, EVERYBODY!
Y'ALL NEED T'FOLLOW US, OKAY? WE'RE HEADED OUT THE BACK.
UM, CAN WE WAIT, LIKE...
...FORTY SECONDS?
AN' AM I GONNA HAFTA PAY FOR THIS, OR...?


BWOOOOOMMMM
DEADPOOL.
GIBBERIN' EEJIT IN RED AND BLACK MASK.
WHERE IS HE?
IS HE...TALKIN' ABOUT US?!
He doesn't know we're us.
HE DOESN'T KNOW THAT HE'S TALKIN' TO US ABOUT US?
He doesn't know what we look like!
SO, WE HAVE THE ELEMENT OF SURPRISE ON OUR SIDE? COOL!
LET'S NOT BLOW IT.
I'M NOT THE PATIENT TYPE, BOY-O...
...SO FINISH SOILIN' YER STRIDERS AN' GIMME A BLOODY ANSWER.
DING
ON SECOND THOUGHT...

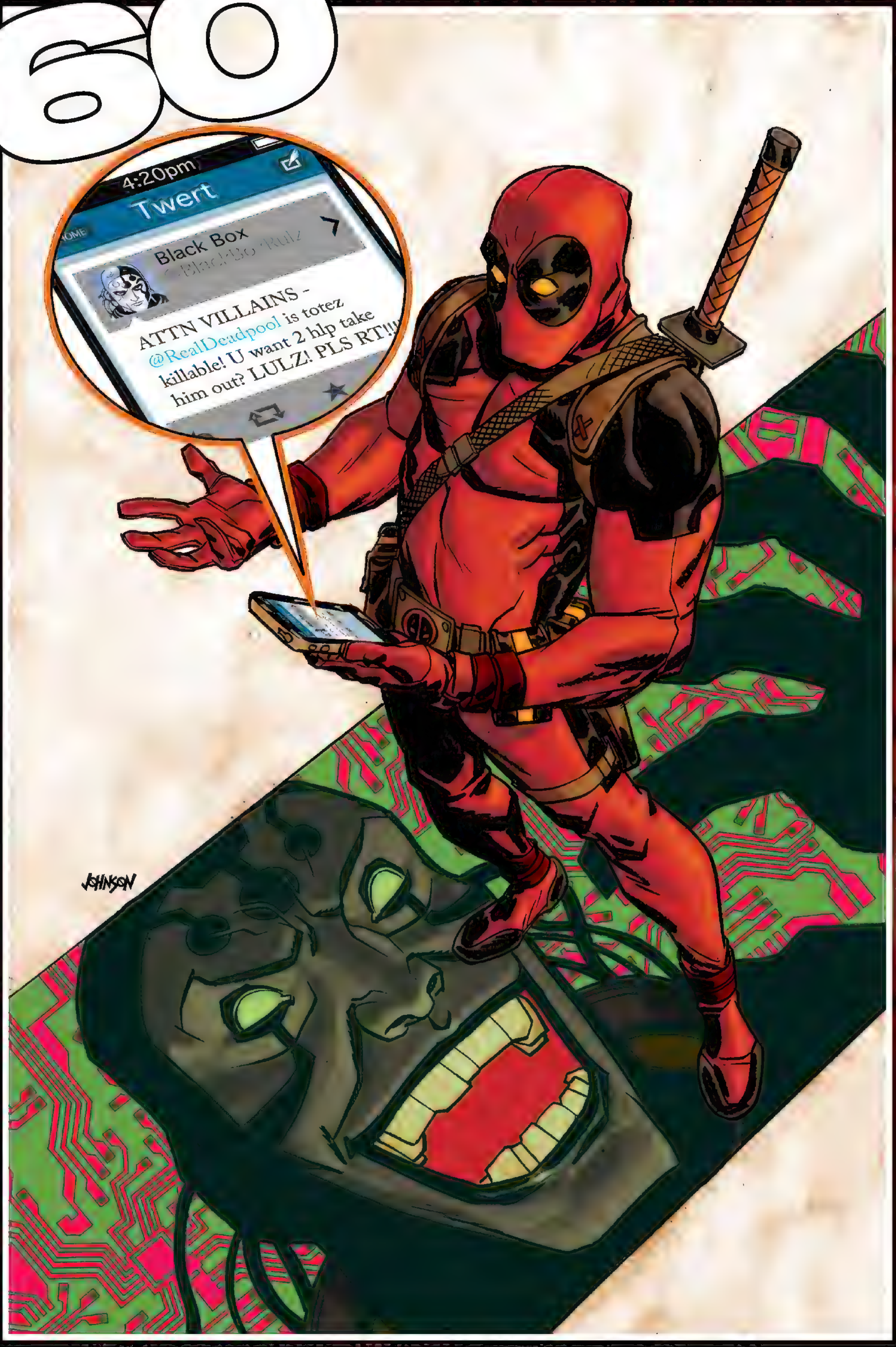

OH, YEAH.
BLAM BLAM BLAM
BLAM
BL
BLAM
BLAM BLAM
BLAM
BLAM BLAM
Gotta get back to the car, grab some *real* firepower.
Light my Fire!
Yeah, these pistols are super-sweet but they're not gonna cut it against *this* freakin' lunatic...
WHAT'S THE QUICKEST WAY *OUTTA*--
BWOOO
WELL, WE ASKED...

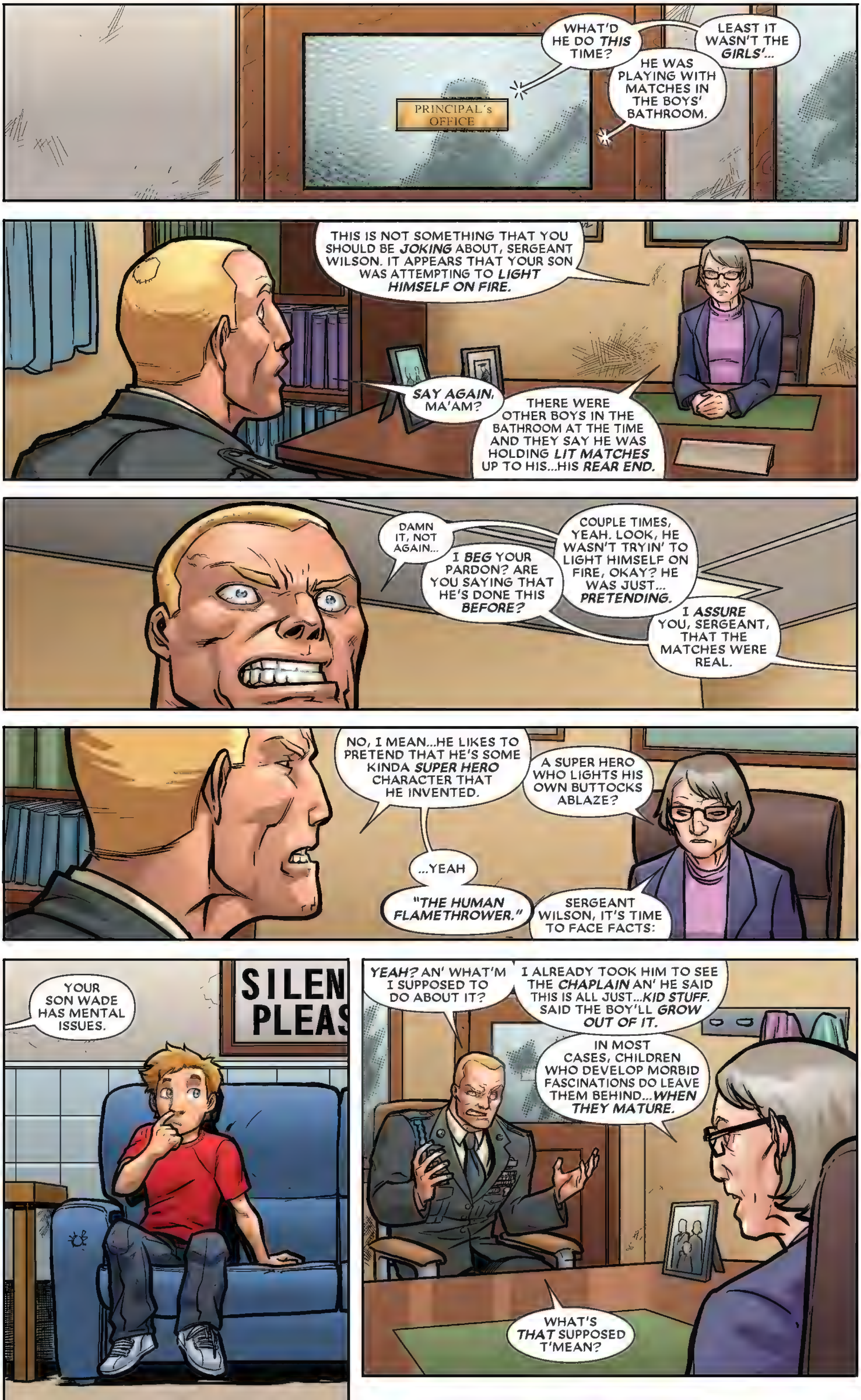

G-AAH--!
WELL?!
Go!
CAN'T...
THINK I...
BROKE MY BUTT...
DEADPOOL IS DOWN.
BLACK TOM IS MOVING IN QUICKLY TO FINISH HIM.
I WANT TO BE THERE WHEN IT HAPPENS, SWAN.
DO YOU THINK YOU CAN PERSUADE MR. CASSIDY TO WAIT UNTIL I *ARRIVE?*
I'M RATHER CERTAIN OF IT.

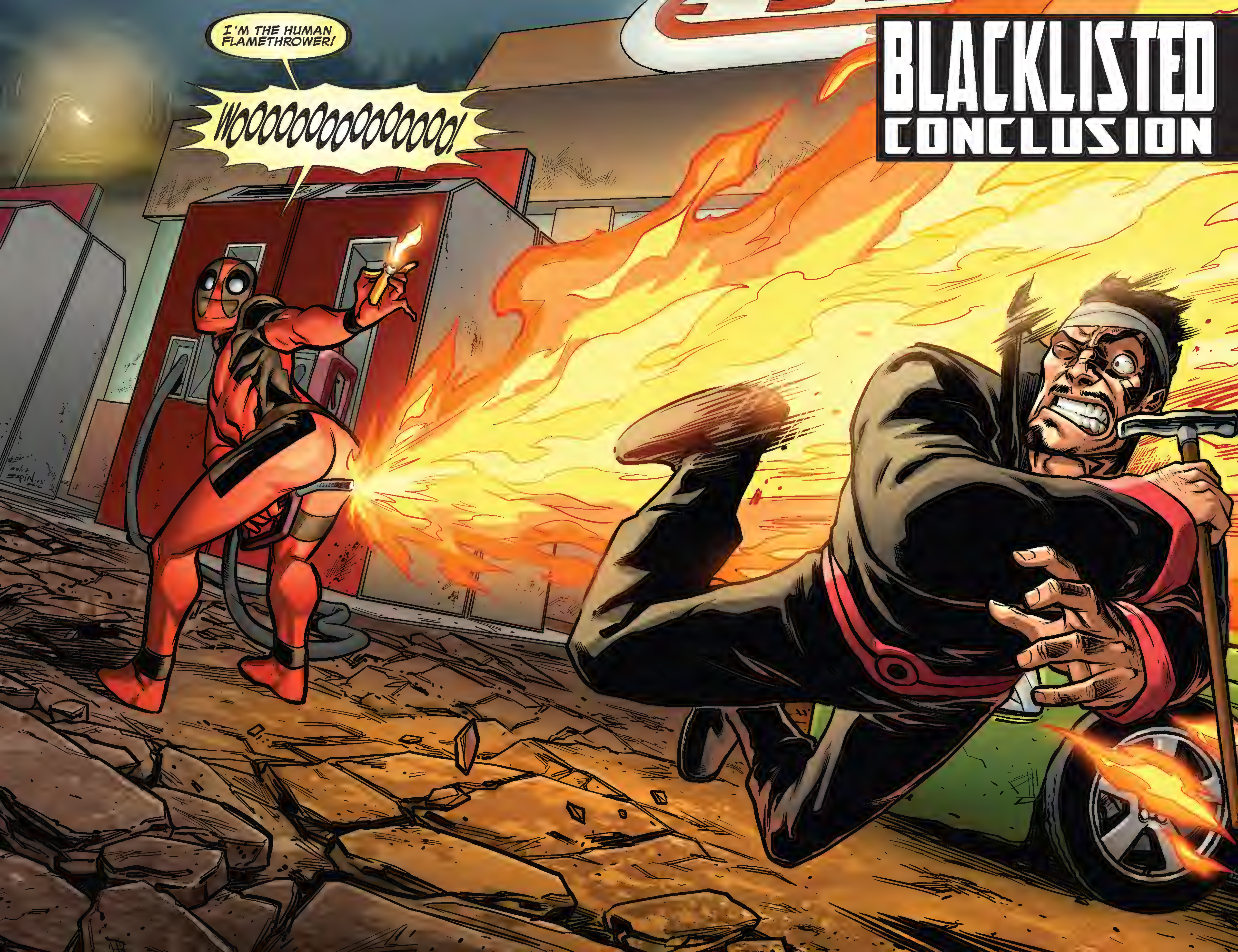

...
NO...TOO EASY.
AN' MUCH TOO QUICK.
HH-URRHK!
WHAT'D YEH SAY T'ME LAST TIME?
"DON'T BRING A TREE TO A GUNFIGHT," WAS IT?
BUT I DID, ME SON.
AN' WHAT'VE YOU BROUGHT?

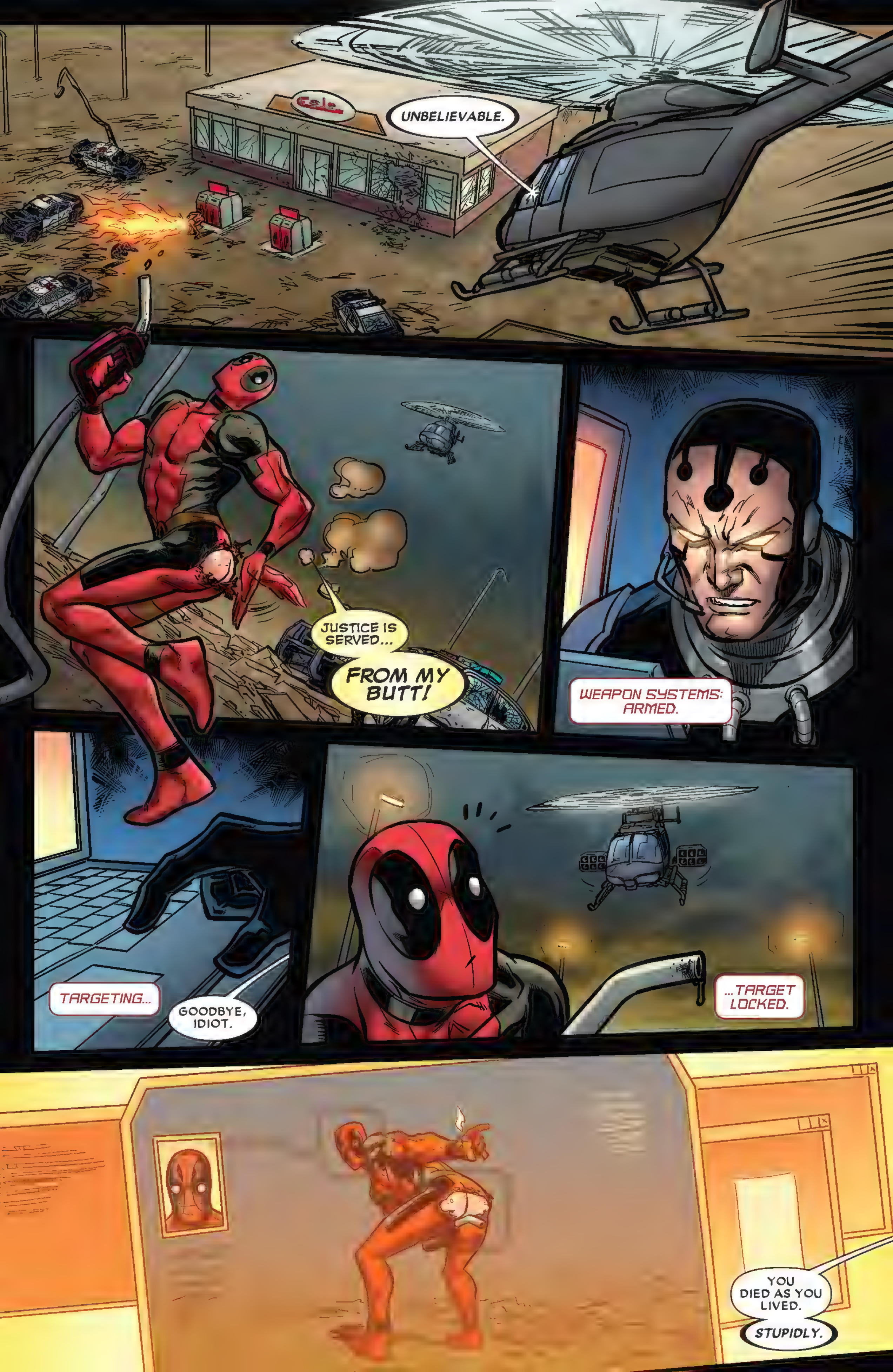

ESPIN 12
FLAMETHROWER.
HOW YA LIKE ME NOW, LORAX?

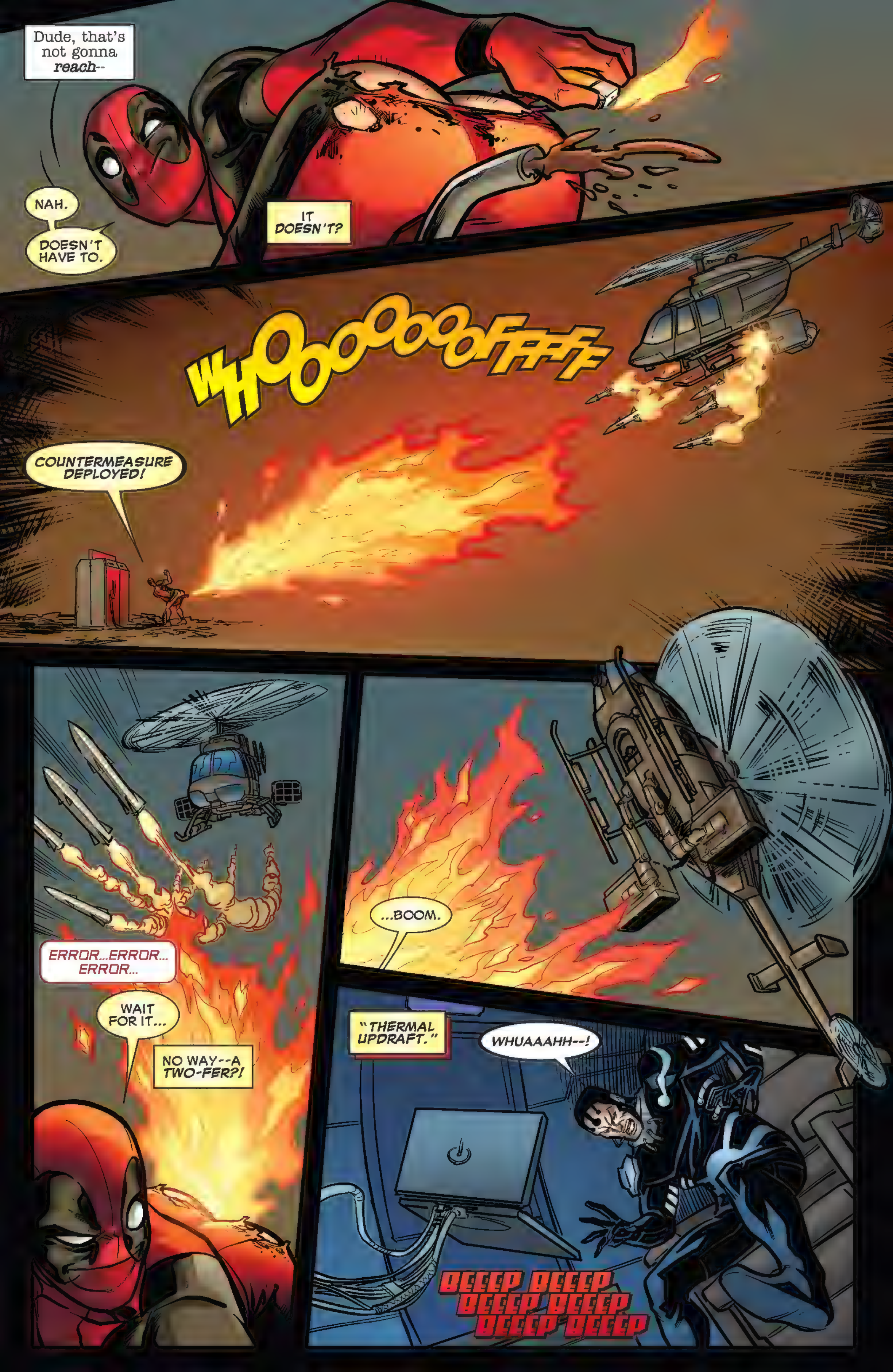
60

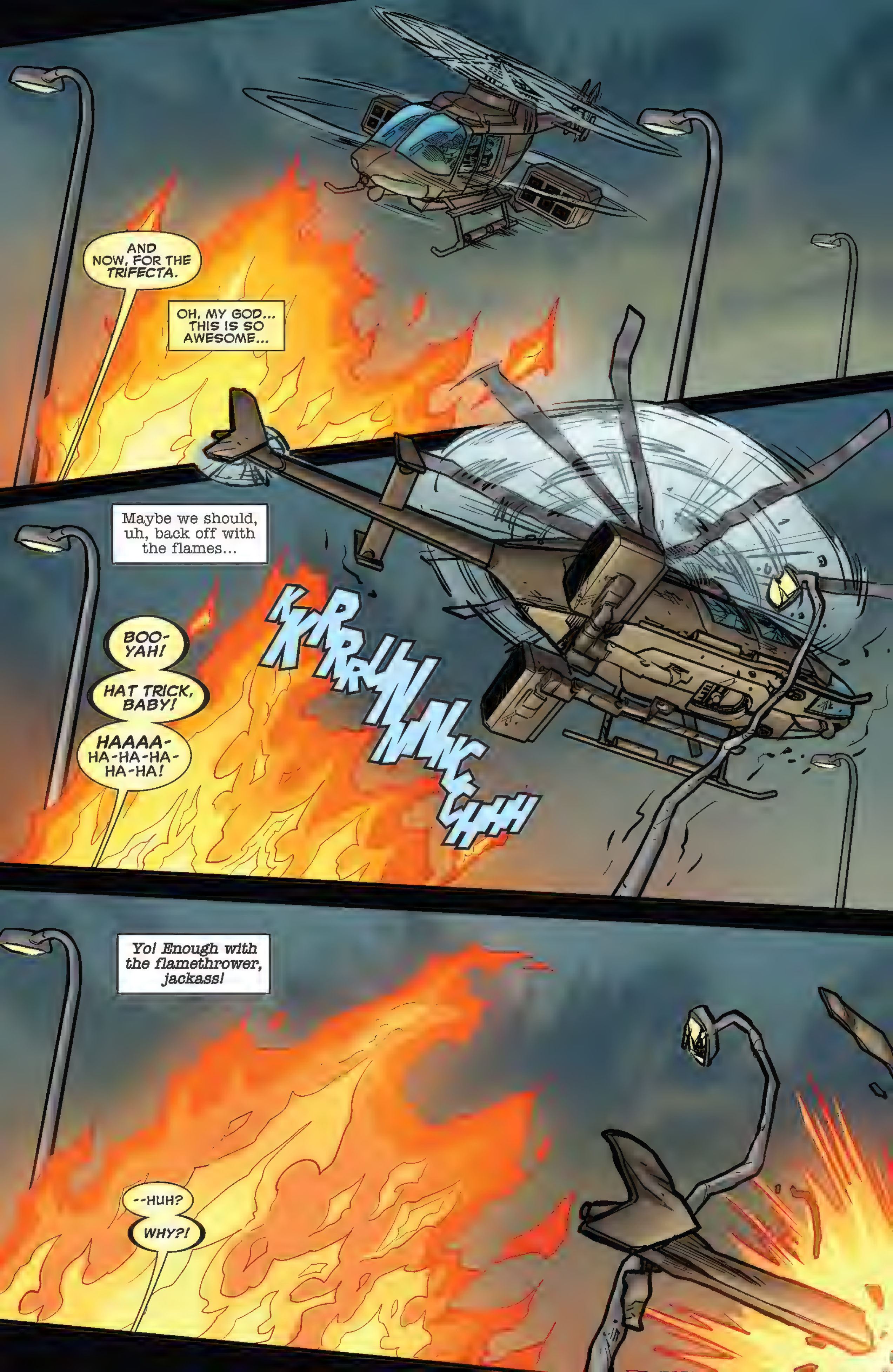

4:20pm
Twert
HOME
Black Box
@BlackBoxRulz
ATTN VILLAINS - @RealDeadpool is totez killable! U want 2 hlp take him out? LULZ! PLS RT!!
JOHNSON

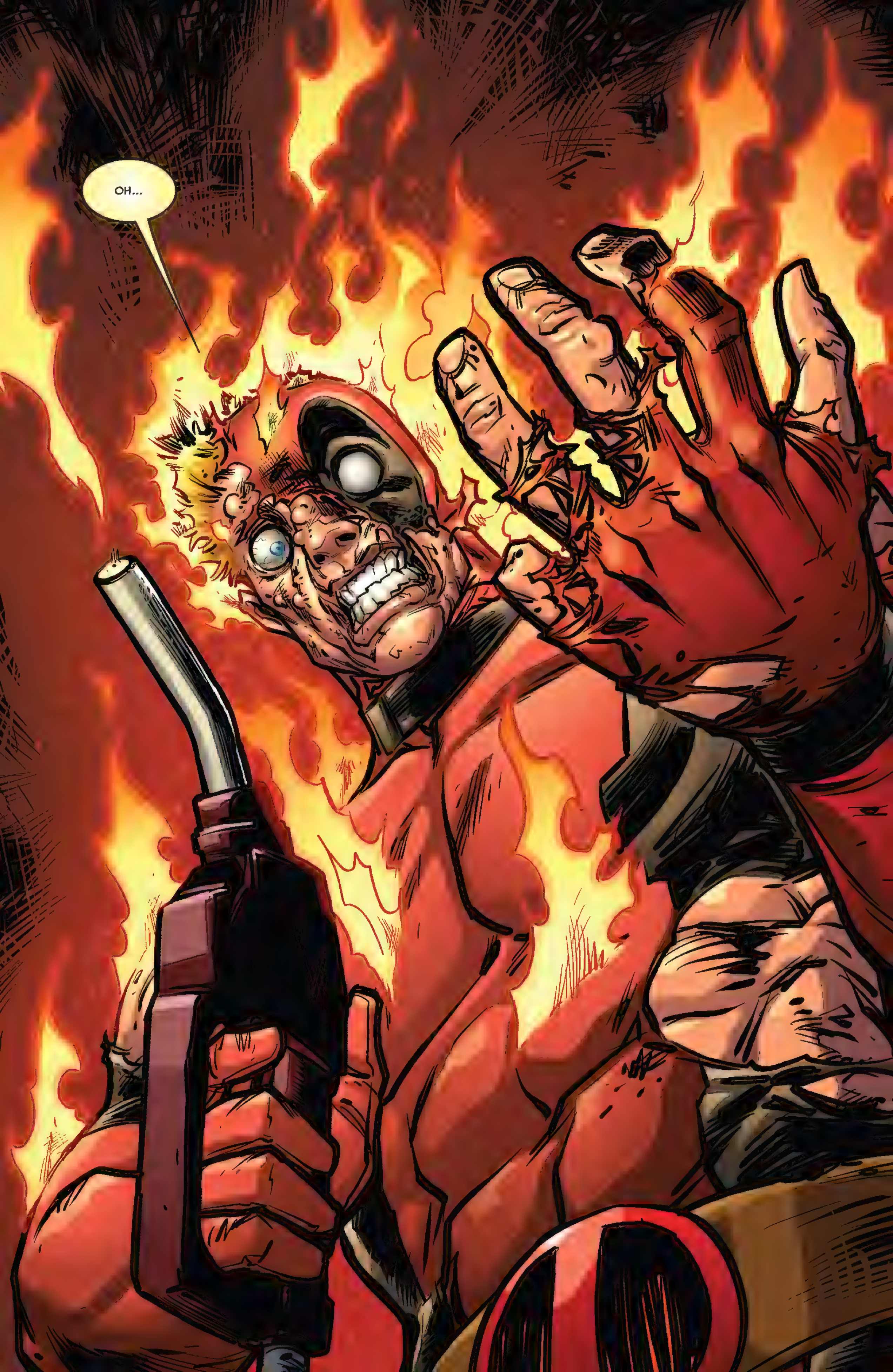

PRINCIPAL's OFFICE
WHAT'D HE DO THIS TIME?
HE WAS PLAYING WITH MATCHES IN THE BOYS' BATHROOM.
LEAST IT WASN'T THE GIRLS'...
THIS IS NOT SOMETHING THAT YOU SHOULD BE JOKING ABOUT, SERGEANT WILSON. IT APPEARS THAT YOUR SON WAS ATTEMPTING TO LIGHT HIMSELF ON FIRE.
SAY AGAIN, MA'AM?
THERE WERE OTHER BOYS IN THE BATHROOM AT THE TIME AND THEY SAY HE WAS HOLDING LIT MATCHES UP TO HIS...HIS REAR END.
DAMN IT, NOT AGAIN...
I BEG YOUR PARDON? ARE YOU SAYING THAT HE'S DONE THIS BEFORE?
COUPLE TIMES, YEAH. LOOK, HE WASN'T TRYIN' TO LIGHT HIMSELF ON FIRE, OKAY? HE WAS JUST... PRETENDING.
I ASSURE YOU, SERGEANT, THAT THE MATCHES WERE REAL.
NO, I MEAN...HE LIKES TO PRETEND THAT HE'S SOME KINDA SUPER HERO CHARACTER THAT HE INVENTED.
A SUPER HERO WHO LIGHTS HIS OWN BUTTOCKS ABLAZE?
...YEAH
"THE HUMAN FLAMETHROWER."
SERGEANT WILSON, IT'S TIME TO FACE FACTS:
SILEN PLEAS
YOUR SON WADE HAS MENTAL ISSUES.
YEAH? AN' WHAT'M I SUPPOSED TO DO ABOUT IT?
I ALREADY TOOK HIM TO SEE THE CHAPLAIN AN' HE SAID THIS IS ALL JUST...KID STUFF. SAID THE BOY'LL GROW OUT OF IT.
IN MOST CASES, CHILDREN WHO DEVELOP MORBID FASCINATIONS DO LEAVE THEM BEHIND...WHEN THEY MATURE.
WHAT'S THAT SUPPOSED T'MEAN?

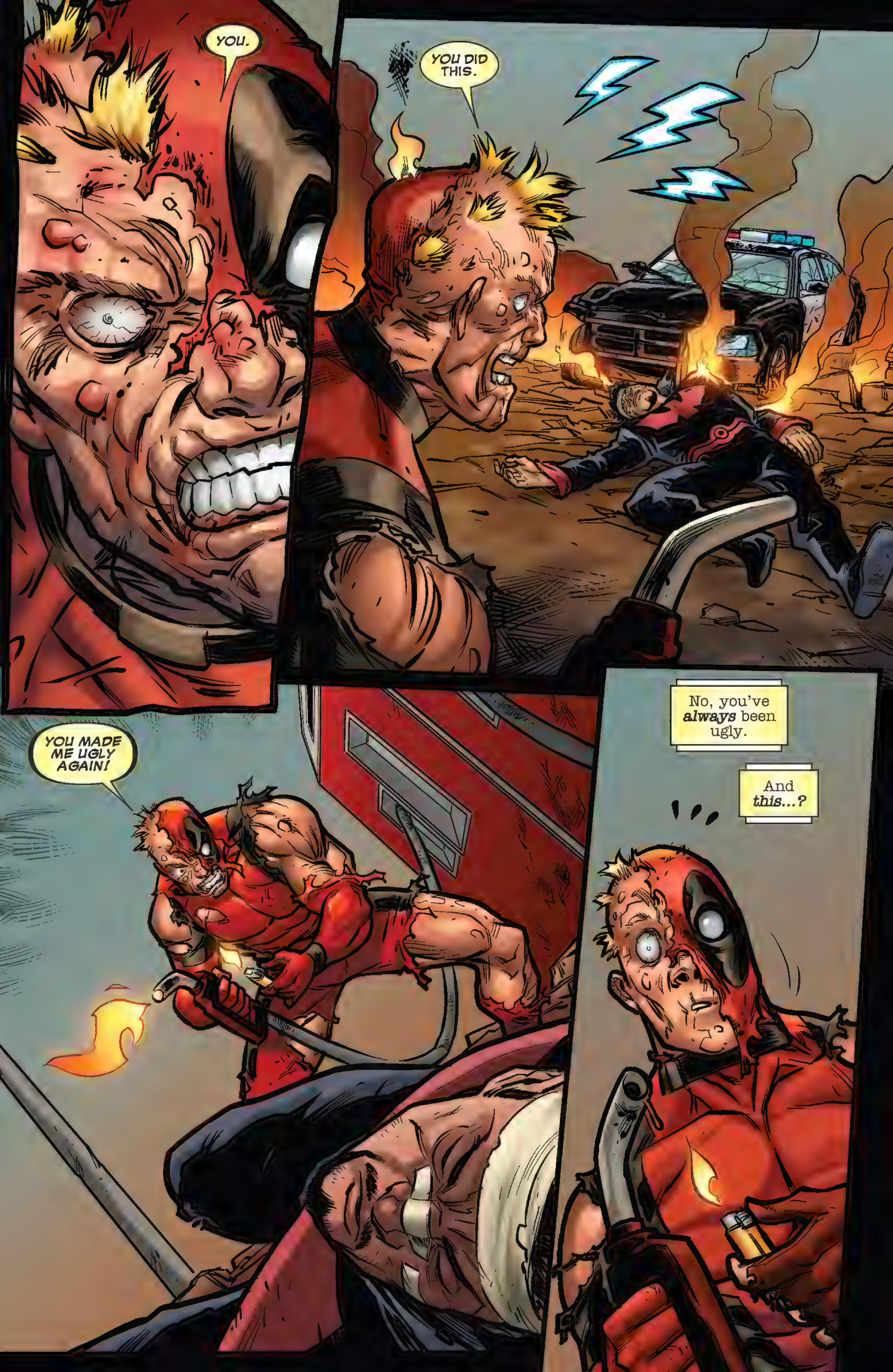

BLACKLISTED CONCLUSION
I'M THE HUMAN FLAMETHROWER!
WOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

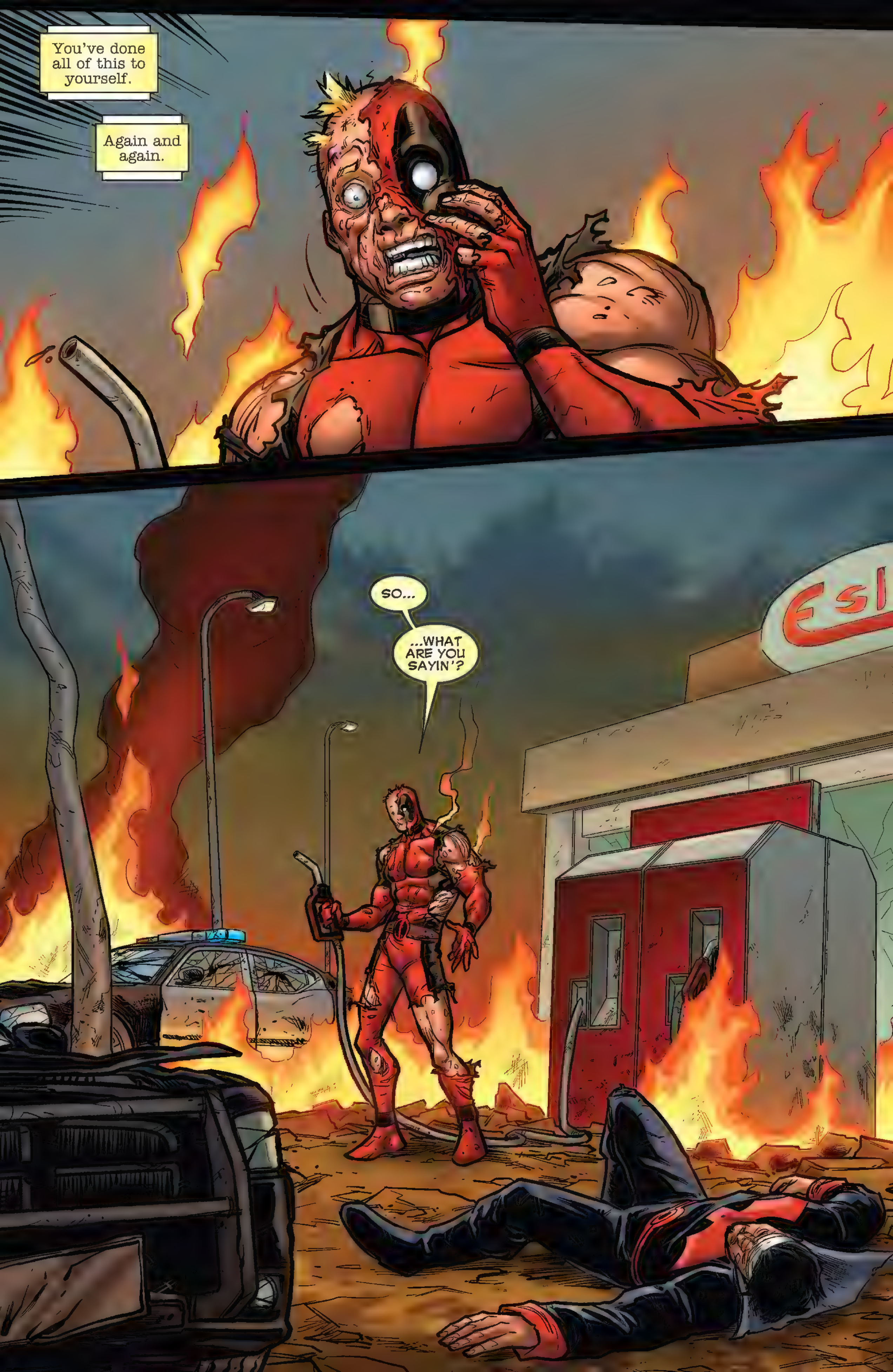

UNBELIEVABLE.
JUSTICE IS SERVED...
FROM MY BUTT!
WEAPON SYSTEMS: ARMED.
TARGETING...
GOODBYE, IDIOT.
...TARGET LOCKED.
YOU DIED AS YOU LIVED.
STUPIDLY.

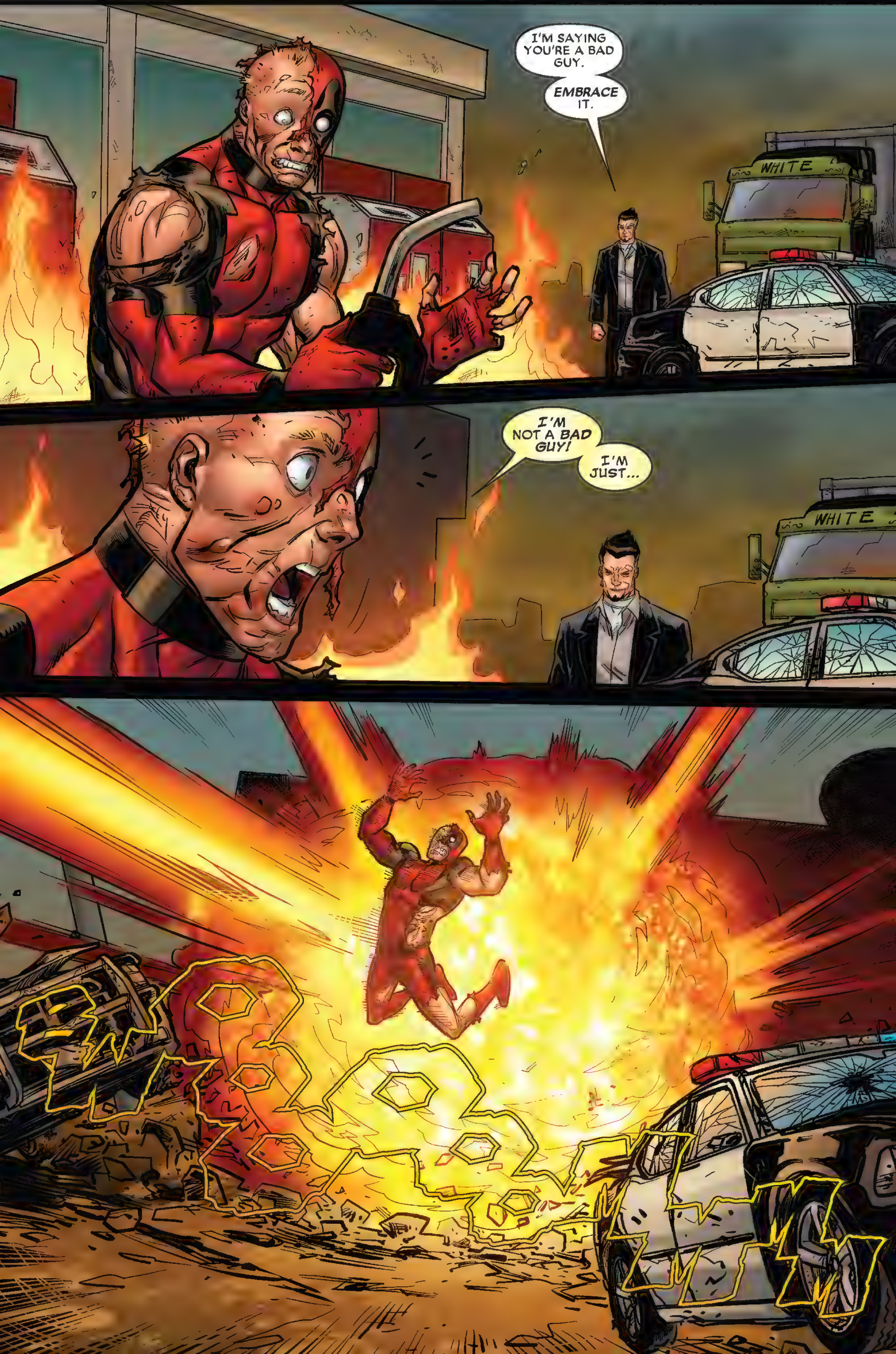

Dude, that's not gonna *reach*--
NAH.
DOESN'T HAVE TO.
IT DOESN'T?
WHOOOOOOOFFFFF
COUNTERMEASURE DEPLOYED!
ERROR...ERROR... ERROR...
WAIT FOR IT...
NO WAY--A TWO-FER?!
...BOOM.
"THERMAL UPDRAFT."
WHUAAAHH--!
BEEEP BEEEP BEEEP BEEEP BEEEP BEEEP


AND NOW, FOR THE *TRIFECTA.*
OH, MY GOD... THIS IS SO AWESOME...
Maybe we should, uh, back off with the flames...
KXRRRUNNNCHHH
BOO-YAH!
HAT TRICK, BABY!
HAAAA-HA-HA-HA-HA-HA!
Yo! Enough with the flamethrower, jackass!
--HUH?
WHY?!

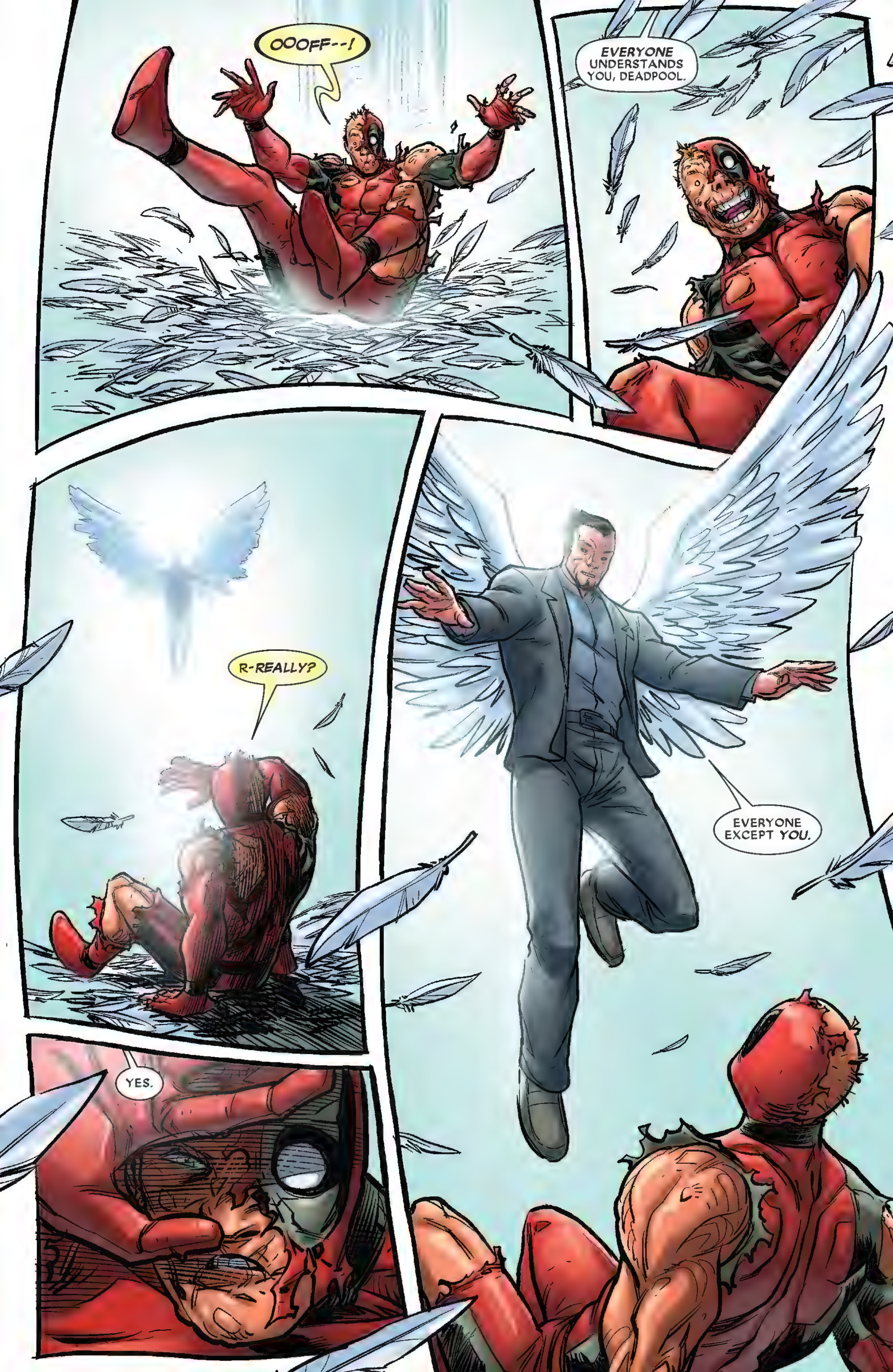

OH...

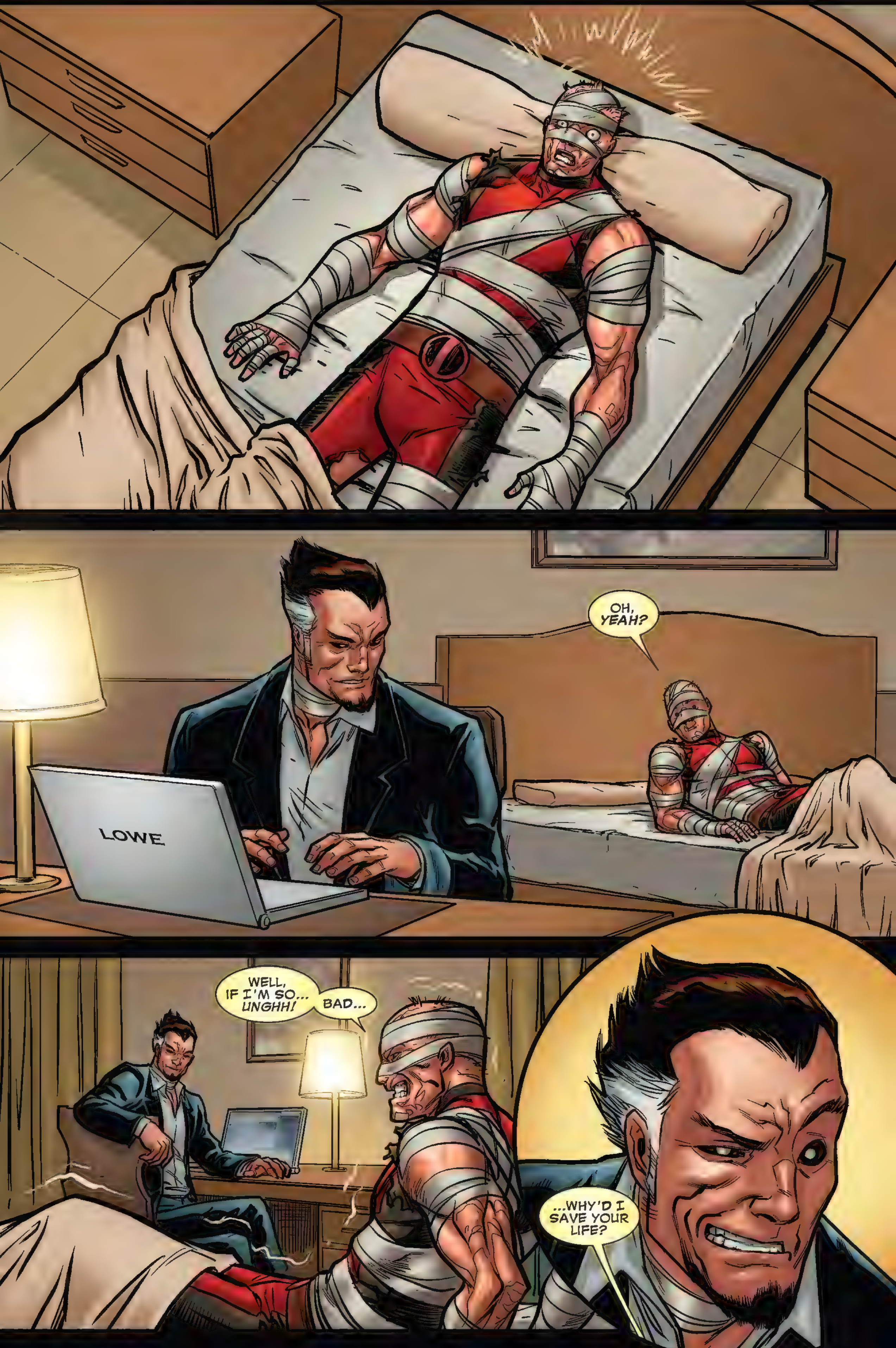

YOU.
YOU DID THIS.
YOU MADE ME UGLY AGAIN!
No, you've *always* been ugly.
And *this*...?

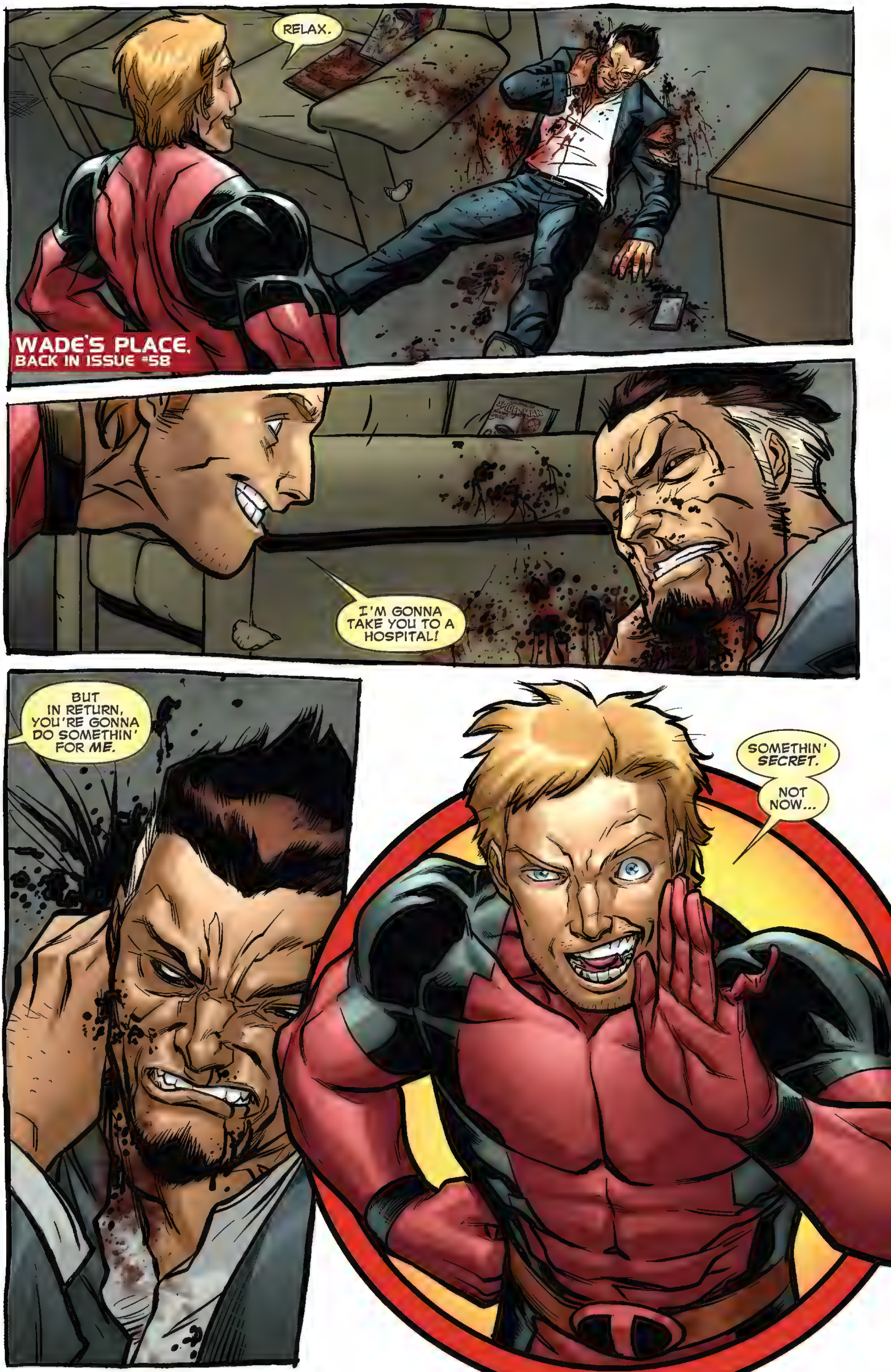

You've done all of this to yourself.
Again and again.
SO...
...WHAT ARE YOU SAYIN'?

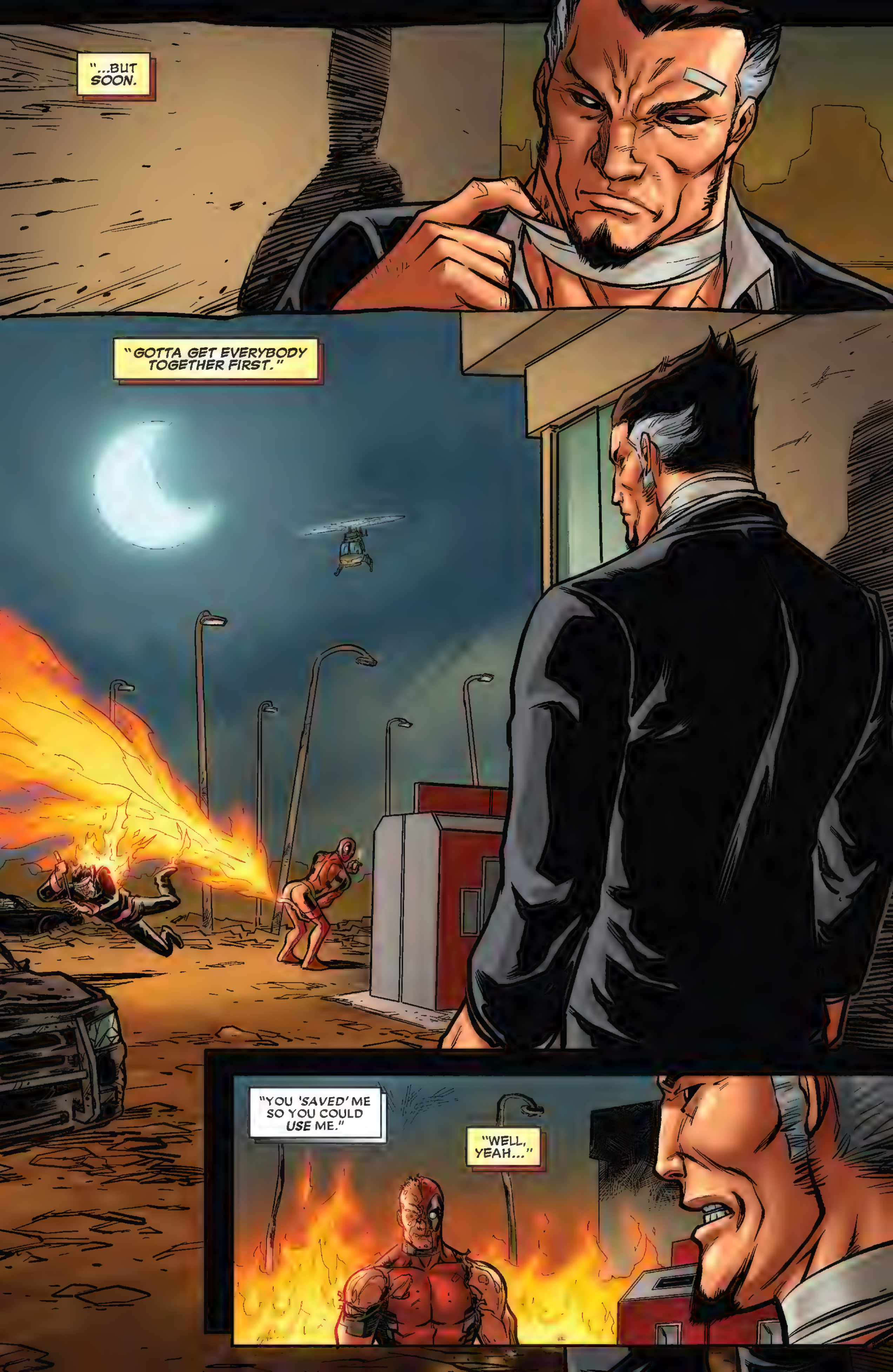

I'M SAYING YOU'RE A BAD GUY.
EMBRACE IT.
WHITE
I'M NOT A BAD GUY!
I'M JUST...
WHITE
FWOOOOM

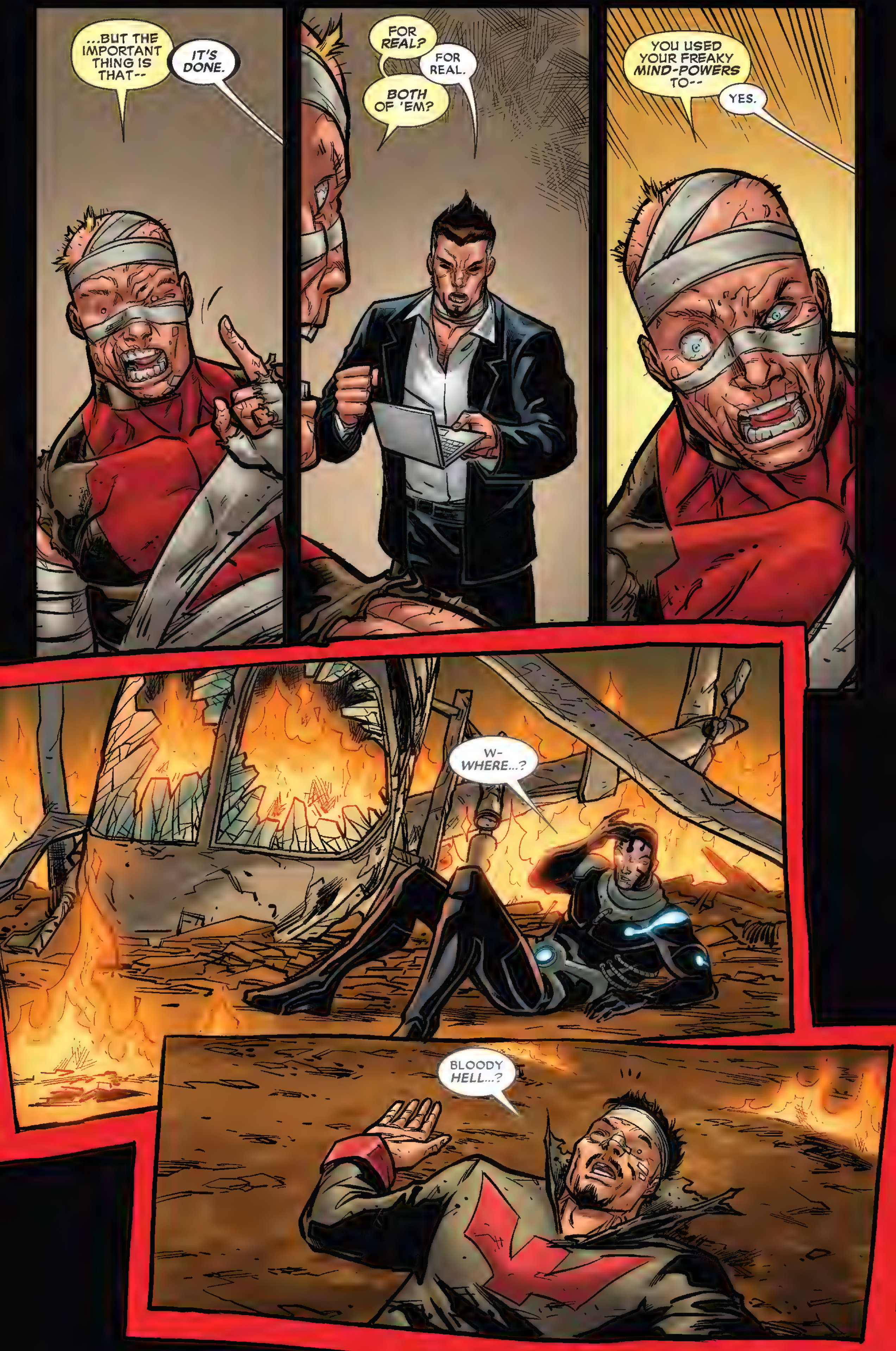
...MISUNDERSTOOD!

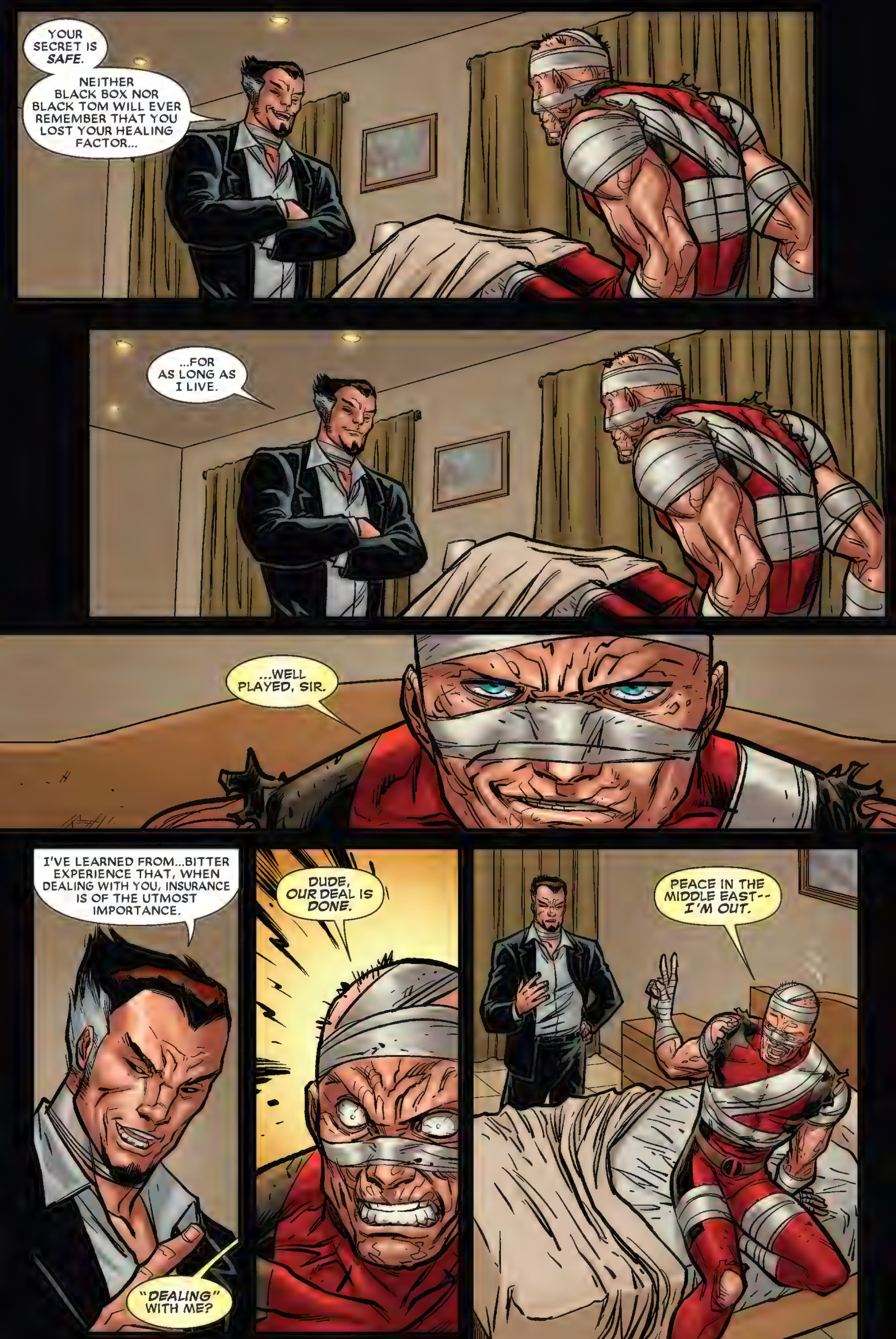

OOOFF--!
EVERYONE UNDERSTANDS YOU, DEADPOOL.
R-REALLY?
EVERYONE EXCEPT YOU.
YES.

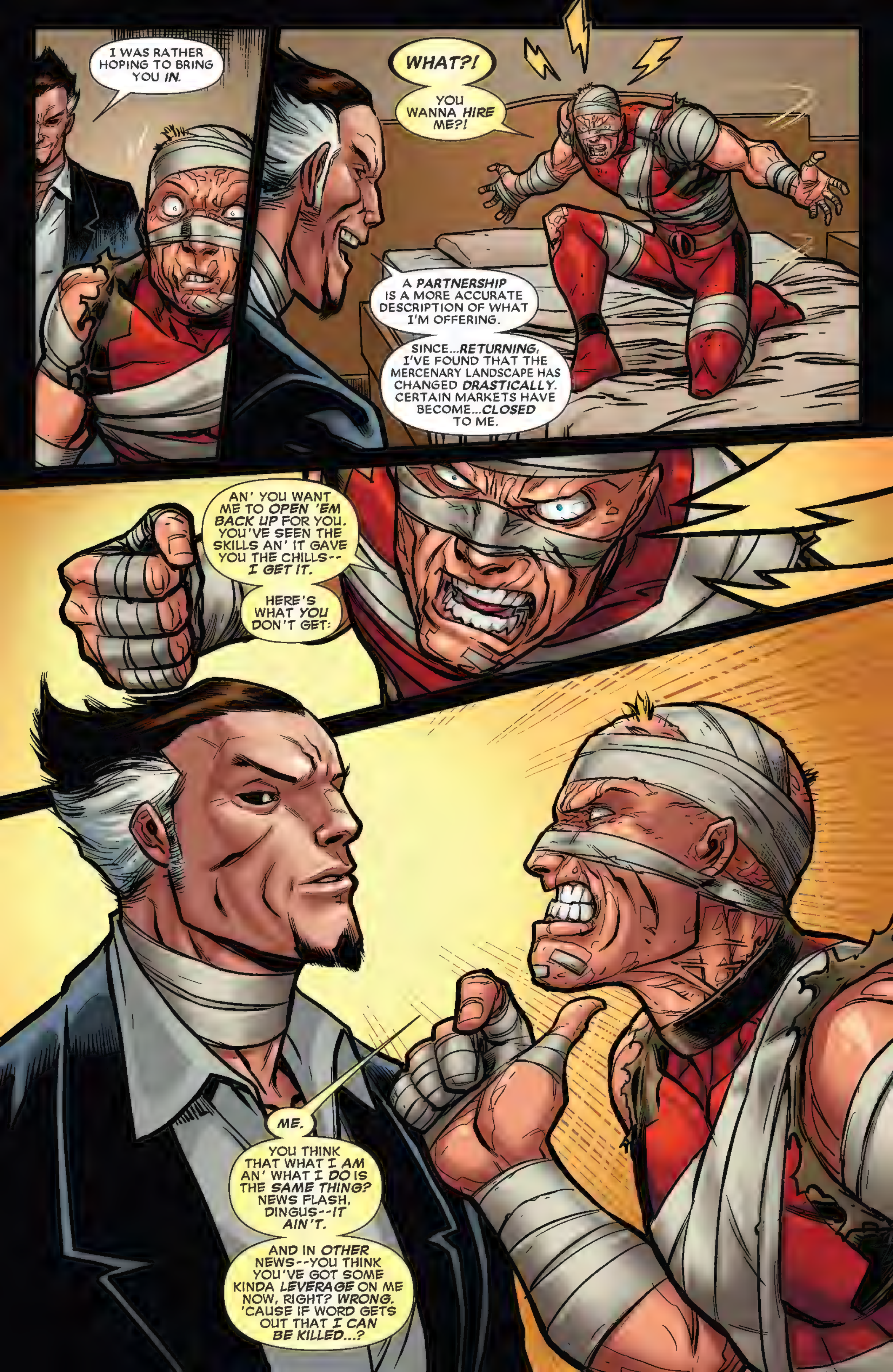

LOWE
OH, YEAH?
WELL, IF I'M SO... UNGHH!
BAD...
...WHY'D I SAVE YOUR LIFE?

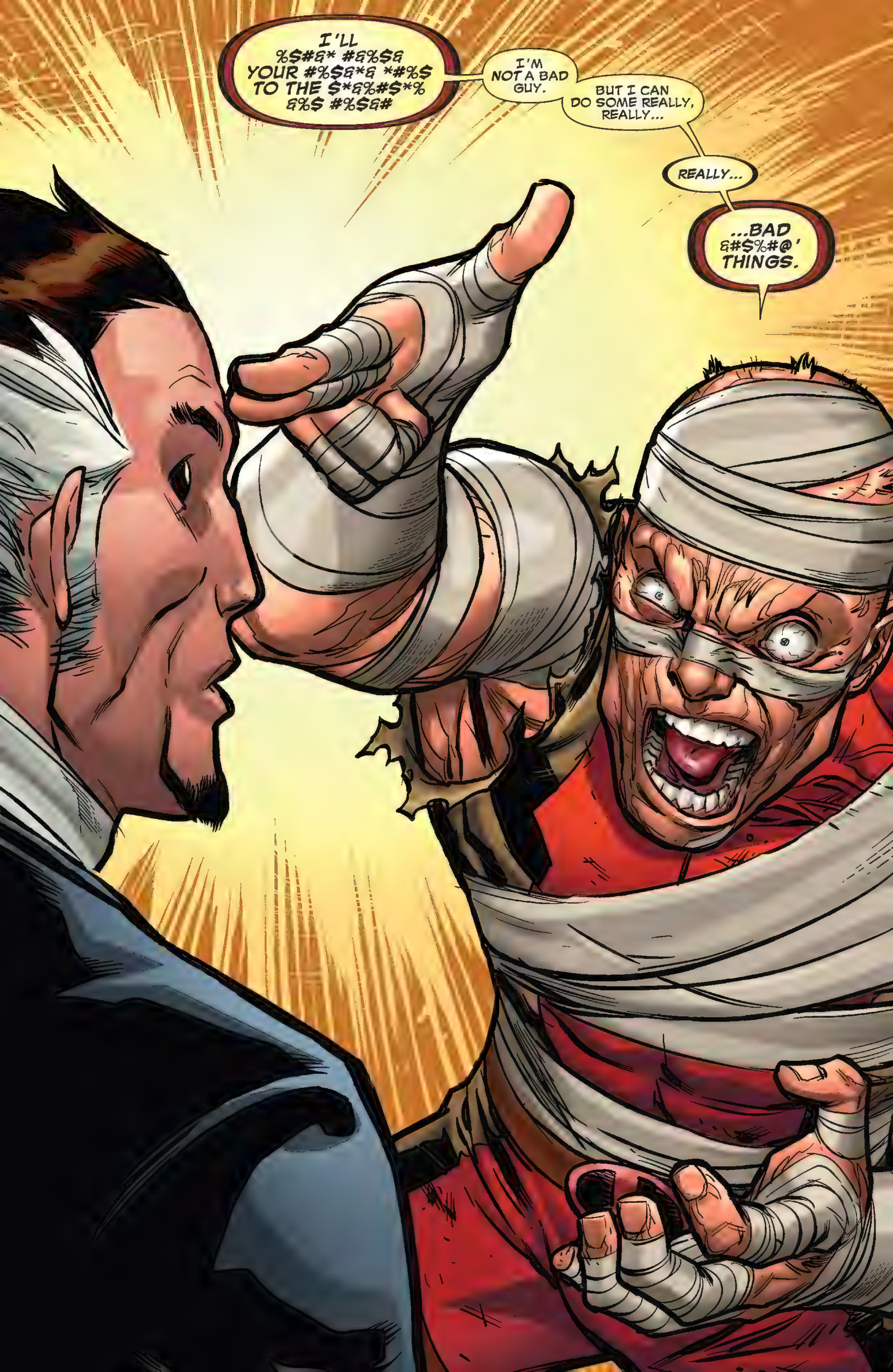

RELAX.
WADE'S PLACE, BACK IN ISSUE #58
I'M GONNA TAKE YOU TO A HOSPITAL!
BUT IN RETURN, YOU'RE GONNA DO SOMETHIN' FOR *ME*.
SOMETHIN' *SECRET*.
NOT NOW...


"...BUT SOON.
"GOTTA GET EVERYBODY TOGETHER FIRST."
"YOU *'SAVED'* ME SO YOU COULD *USE* ME."
"WELL, YEAH..."

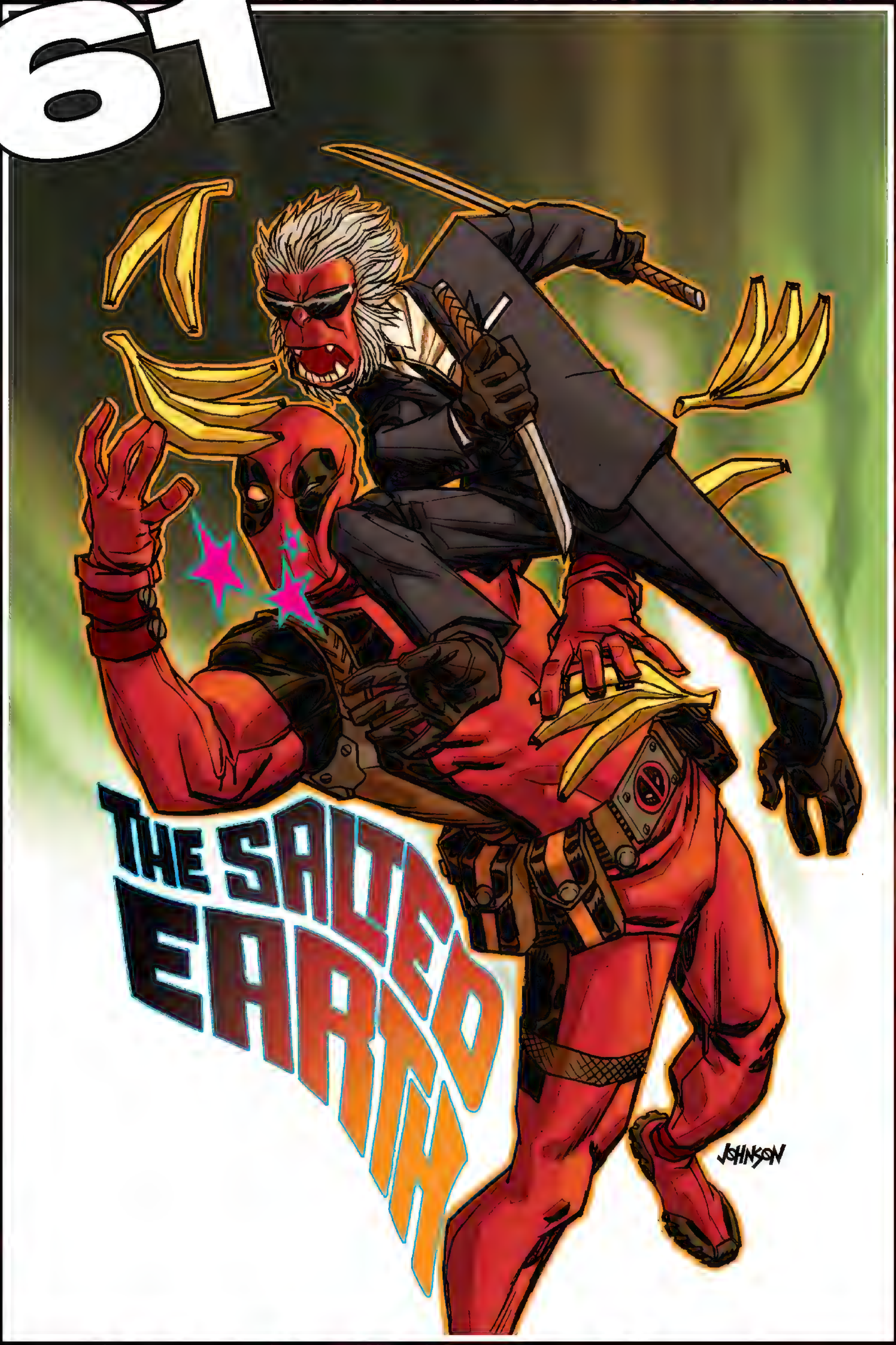

...BUT THE IMPORTANT THING IS THAT--
IT'S DONE.
FOR *REAL?*
FOR REAL.
BOTH OF 'EM?
YOU USED YOUR FREAKY *MIND-POWERS* TO--
YES.
W-WHERE...?
BLOODY *HELL...?*

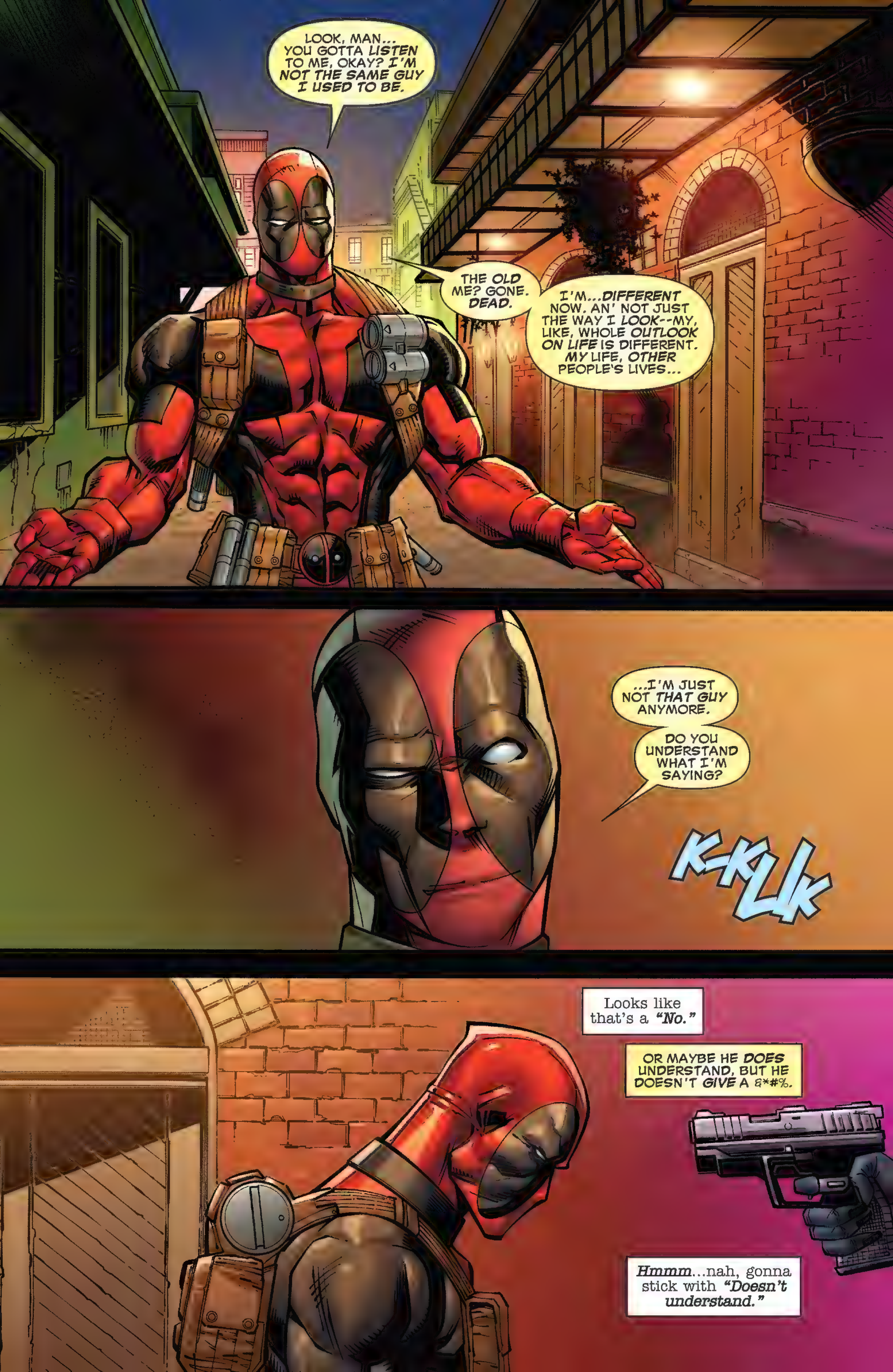

YOUR SECRET IS *SAFE.*
NEITHER BLACK BOX NOR BLACK TOM WILL EVER REMEMBER THAT YOU LOST YOUR HEALING FACTOR...
...FOR AS LONG AS I LIVE.
...WELL PLAYED, SIR.
I'VE LEARNED FROM...BITTER EXPERIENCE THAT, WHEN DEALING WITH YOU, INSURANCE IS OF THE UTMOST IMPORTANCE.
"DEALING" WITH ME?
DUDE, *OUR* DEAL IS *DONE.*
PEACE IN THE MIDDLE EAST-- *I'M OUT.*


I WAS RATHER HOPING TO BRING YOU *IN.*
WHAT?!
YOU WANNA *HIRE* ME?!
A *PARTNERSHIP* IS A MORE ACCURATE DESCRIPTION OF WHAT I'M OFFERING.
SINCE...*RETURNING,* I'VE FOUND THAT THE MERCENARY LANDSCAPE HAS CHANGED *DRASTICALLY.* CERTAIN MARKETS HAVE BECOME...*CLOSED* TO ME.
AN' YOU WANT ME TO *OPEN 'EM BACK UP* FOR YOU. YOU'VE SEEN THE SKILLS AN' IT GAVE YOU THE CHILLS-- *I GET IT.*
HERE'S WHAT *YOU* DON'T GET:
ME.
YOU THINK THAT WHAT I *AM* AN' WHAT I *DO* IS THE *SAME THING?* NEWS FLASH, DINGUS--*IT AIN'T.*
AND IN *OTHER* NEWS--YOU THINK YOU'VE GOT SOME KINDA *LEVERAGE* ON ME NOW, RIGHT? *WRONG.* 'CAUSE IF WORD GETS OUT THAT *I CAN BE KILLED...?*


I'LL %$#&* #&%$& YOUR #%$&*& *#%$ TO THE $*&%#$*% &%$ #%$&#
I'M NOT A BAD GUY.
BUT I CAN DO SOME REALLY, REALLY...
REALLY...
...BAD &#$%#@' THINGS.

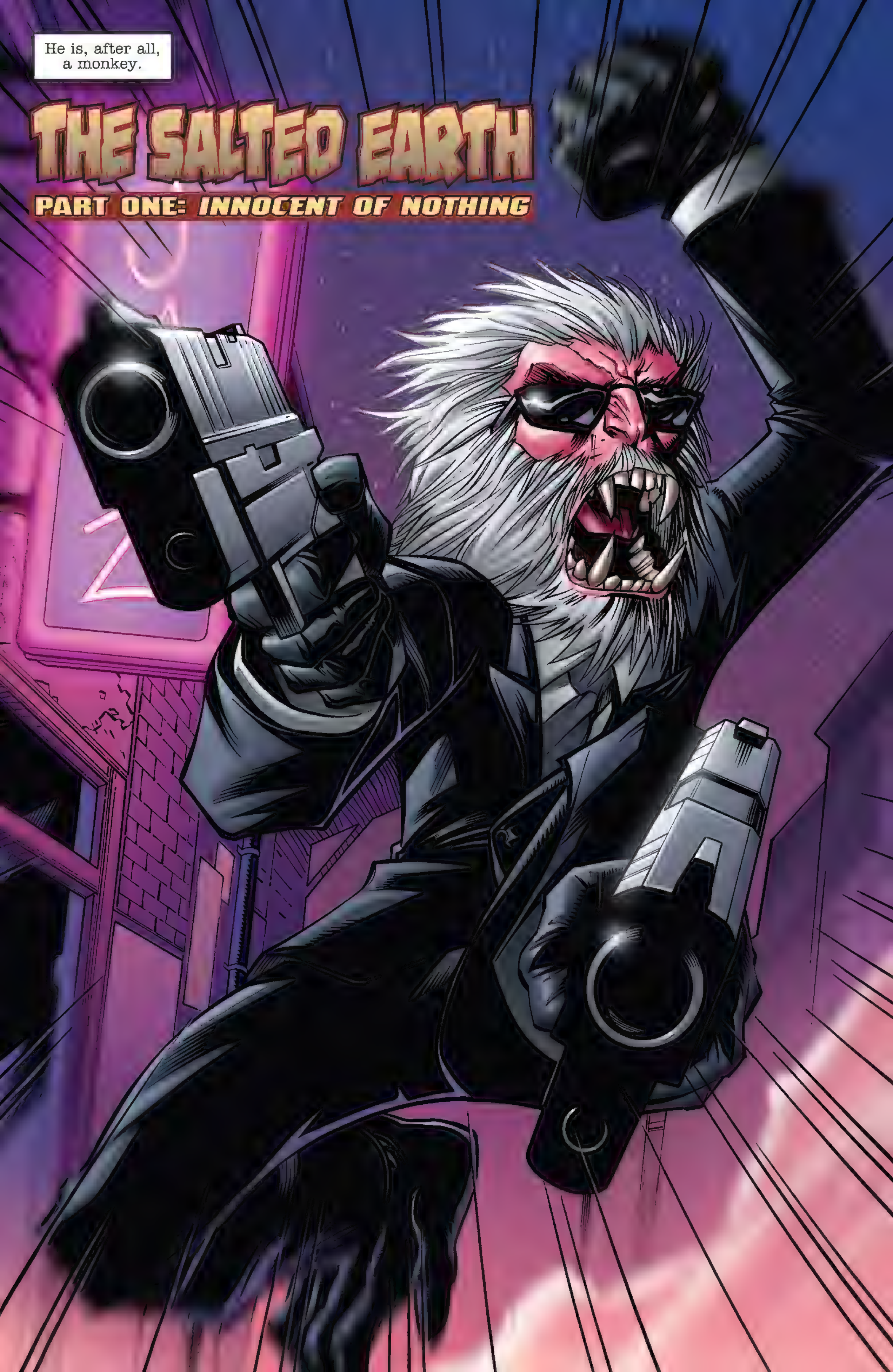
61

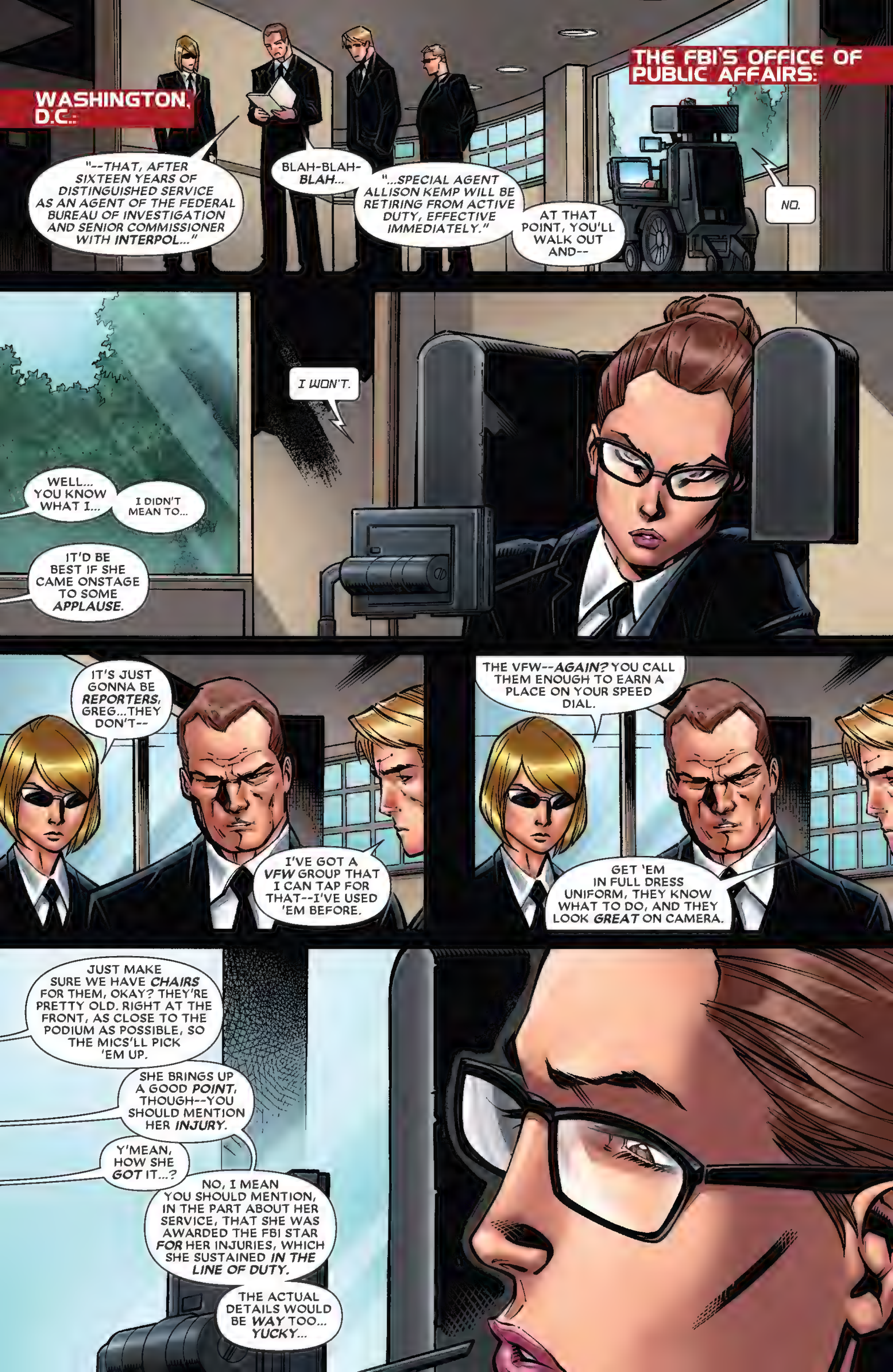

THE SALTED EARTH
JOHNSON

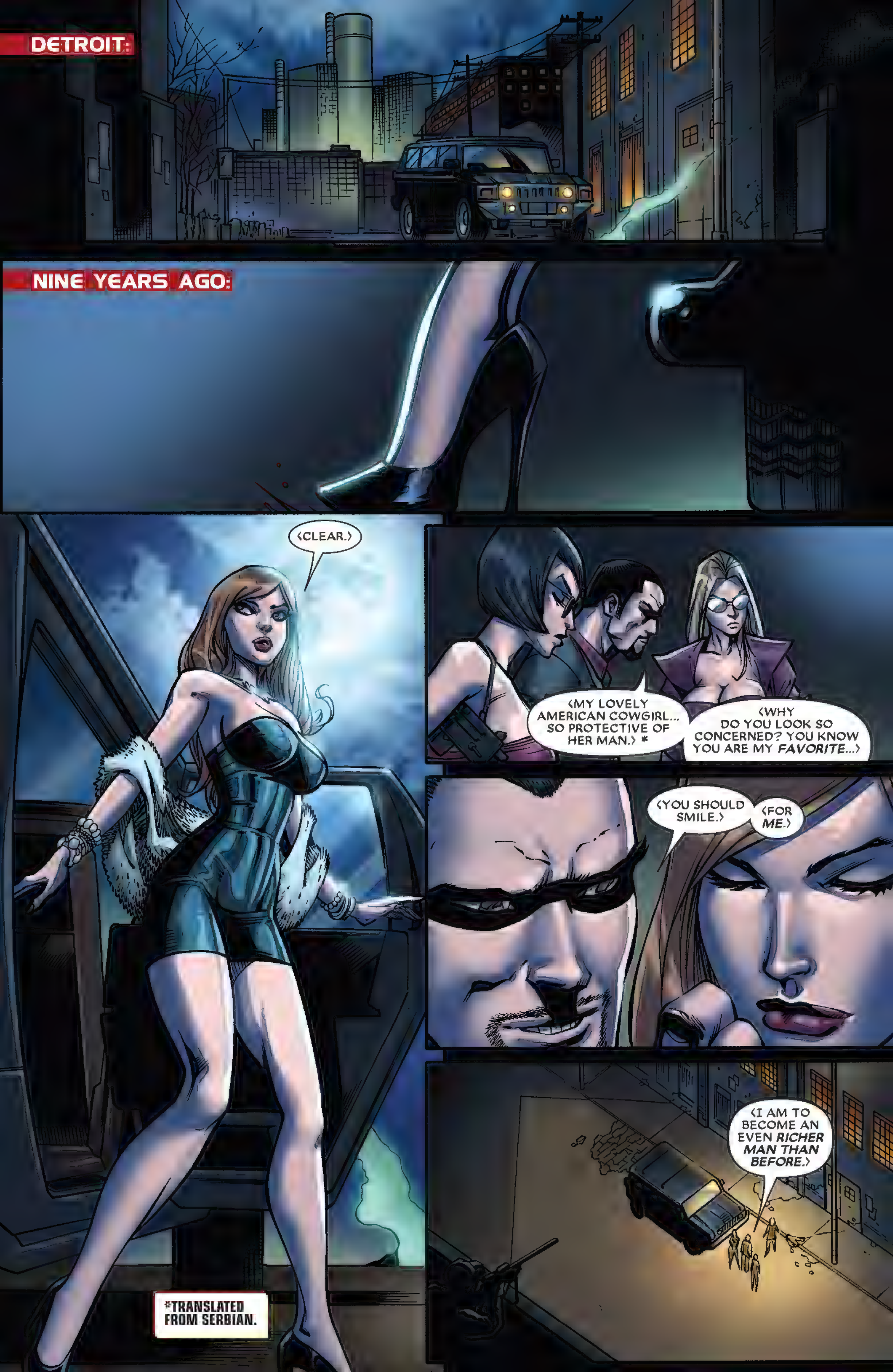

LOOK, MAN... YOU GOTTA *LISTEN* TO ME, OKAY? *I'M NOT THE SAME GUY I USED TO BE.*
THE *OLD* ME? GONE. *DEAD.*
I'M...*DIFFERENT* NOW. AN' NOT JUST THE WAY I *LOOK*--MY, LIKE, WHOLE *OUTLOOK ON LIFE* IS DIFFERENT. *MY* LIFE, *OTHER* PEOPLE'S LIVES...
...I'M JUST NOT *THAT GUY* ANYMORE.
DO YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT I'M SAYING?
K-KLIK
Looks like that's a *"No."*
OR MAYBE HE *DOES* UNDERSTAND, BUT HE DOESN'T *GIVE* A &*#%.
Hmmm...nah, gonna stick with *"Doesn't understand."*

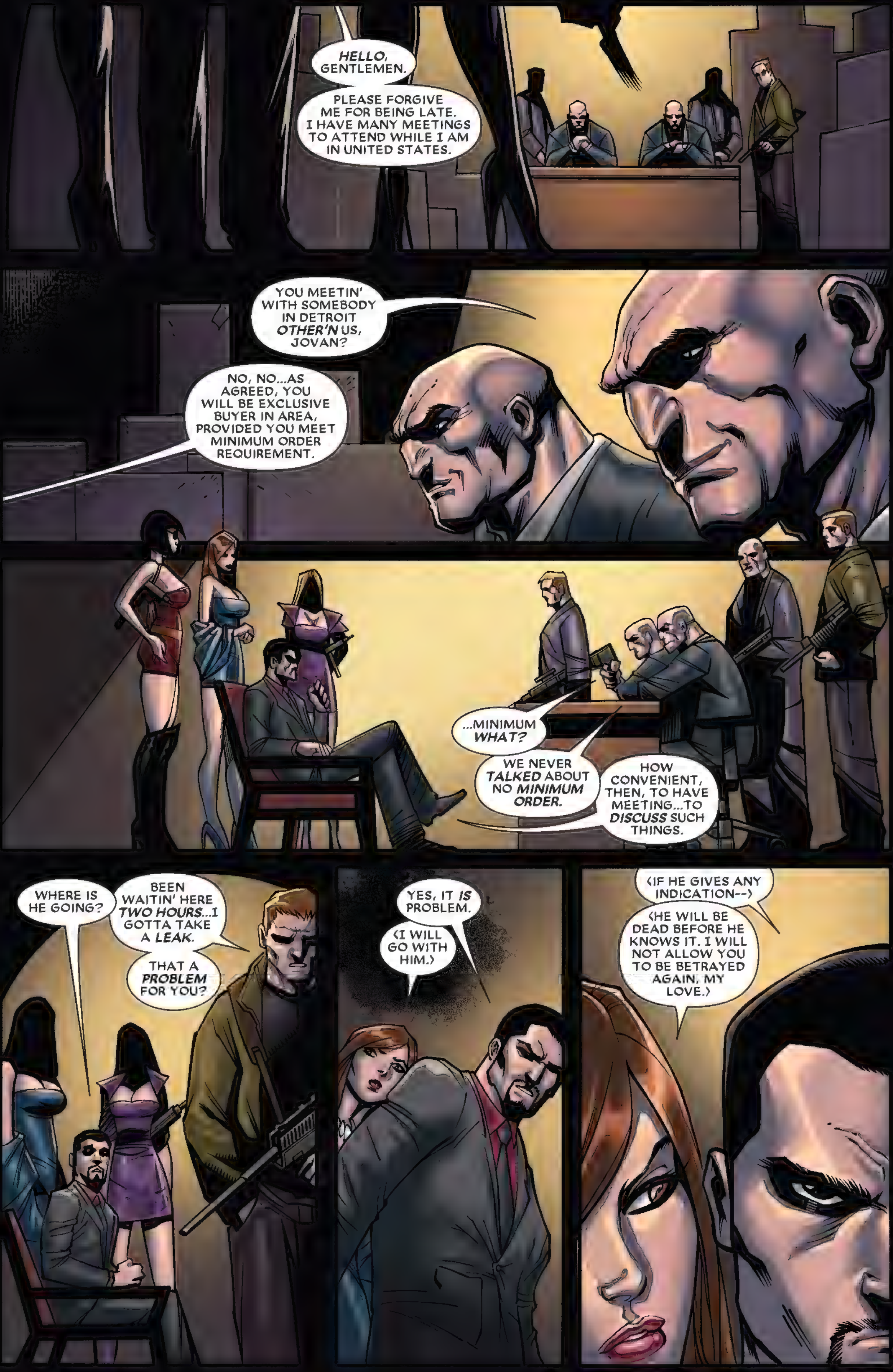
THE SALTED EARTH

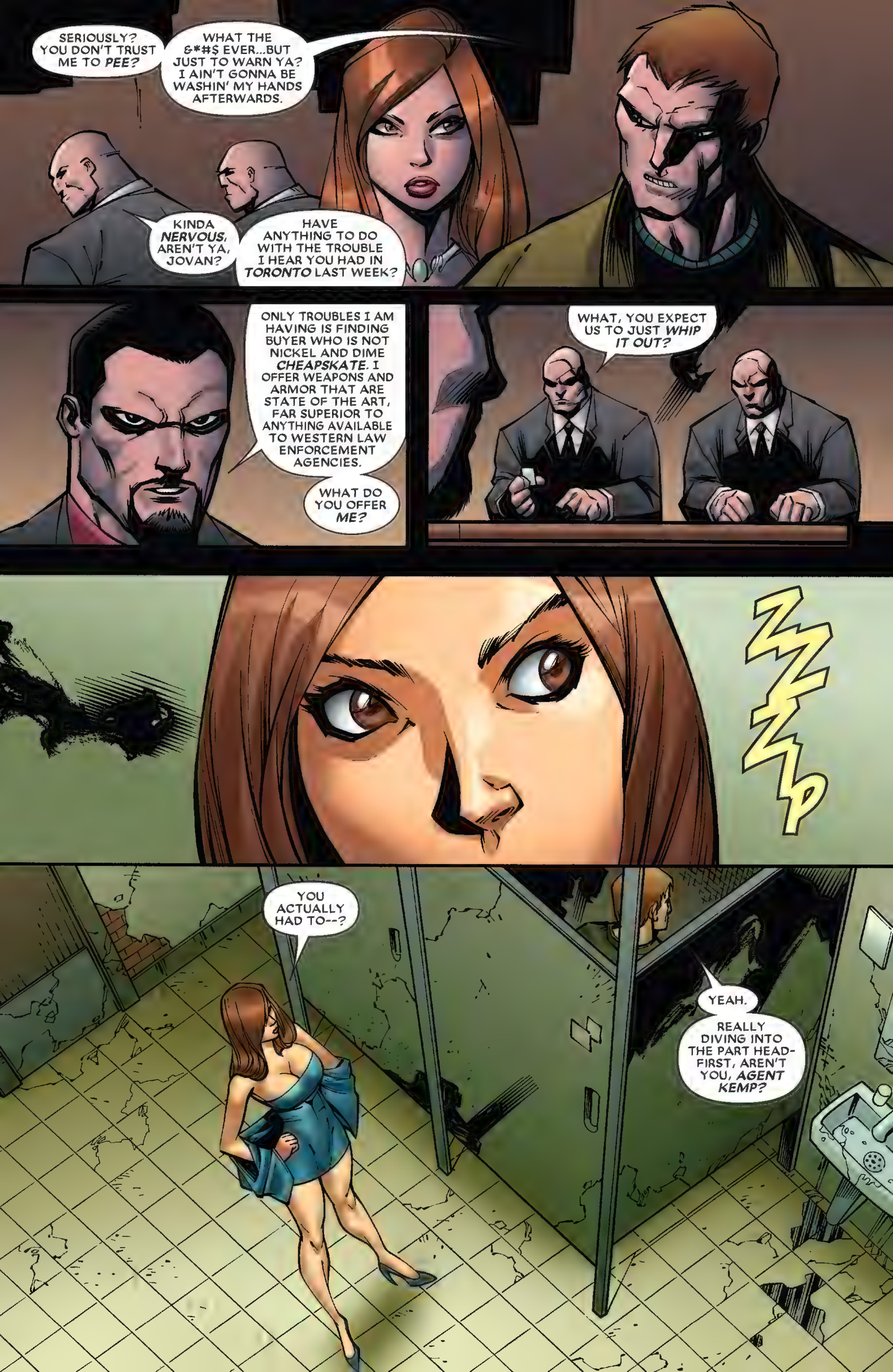
PART ONE: INNOCENT OF NOTHING

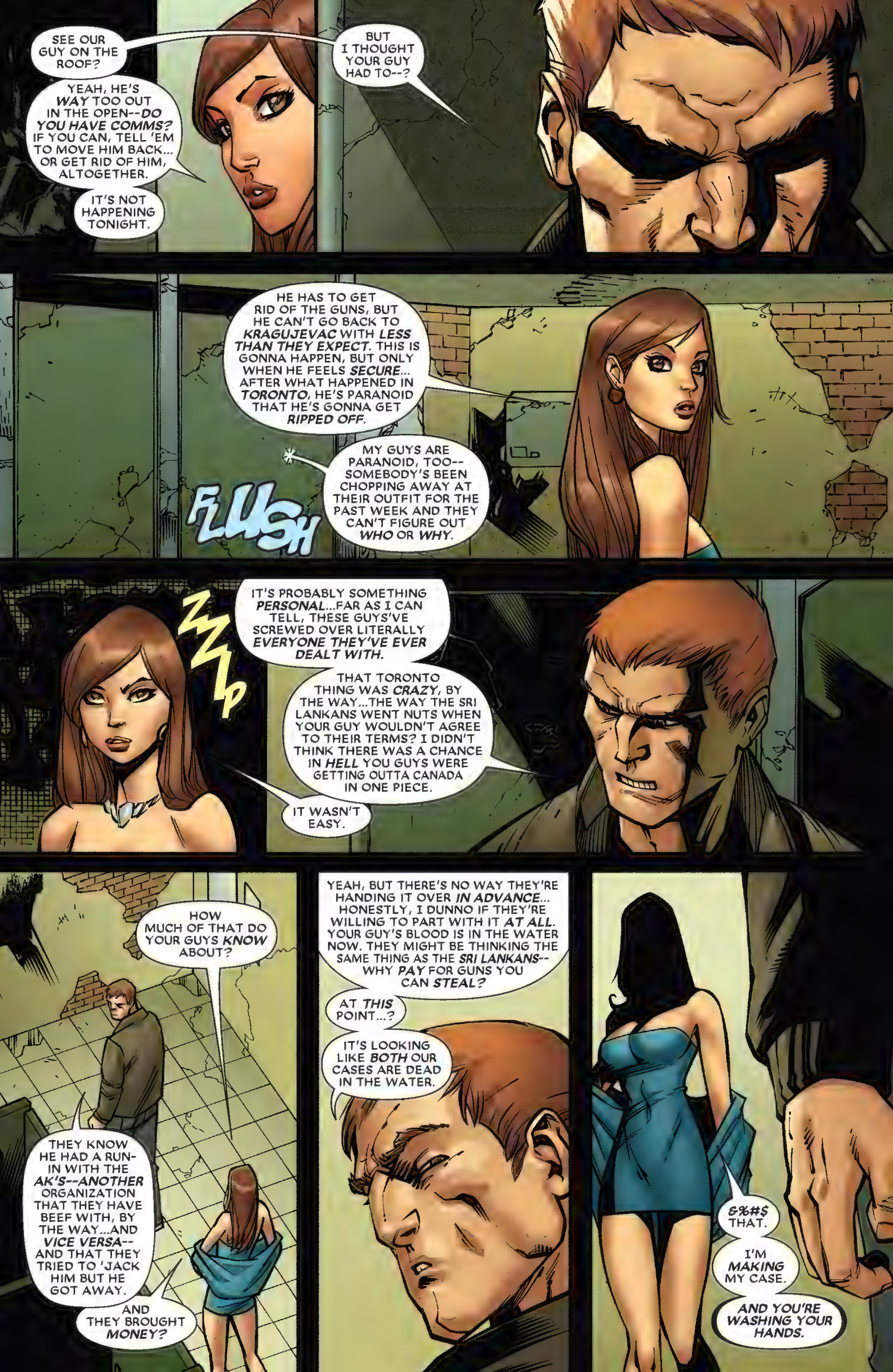

He is, after all, a monkey.

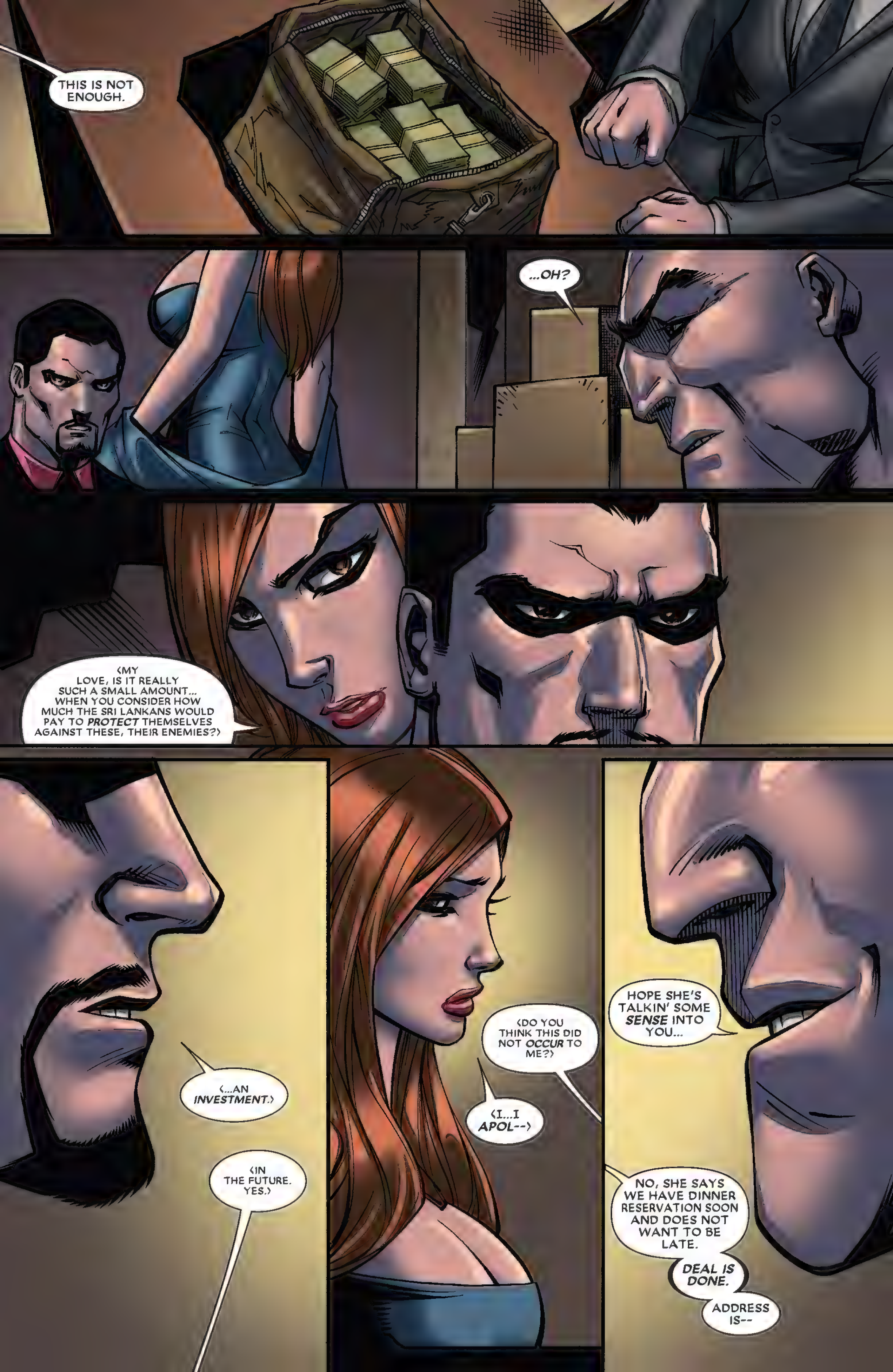

WASHINGTON, D.C.:
THE FBI'S OFFICE OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS:
"--THAT, AFTER SIXTEEN YEARS OF DISTINGUISHED SERVICE AS AN AGENT OF THE FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION AND SENIOR COMMISSIONER WITH INTERPOL..."
BLAH-BLAH-BLAH...
"...SPECIAL AGENT ALLISON KEMP WILL BE RETIRING FROM ACTIVE DUTY, EFFECTIVE IMMEDIATELY."
AT THAT POINT, YOU'LL WALK OUT AND--
NO.
I WON'T.
WELL... YOU KNOW WHAT I...
I DIDN'T MEAN TO...
IT'D BE BEST IF SHE CAME ONSTAGE TO SOME APPLAUSE.
IT'S JUST GONNA BE REPORTERS, GREG...THEY DON'T--
I'VE GOT A VFW GROUP THAT I CAN TAP FOR THAT--I'VE USED 'EM BEFORE.
THE VFW--AGAIN? YOU CALL THEM ENOUGH TO EARN A PLACE ON YOUR SPEED DIAL.
GET 'EM IN FULL DRESS UNIFORM, THEY KNOW WHAT TO DO, AND THEY LOOK GREAT ON CAMERA.
JUST MAKE SURE WE HAVE CHAIRS FOR THEM, OKAY? THEY'RE PRETTY OLD. RIGHT AT THE FRONT, AS CLOSE TO THE PODIUM AS POSSIBLE, SO THE MICS'LL PICK 'EM UP.
SHE BRINGS UP A GOOD POINT, THOUGH--YOU SHOULD MENTION HER INJURY.
Y'MEAN, HOW SHE GOT IT...?
NO, I MEAN YOU SHOULD MENTION, IN THE PART ABOUT HER SERVICE, THAT SHE WAS AWARDED THE FBI STAR FOR HER INJURIES, WHICH SHE SUSTAINED IN THE LINE OF DUTY.
THE ACTUAL DETAILS WOULD BE WAY TOO... YUCKY...

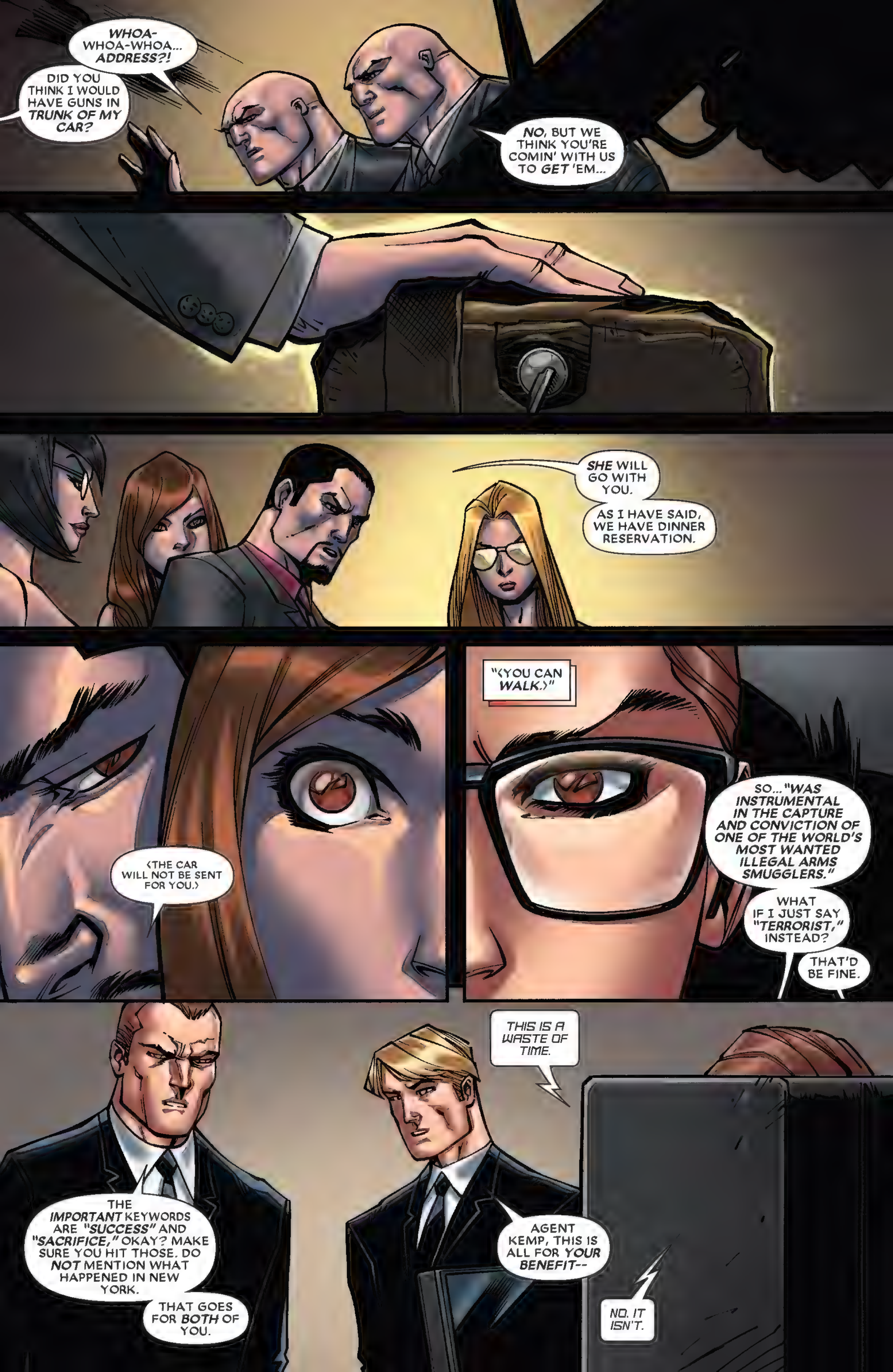

DETROIT:
NINE YEARS AGO:
‹CLEAR.›
‹MY LOVELY AMERICAN COWGIRL... SO PROTECTIVE OF HER MAN.› *
‹WHY DO YOU LOOK SO CONCERNED? YOU KNOW YOU ARE MY *FAVORITE*...›
‹YOU SHOULD SMILE.›
‹FOR *ME*.›
‹I AM TO BECOME AN EVEN *RICHER MAN THAN BEFORE*.›
*TRANSLATED FROM SERBIAN.

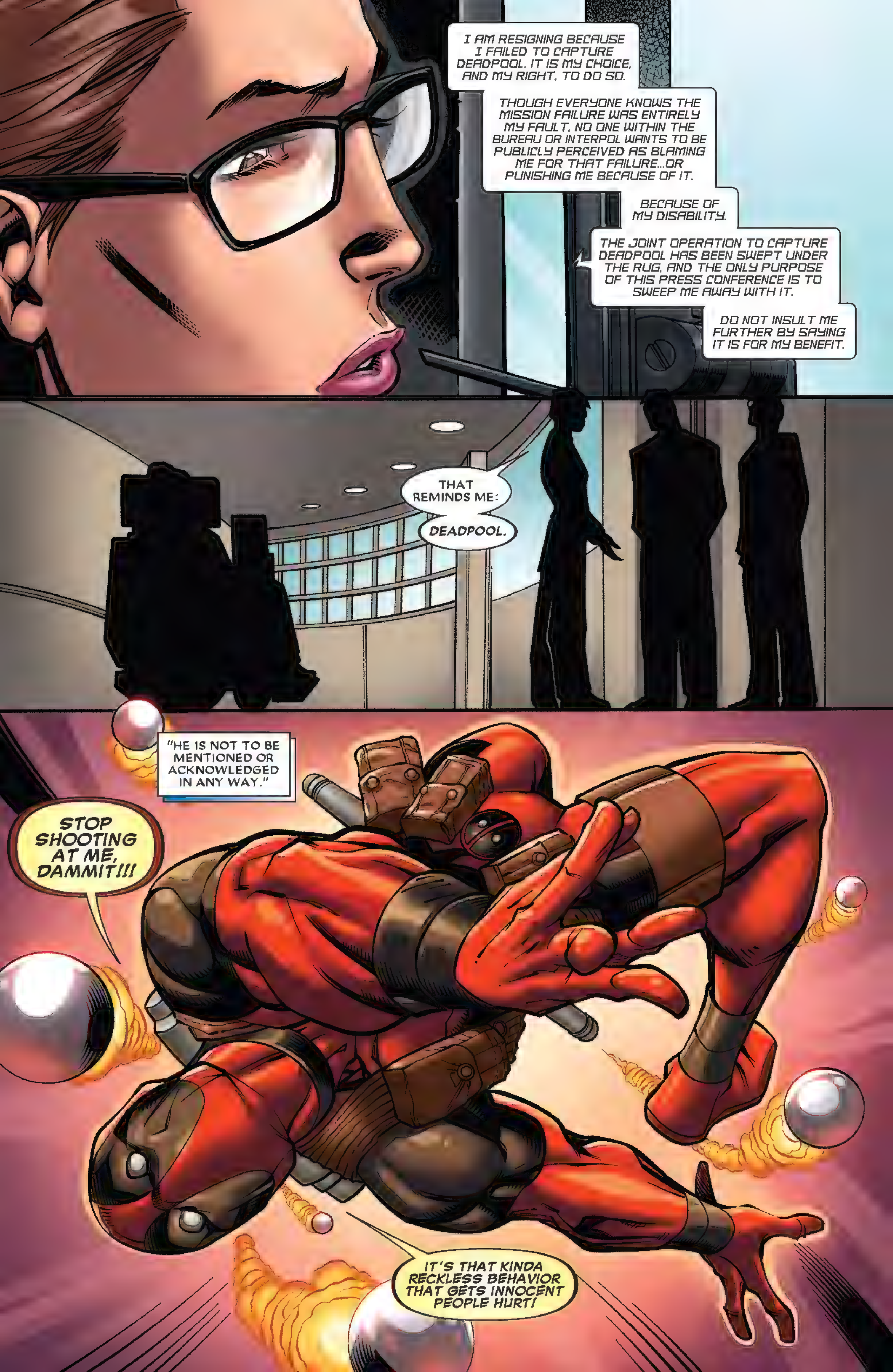

HELLO, GENTLEMEN.
PLEASE FORGIVE ME FOR BEING LATE. I HAVE MANY MEETINGS TO ATTEND WHILE I AM IN UNITED STATES.
YOU MEETIN' WITH SOMEBODY IN DETROIT OTHER'N US, JOVAN?
NO, NO...AS AGREED, YOU WILL BE EXCLUSIVE BUYER IN AREA, PROVIDED YOU MEET MINIMUM ORDER REQUIREMENT.
...MINIMUM WHAT?
WE NEVER TALKED ABOUT NO MINIMUM ORDER.
HOW CONVENIENT, THEN, TO HAVE MEETING...TO DISCUSS SUCH THINGS.
WHERE IS HE GOING?
BEEN WAITIN' HERE TWO HOURS...I GOTTA TAKE A LEAK.
THAT A PROBLEM FOR YOU?
YES, IT IS PROBLEM.
‹I WILL GO WITH HIM.›
‹IF HE GIVES ANY INDICATION--›
‹HE WILL BE DEAD BEFORE HE KNOWS IT. I WILL NOT ALLOW YOU TO BE BETRAYED AGAIN, MY LOVE.›

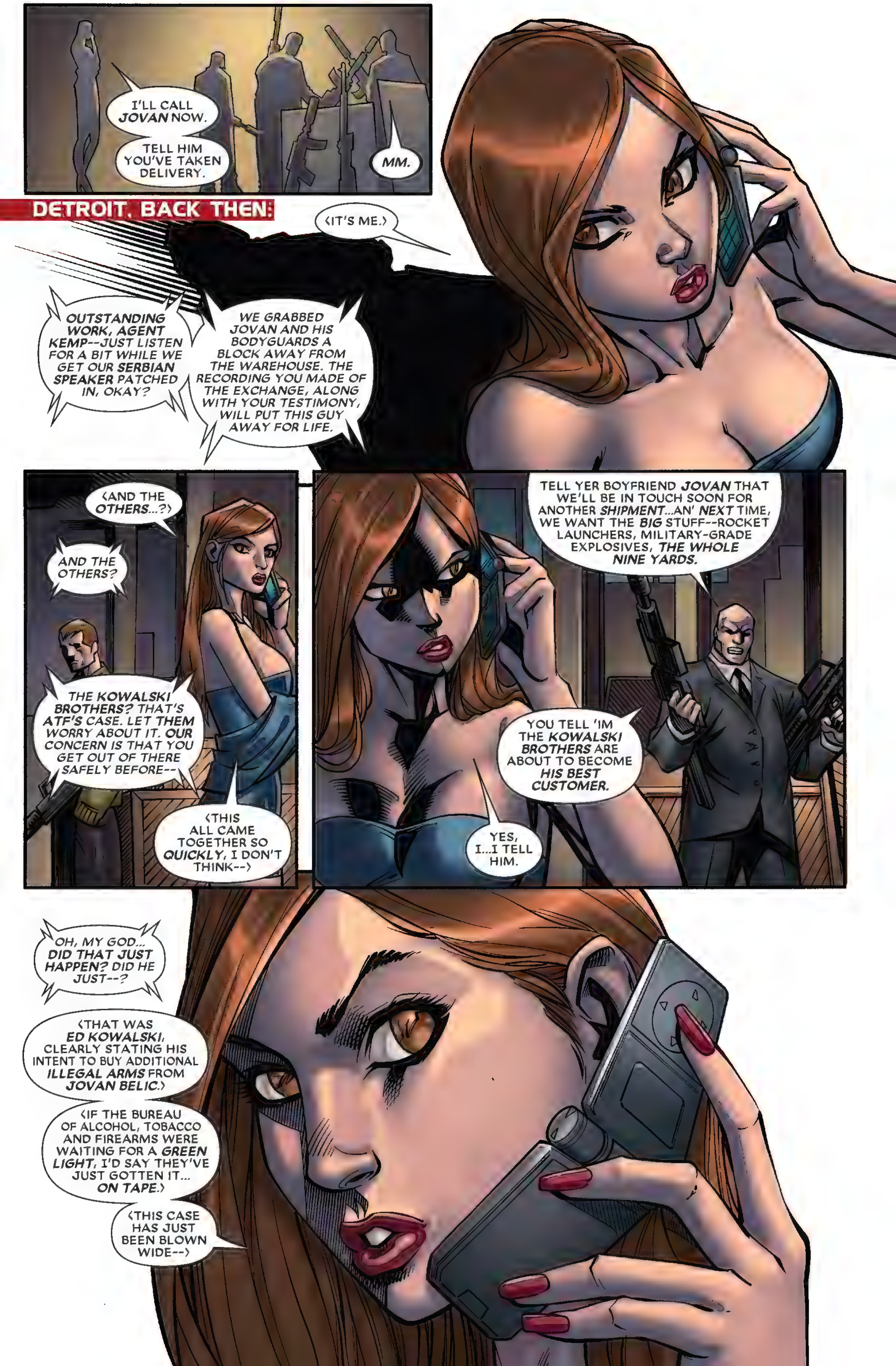

SERIOUSLY? YOU DON'T TRUST ME TO *PEE?*
WHAT THE &*#$ EVER...BUT JUST TO WARN YA? I AIN'T GONNA BE WASHIN' MY HANDS AFTERWARDS.
KINDA *NERVOUS,* AREN'T YA, JOVAN?
HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH THE TROUBLE I HEAR YOU HAD IN *TORONTO* LAST WEEK?
ONLY TROUBLES I AM HAVING IS FINDING BUYER WHO IS NOT NICKEL AND DIME *CHEAPSKATE.* I OFFER WEAPONS AND ARMOR THAT ARE STATE OF THE ART, FAR SUPERIOR TO ANYTHING AVAILABLE TO WESTERN LAW ENFORCEMENT AGENCIES.
WHAT DO YOU OFFER *ME?*
WHAT, YOU EXPECT US TO JUST *WHIP IT OUT?*
ZZZZP
YOU ACTUALLY HAD TO--?
YEAH.
REALLY DIVING INTO THE PART HEAD-FIRST, AREN'T YOU, *AGENT KEMP?*

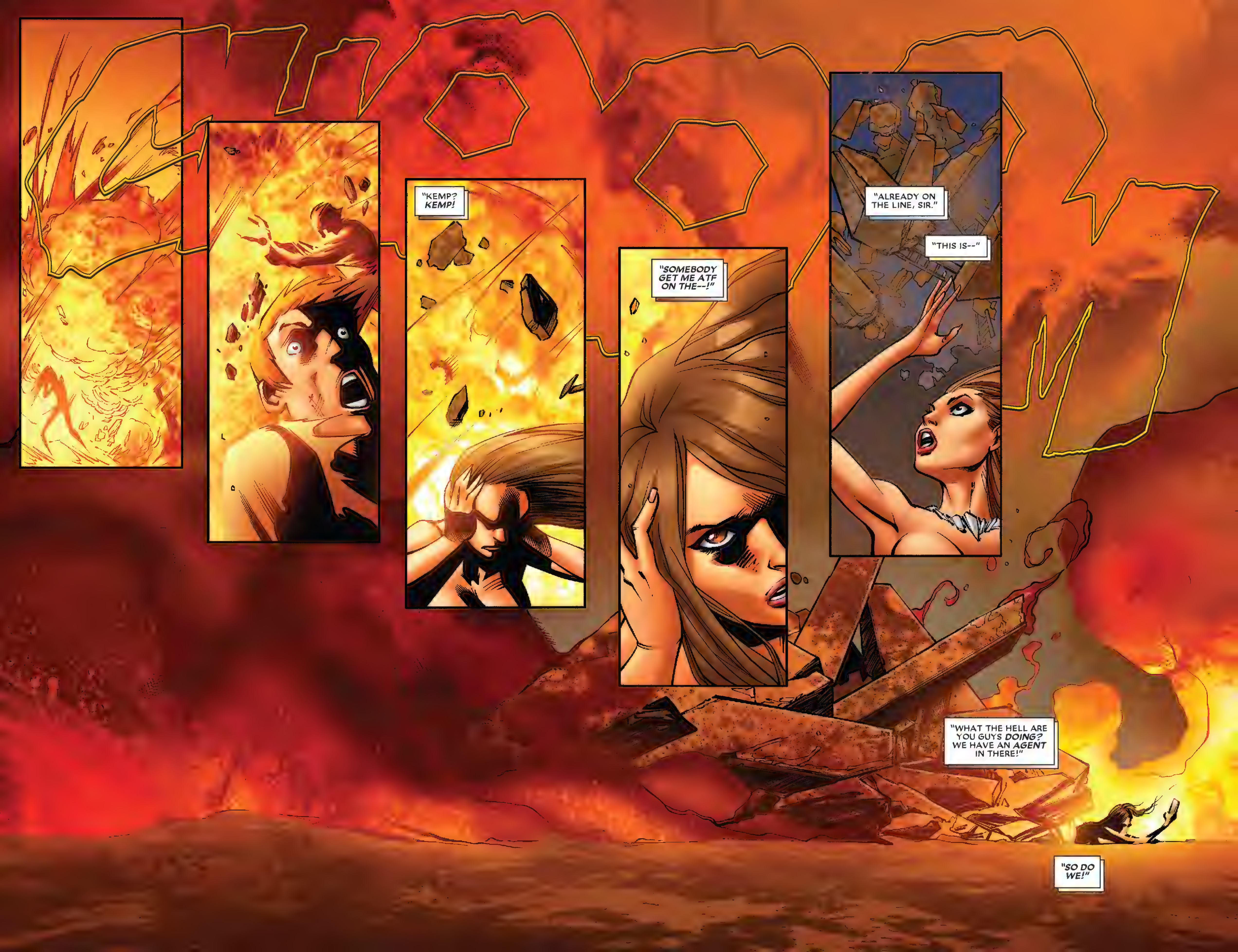

SEE OUR GUY ON THE ROOF?
YEAH, HE'S WAY TOO OUT IN THE OPEN--DO YOU HAVE COMMS? IF YOU CAN, TELL 'EM TO MOVE HIM BACK... OR GET RID OF HIM, ALTOGETHER.
IT'S NOT HAPPENING TONIGHT.
BUT I THOUGHT YOUR GUY HAD TO--?
HE HAS TO GET RID OF THE GUNS, BUT HE CAN'T GO BACK TO KRAGUJEVAC WITH LESS THAN THEY EXPECT. THIS IS GONNA HAPPEN, BUT ONLY WHEN HE FEELS SECURE... AFTER WHAT HAPPENED IN TORONTO, HE'S PARANOID THAT HE'S GONNA GET RIPPED OFF.
MY GUYS ARE PARANOID, TOO--SOMEBODY'S BEEN CHOPPING AWAY AT THEIR OUTFIT FOR THE PAST WEEK AND THEY CAN'T FIGURE OUT WHO OR WHY.
FLUSH
ZZZIP
IT'S PROBABLY SOMETHING PERSONAL...FAR AS I CAN TELL, THESE GUYS'VE SCREWED OVER LITERALLY EVERYONE THEY'VE EVER DEALT WITH.
THAT TORONTO THING WAS CRAZY, BY THE WAY...THE WAY THE SRI LANKANS WENT NUTS WHEN YOUR GUY WOULDN'T AGREE TO THEIR TERMS? I DIDN'T THINK THERE WAS A CHANCE IN HELL YOU GUYS WERE GETTING OUTTA CANADA IN ONE PIECE.
IT WASN'T EASY.
HOW MUCH OF THAT DO YOUR GUYS KNOW ABOUT?
THEY KNOW HE HAD A RUN-IN WITH THE AK'S--ANOTHER ORGANIZATION THAT THEY HAVE BEEF WITH, BY THE WAY...AND VICE VERSA--AND THAT THEY TRIED TO 'JACK HIM BUT HE GOT AWAY.
AND THEY BROUGHT MONEY?
YEAH, BUT THERE'S NO WAY THEY'RE HANDING IT OVER IN ADVANCE... HONESTLY, I DUNNO IF THEY'RE WILLING TO PART WITH IT AT ALL. YOUR GUY'S BLOOD IS IN THE WATER NOW. THEY MIGHT BE THINKING THE SAME THING AS THE SRI LANKANS--WHY PAY FOR GUNS YOU CAN STEAL?
AT THIS POINT...?
IT'S LOOKING LIKE BOTH OUR CASES ARE DEAD IN THE WATER.
&%#$ THAT.
I'M MAKING MY CASE.
AND YOU'RE WASHING YOUR HANDS.

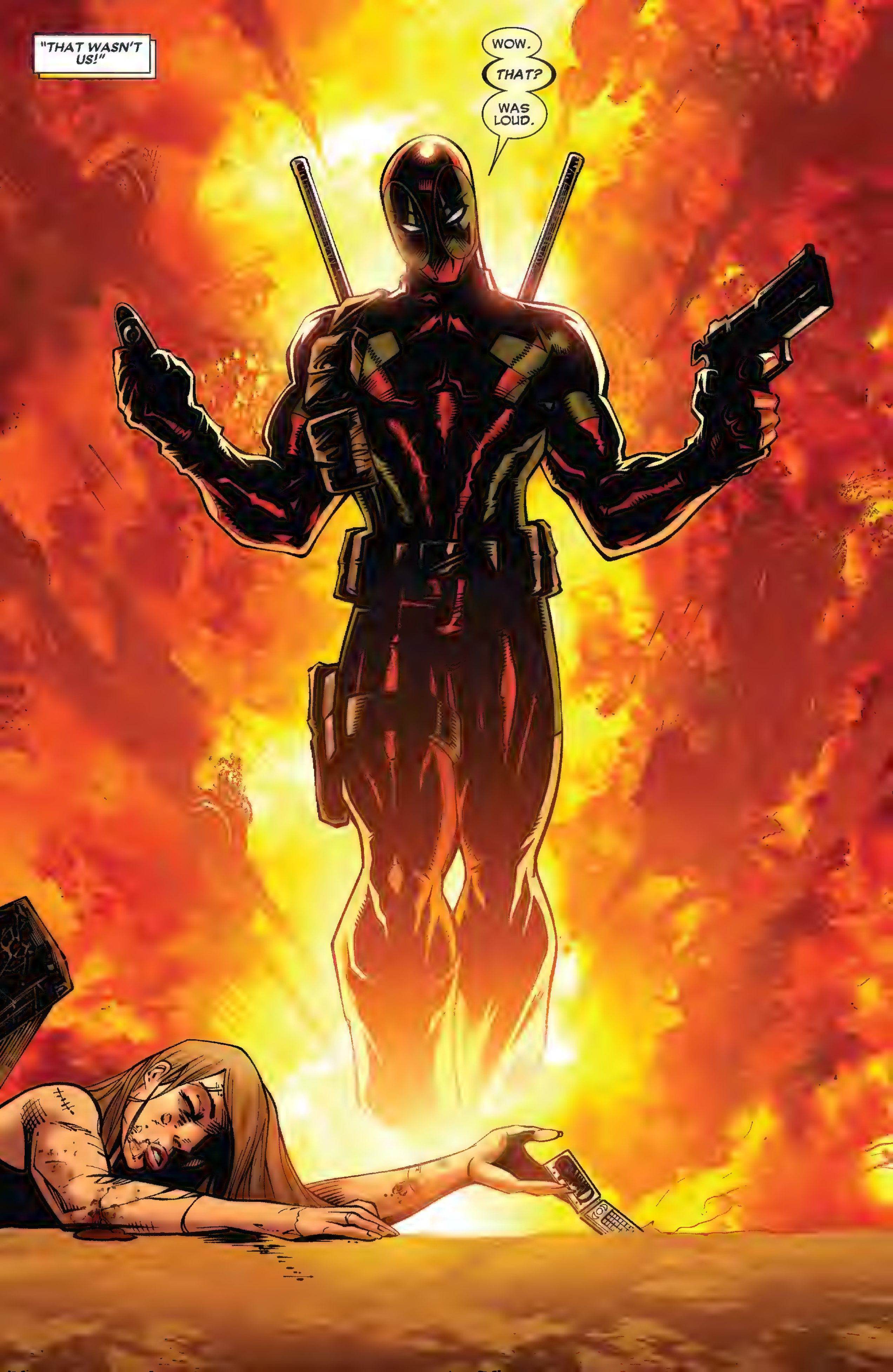

THIS IS NOT ENOUGH.
...OH?
‹MY LOVE, IS IT REALLY SUCH A SMALL AMOUNT... WHEN YOU CONSIDER HOW MUCH THE SRI LANKANS WOULD PAY TO *PROTECT* THEMSELVES AGAINST THESE, THEIR ENEMIES?›
‹...AN *INVESTMENT*.›
‹IN THE FUTURE. YES.›
‹DO YOU THINK THIS DID NOT *OCCUR* TO ME?›
‹I...I *APOL*--›
HOPE SHE'S TALKIN' SOME *SENSE* INTO YOU...
NO, SHE SAYS WE HAVE DINNER RESERVATION SOON AND DOES NOT WANT TO BE LATE.
DEAL IS DONE.
ADDRESS IS--

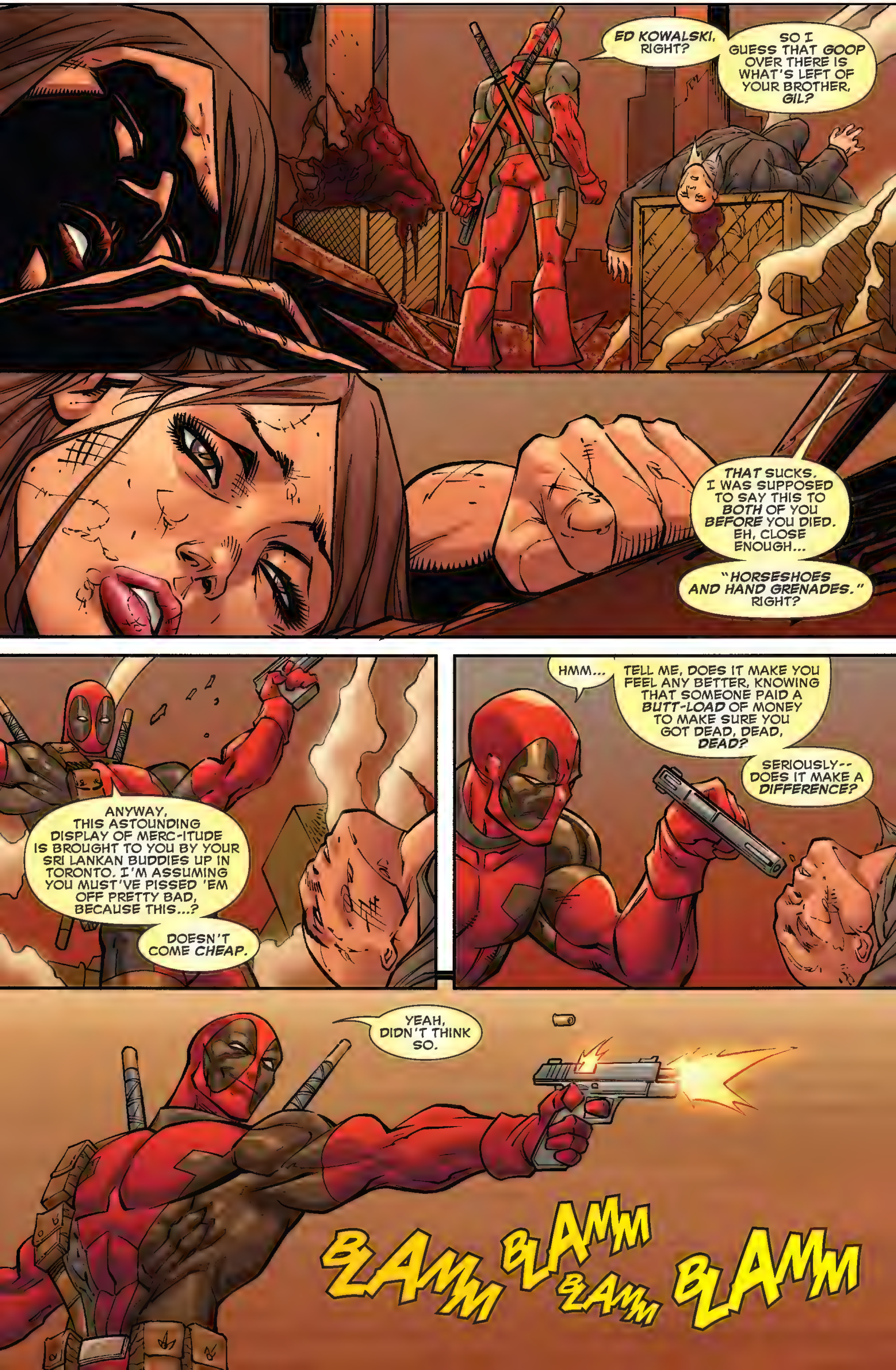

WHOA-WHOA-WHOA... ADDRESS?!
DID YOU THINK I WOULD HAVE GUNS IN TRUNK OF MY CAR?
NO, BUT WE THINK YOU'RE COMIN' WITH US TO GET 'EM...
SHE WILL GO WITH YOU.
AS I HAVE SAID, WE HAVE DINNER RESERVATION.
‹THE CAR WILL NOT BE SENT FOR YOU.›
"‹YOU CAN WALK.›"
SO... "WAS INSTRUMENTAL IN THE CAPTURE AND CONVICTION OF ONE OF THE WORLD'S MOST WANTED ILLEGAL ARMS SMUGGLERS."
WHAT IF I JUST SAY "TERRORIST," INSTEAD?
THAT'D BE FINE.
THE IMPORTANT KEYWORDS ARE "SUCCESS" AND "SACRIFICE," OKAY? MAKE SURE YOU HIT THOSE. DO NOT MENTION WHAT HAPPENED IN NEW YORK.
THAT GOES FOR BOTH OF YOU.
THIS IS A WASTE OF TIME.
AGENT KEMP, THIS IS ALL FOR YOUR BENEFIT--
NO. IT ISN'T.

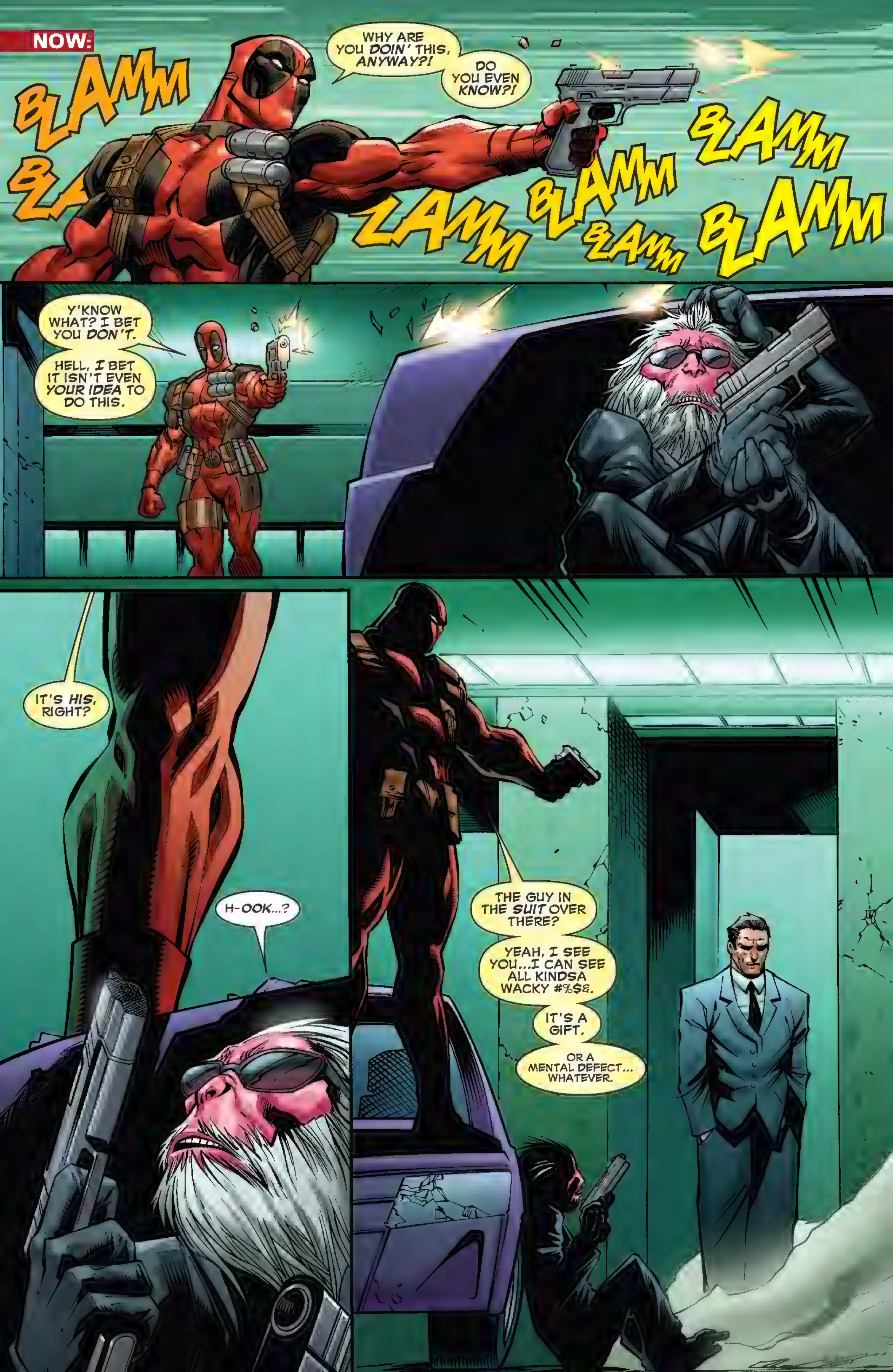

I AM RESIGNING BECAUSE I FAILED TO CAPTURE DEADPOOL. IT IS MY CHOICE, AND MY RIGHT, TO DO SO.
THOUGH EVERYONE KNOWS THE MISSION FAILURE WAS ENTIRELY MY FAULT, NO ONE WITHIN THE BUREAU OR INTERPOL WANTS TO BE PUBLICLY PERCEIVED AS BLAMING ME FOR THAT FAILURE...OR PUNISHING ME BECAUSE OF IT.
BECAUSE OF MY DISABILITY.
THE JOINT OPERATION TO CAPTURE DEADPOOL HAS BEEN SWEPT UNDER THE RUG, AND THE ONLY PURPOSE OF THIS PRESS CONFERENCE IS TO SWEEP ME AWAY WITH IT.
DO NOT INSULT ME FURTHER BY SAYING IT IS FOR MY BENEFIT.
THAT REMINDS ME:
DEADPOOL.
"HE IS NOT TO BE MENTIONED OR ACKNOWLEDGED IN ANY WAY."
STOP SHOOTING AT ME, DAMMIT!!!
IT'S THAT KINDA RECKLESS BEHAVIOR THAT GETS INNOCENT PEOPLE HURT!

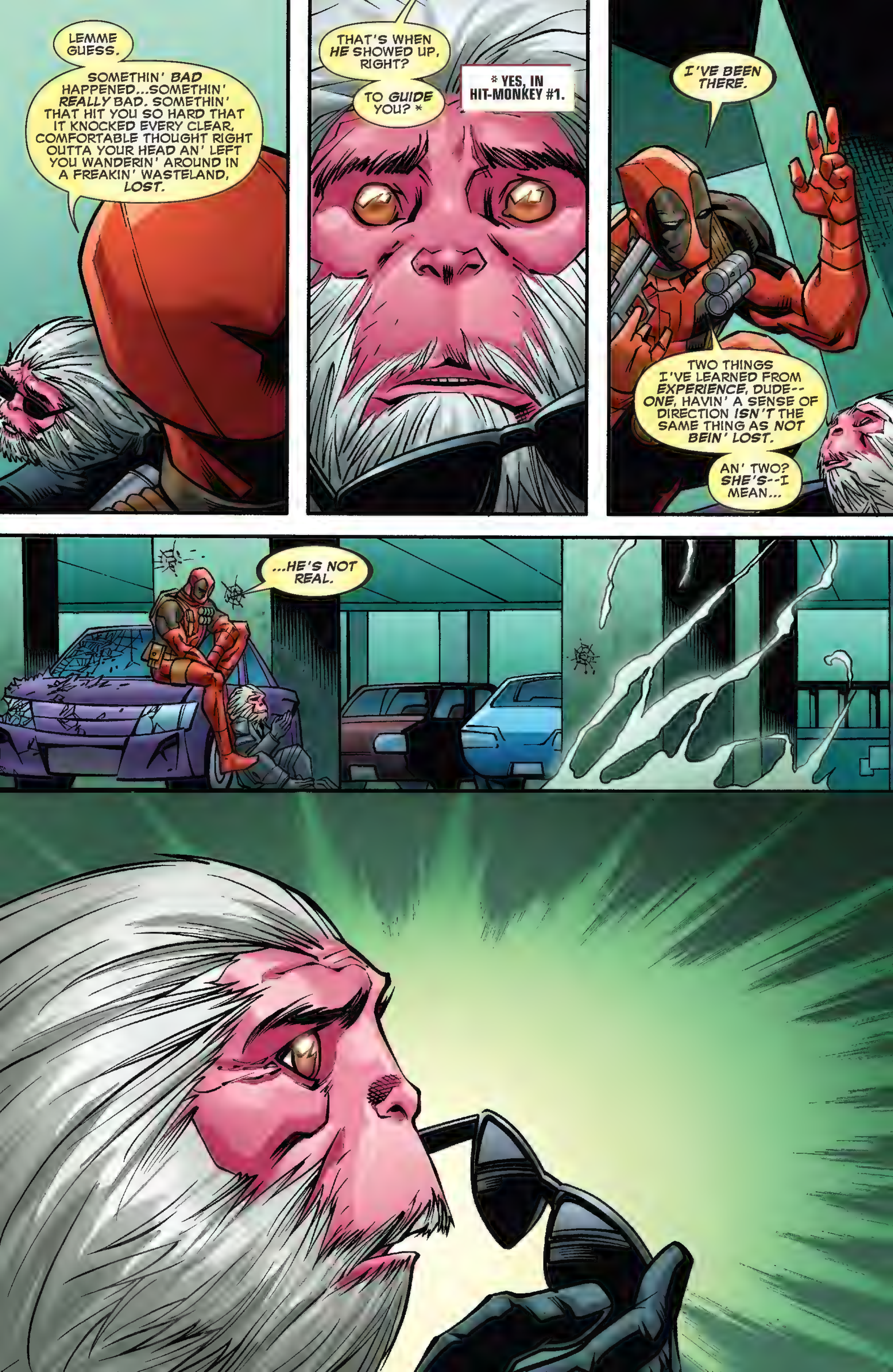

I'LL CALL JOVAN NOW.
TELL HIM YOU'VE TAKEN DELIVERY.
MM.
DETROIT, BACK THEN:
‹IT'S ME.›
OUTSTANDING WORK, AGENT KEMP--JUST LISTEN FOR A BIT WHILE WE GET OUR SERBIAN SPEAKER PATCHED IN, OKAY?
WE GRABBED JOVAN AND HIS BODYGUARDS A BLOCK AWAY FROM THE WAREHOUSE. THE RECORDING YOU MADE OF THE EXCHANGE, ALONG WITH YOUR TESTIMONY, WILL PUT THIS GUY AWAY FOR LIFE.
‹AND THE OTHERS...?›
AND THE OTHERS?
THE KOWALSKI BROTHERS? THAT'S ATF'S CASE. LET THEM WORRY ABOUT IT. OUR CONCERN IS THAT YOU GET OUT OF THERE SAFELY BEFORE--
‹THIS ALL CAME TOGETHER SO QUICKLY, I DON'T THINK--›
TELL YER BOYFRIEND JOVAN THAT WE'LL BE IN TOUCH SOON FOR ANOTHER SHIPMENT...AN' NEXT TIME, WE WANT THE BIG STUFF--ROCKET LAUNCHERS, MILITARY-GRADE EXPLOSIVES, THE WHOLE NINE YARDS.
YOU TELL 'IM THE KOWALSKI BROTHERS ARE ABOUT TO BECOME HIS BEST CUSTOMER.
YES, I...I TELL HIM.
OH, MY GOD... DID THAT JUST HAPPEN? DID HE JUST--?
‹THAT WAS ED KOWALSKI, CLEARLY STATING HIS INTENT TO BUY ADDITIONAL ILLEGAL ARMS FROM JOVAN BELIC.›
‹IF THE BUREAU OF ALCOHOL, TOBACCO AND FIREARMS WERE WAITING FOR A GREEN LIGHT, I'D SAY THEY'VE JUST GOTTEN IT... ON TAPE.›
‹THIS CASE HAS JUST BEEN BLOWN WIDE--›

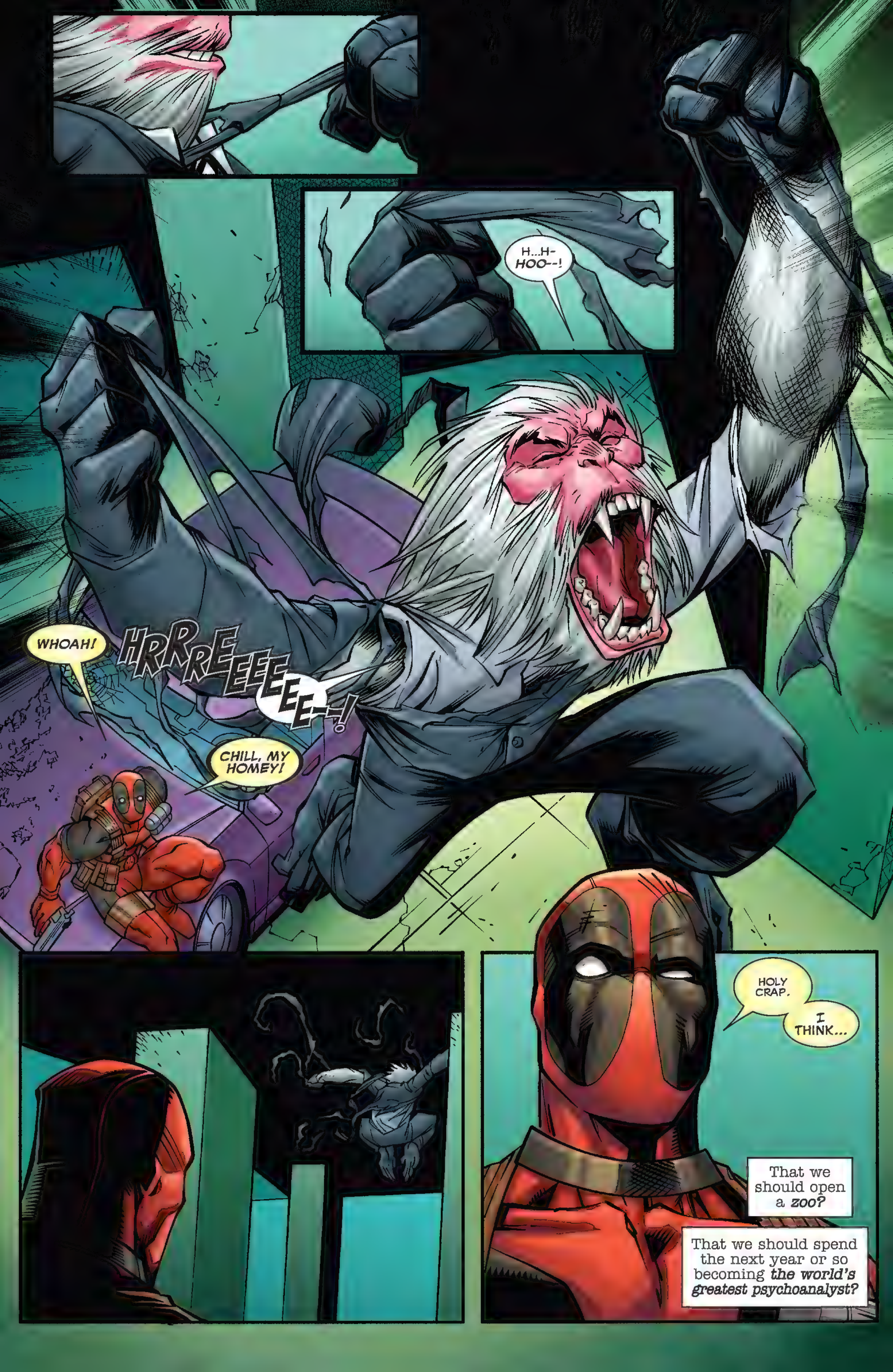

"KEMP? *KEMP!*"
"SOMEBODY GET ME ATF ON THE--!"
"ALREADY ON THE LINE, SIR."
"THIS IS--"
"WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU GUYS *DOING?* WE HAVE AN *AGENT* IN THERE!"
"SO DO WE!"

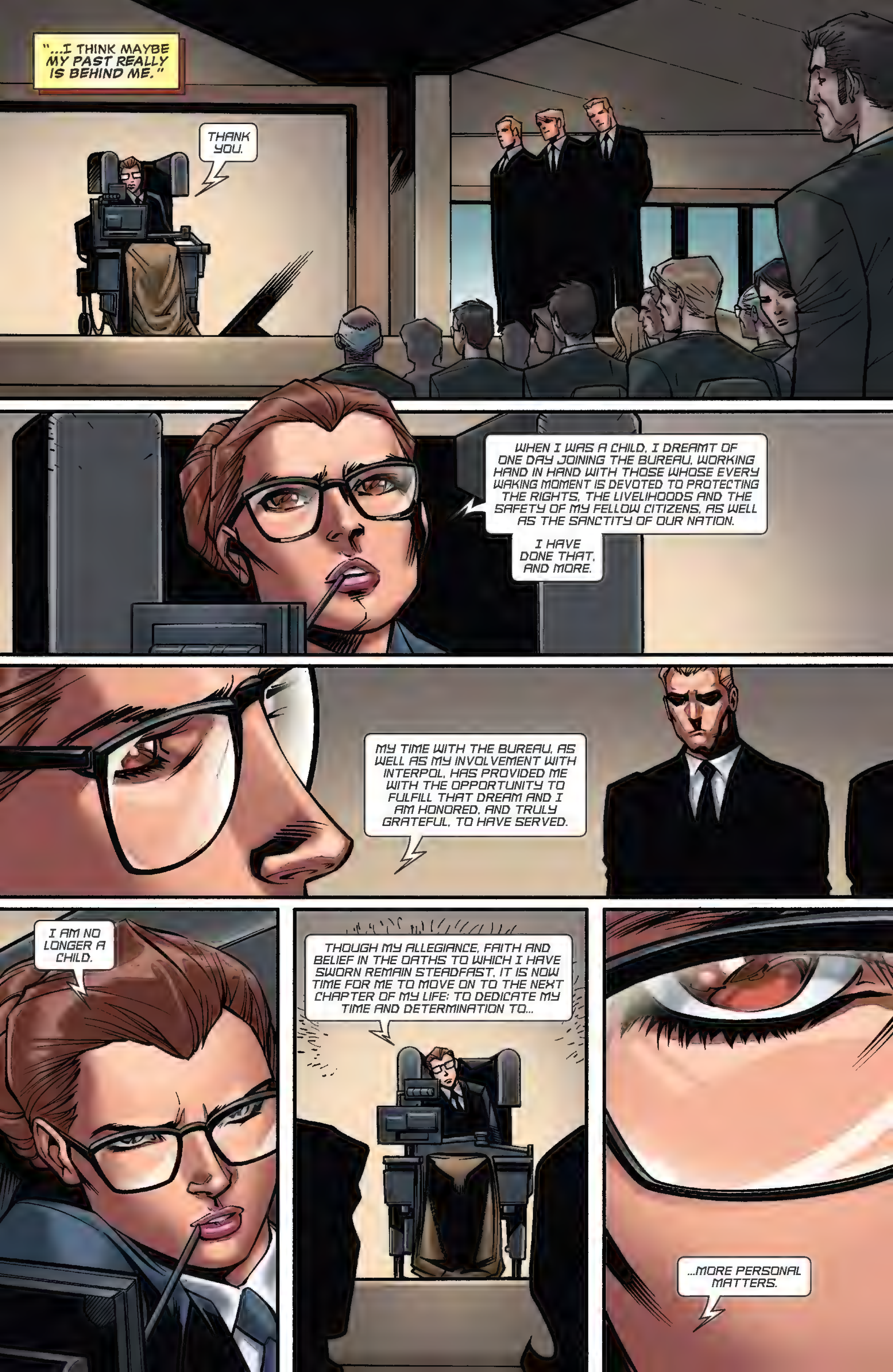

"THAT WASN'T US!"
WOW.
THAT?
WAS LOUD.

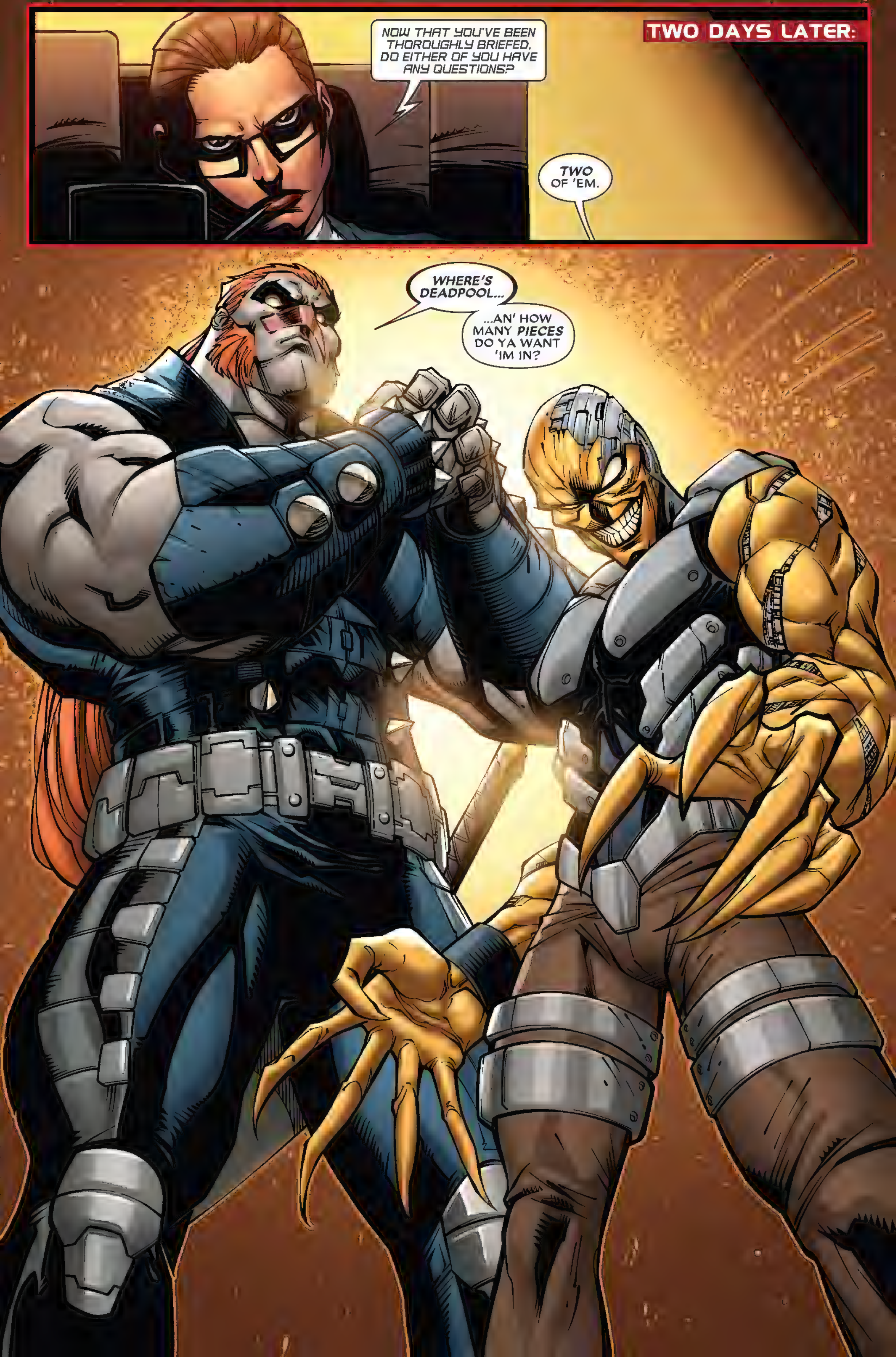

ED KOWALSKI, RIGHT?
SO I GUESS THAT GOOP OVER THERE IS WHAT'S LEFT OF YOUR BROTHER, GIL?
THAT SUCKS. I WAS SUPPOSED TO SAY THIS TO BOTH OF YOU BEFORE YOU DIED. EH, CLOSE ENOUGH...
"HORSESHOES AND HAND GRENADES." RIGHT?
ANYWAY, THIS ASTOUNDING DISPLAY OF MERC-ITUDE IS BROUGHT TO YOU BY YOUR SRI LANKAN BUDDIES UP IN TORONTO. I'M ASSUMING YOU MUST'VE PISSED 'EM OFF PRETTY BAD, BECAUSE THIS...?
DOESN'T COME CHEAP.
HMM...
TELL ME, DOES IT MAKE YOU FEEL ANY BETTER, KNOWING THAT SOMEONE PAID A BUTT-LOAD OF MONEY TO MAKE SURE YOU GOT DEAD, DEAD, DEAD?
SERIOUSLY-- DOES IT MAKE A DIFFERENCE?
YEAH, DIDN'T THINK SO.
BLAMM BLAMM BLAMM BLAMM

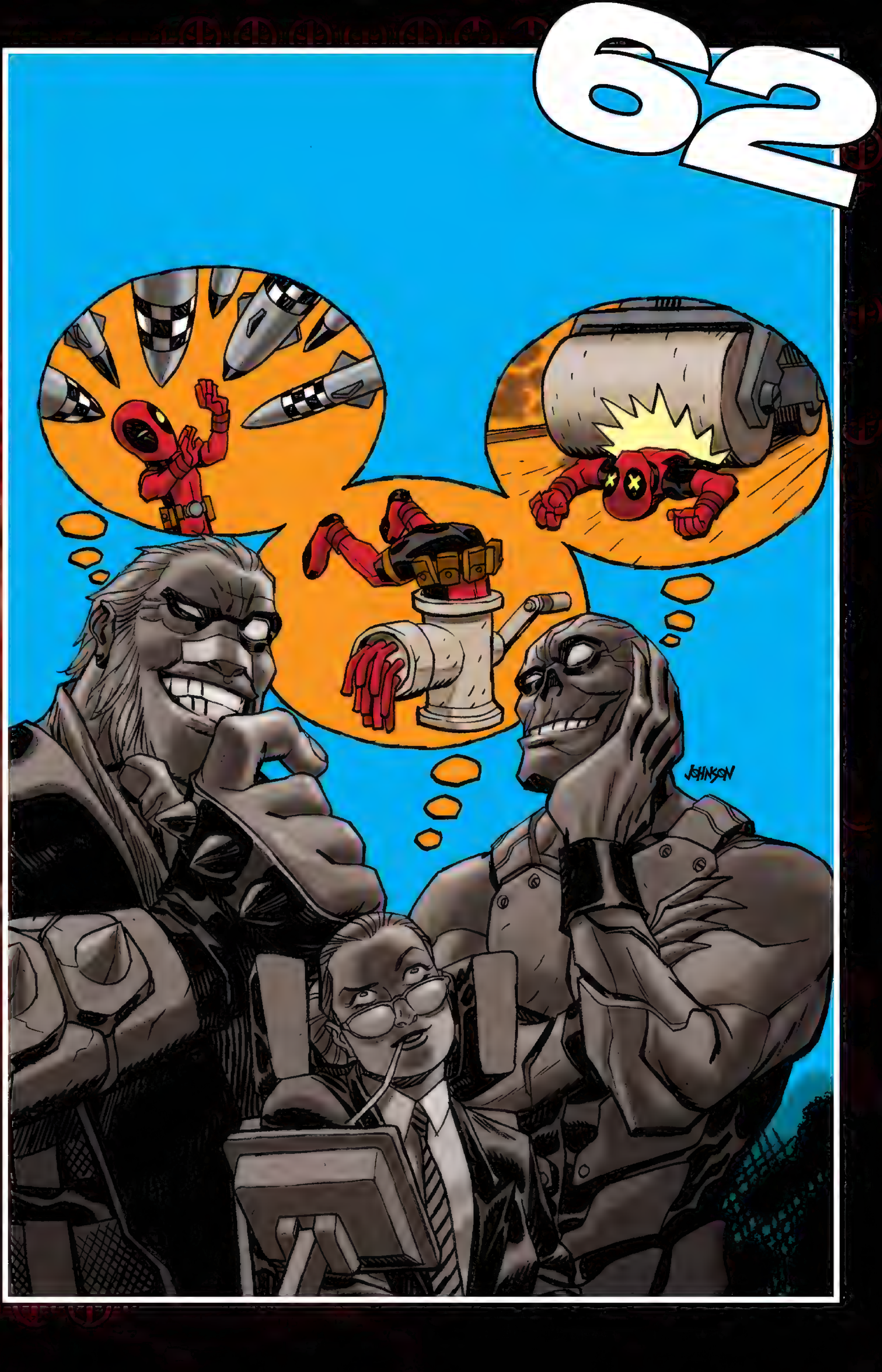

NOW:
BLAMM
BLA
WHY ARE YOU DOIN' THIS, ANYWAY?!
DO YOU EVEN KNOW?!
ZLAMM
BLAMM
BLAMM
BLAMM
BLAMM
Y'KNOW WHAT? I BET YOU DON'T.
HELL, I BET IT ISN'T EVEN YOUR IDEA TO DO THIS.
IT'S HIS, RIGHT?
H-OOK...?
THE GUY IN THE SUIT OVER THERE?
YEAH, I SEE YOU...I CAN SEE ALL KINDSA WACKY #%$&.
IT'S A GIFT.
OR A MENTAL DEFECT... WHATEVER.

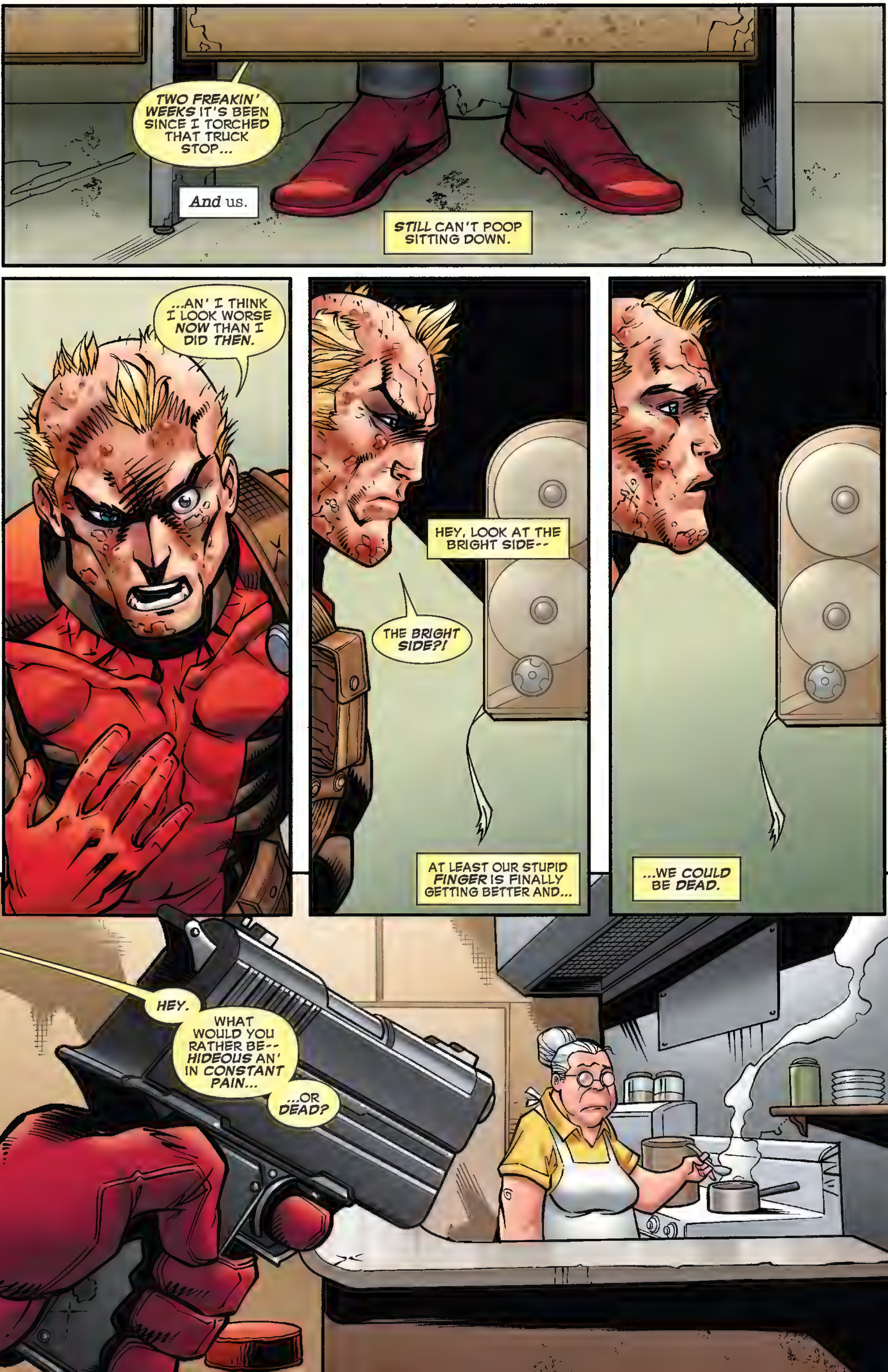

LEMME GUESS.
SOMETHIN' *BAD* HAPPENED...SOMETHIN' *REALLY* BAD. SOMETHIN' THAT HIT YOU SO HARD THAT IT KNOCKED EVERY CLEAR, COMFORTABLE THOUGHT RIGHT OUTTA YOUR HEAD AN' LEFT YOU WANDERIN' AROUND IN A FREAKIN' WASTELAND, *LOST.*
THAT'S WHEN *HE* SHOWED UP, RIGHT?
TO *GUIDE* YOU? *
* YES, IN HIT-MONKEY #1.
I'VE BEEN THERE.
TWO THINGS I'VE LEARNED FROM *EXPERIENCE,* DUDE-- *ONE,* HAVIN' A SENSE OF DIRECTION *ISN'T* THE SAME THING AS *NOT BEIN' LOST.*
AN' TWO? *SHE'S*--I MEAN...
...*HE'S NOT REAL.*

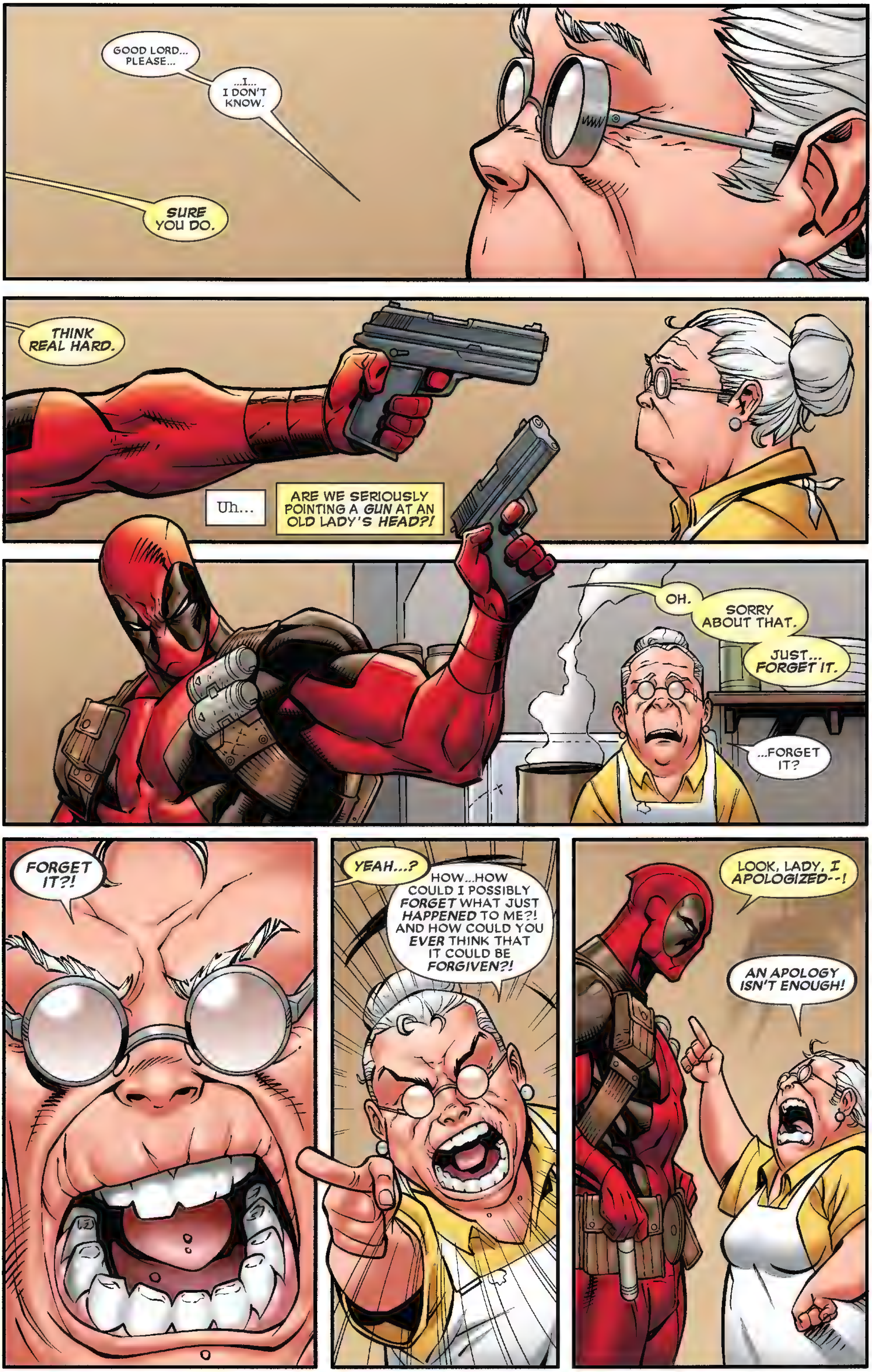

H...H-
HOO--!
WHOAH!
HRRREEEEEEEE--!
CHILL, MY HOMEY!
HOLY CRAP.
I THINK...
That we should open a *zoo?*
That we should spend the next year or so becoming ***the world's greatest psychoanalyst?***

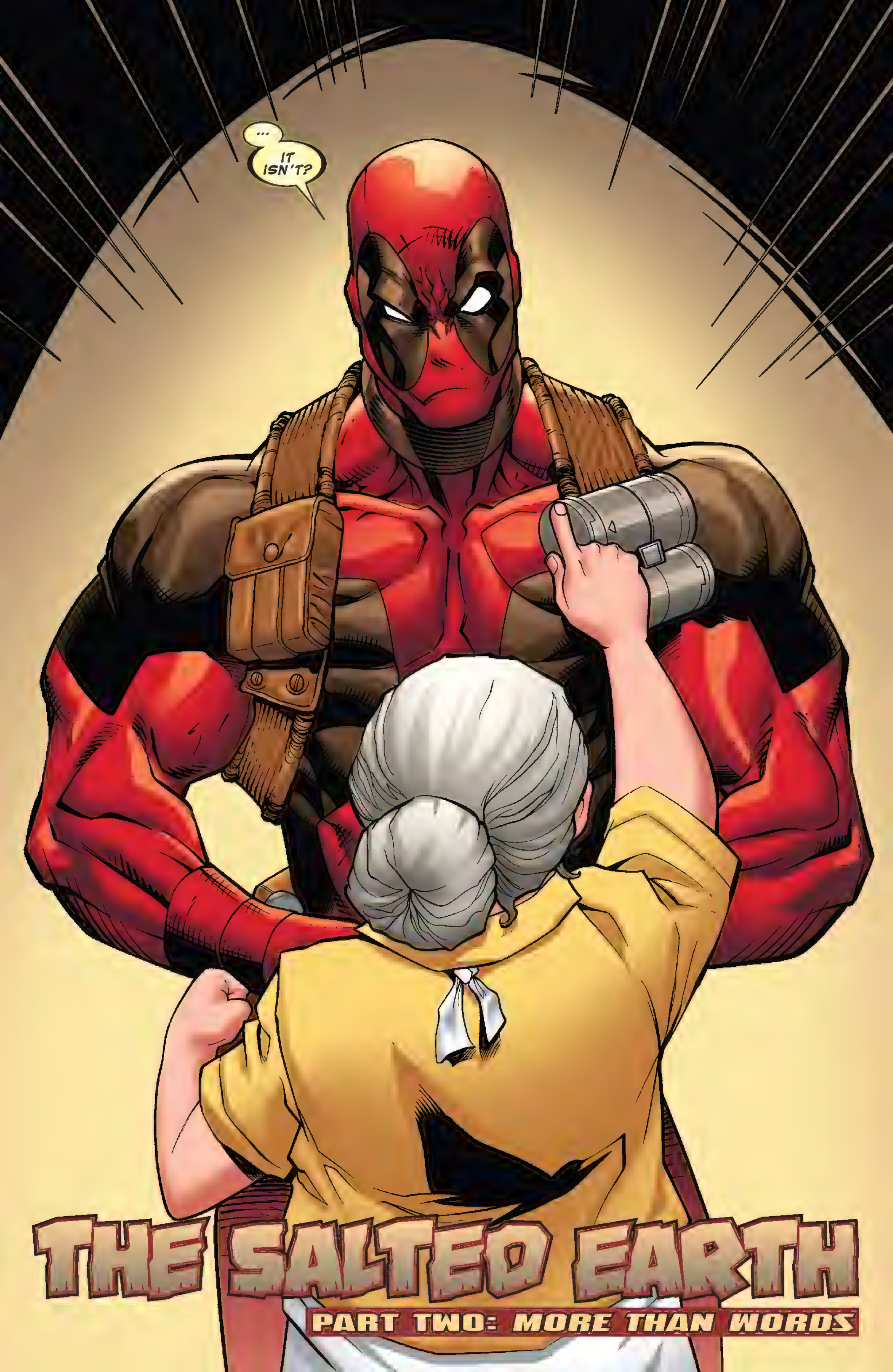

"...I THINK MAYBE MY PAST REALLY IS BEHIND ME."
THANK YOU.
WHEN I WAS A CHILD, I DREAMT OF ONE DAY JOINING THE BUREAU, WORKING HAND IN HAND WITH THOSE WHOSE EVERY WAKING MOMENT IS DEVOTED TO PROTECTING THE RIGHTS, THE LIVELIHOODS AND THE SAFETY OF MY FELLOW CITIZENS, AS WELL AS THE SANCTITY OF OUR NATION.
I HAVE DONE THAT, AND MORE.
MY TIME WITH THE BUREAU, AS WELL AS MY INVOLVEMENT WITH INTERPOL, HAS PROVIDED ME WITH THE OPPORTUNITY TO FULFILL THAT DREAM AND I AM HONORED, AND TRULY GRATEFUL, TO HAVE SERVED.
I AM NO LONGER A CHILD.
THOUGH MY ALLEGIANCE, FAITH AND BELIEF IN THE OATHS TO WHICH I HAVE SWORN REMAIN STEADFAST, IT IS NOW TIME FOR ME TO MOVE ON TO THE NEXT CHAPTER OF MY LIFE: TO DEDICATE MY TIME AND DETERMINATION TO...
...MORE PERSONAL MATTERS.

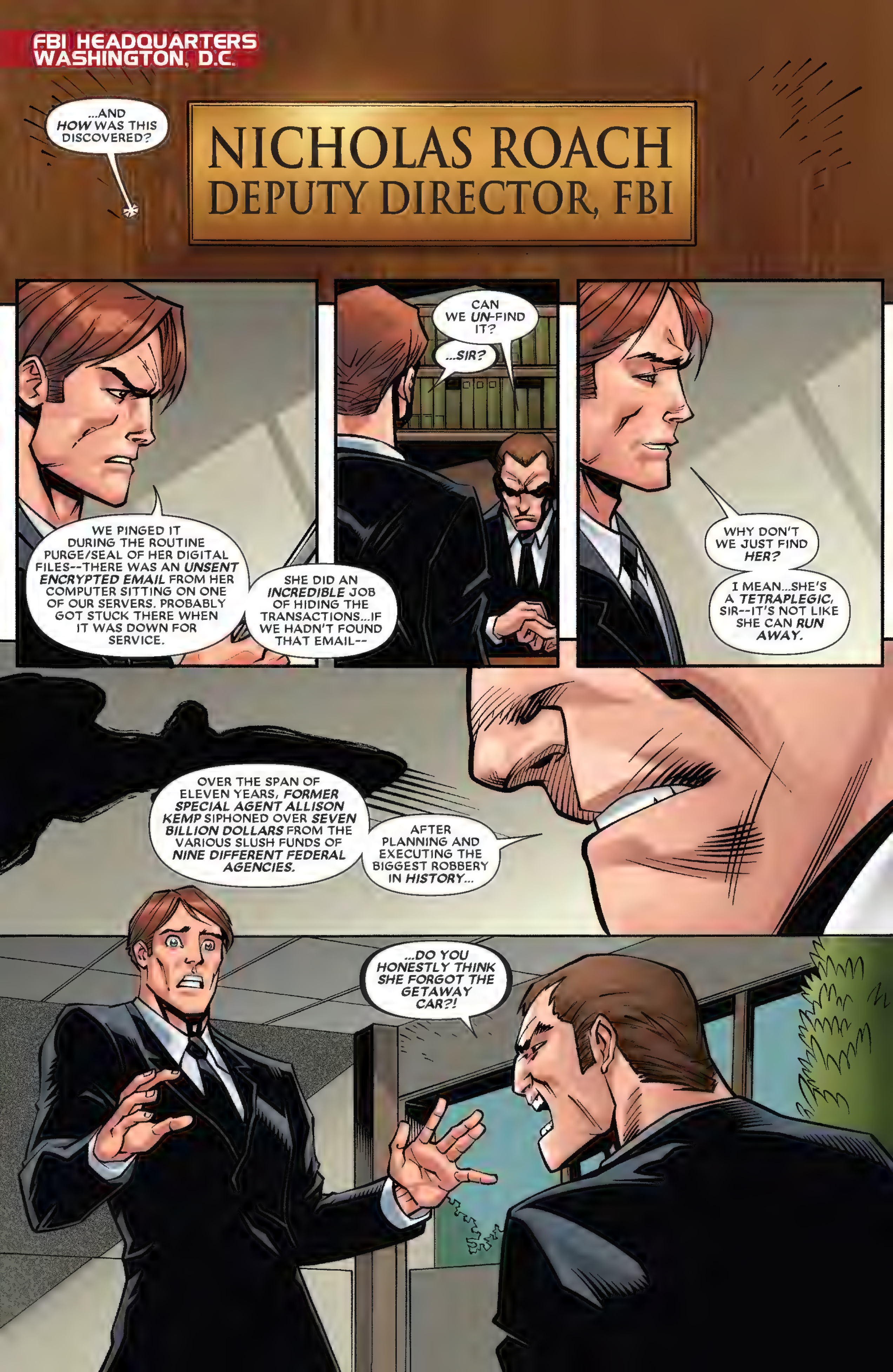

TWO DAYS LATER:
NOW THAT YOU'VE BEEN THOROUGHLY BRIEFED, DO EITHER OF YOU HAVE ANY QUESTIONS?
TWO OF 'EM.
WHERE'S DEADPOOL...
...AN' HOW MANY PIECES DO YA WANT 'IM IN?

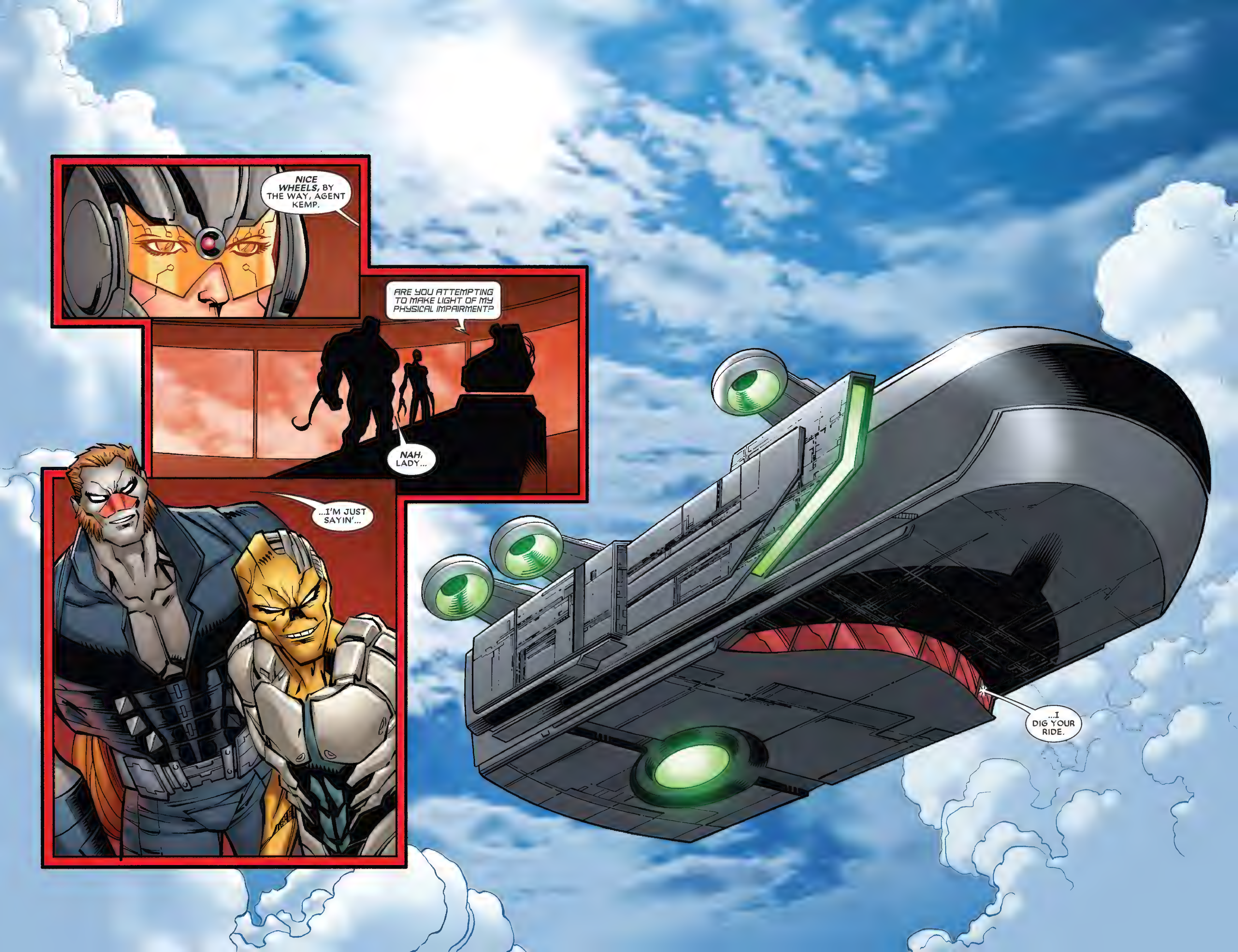

62
JOHNSON

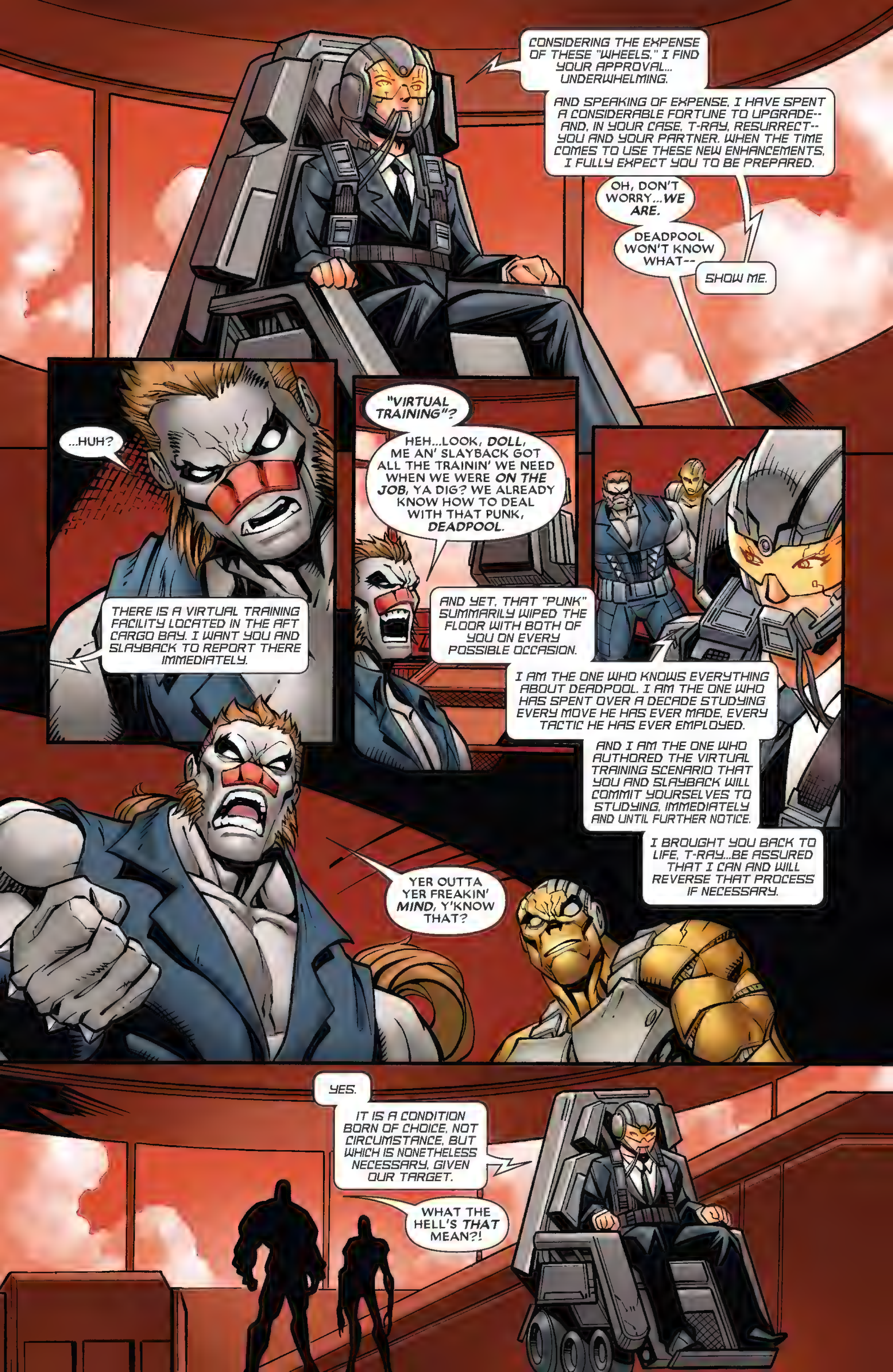

TWO FREAKIN' WEEKS IT'S BEEN SINCE I TORCHED THAT TRUCK STOP...
And us.
STILL CAN'T POOP SITTING DOWN.
...AN' I THINK I LOOK WORSE NOW THAN I DID THEN.
HEY, LOOK AT THE BRIGHT SIDE--
THE BRIGHT SIDE?!
AT LEAST OUR STUPID FINGER IS FINALLY GETTING BETTER AND...
...WE COULD BE DEAD.
HEY.
WHAT WOULD YOU RATHER BE--HIDEOUS AN' IN CONSTANT PAIN...
...OR DEAD?

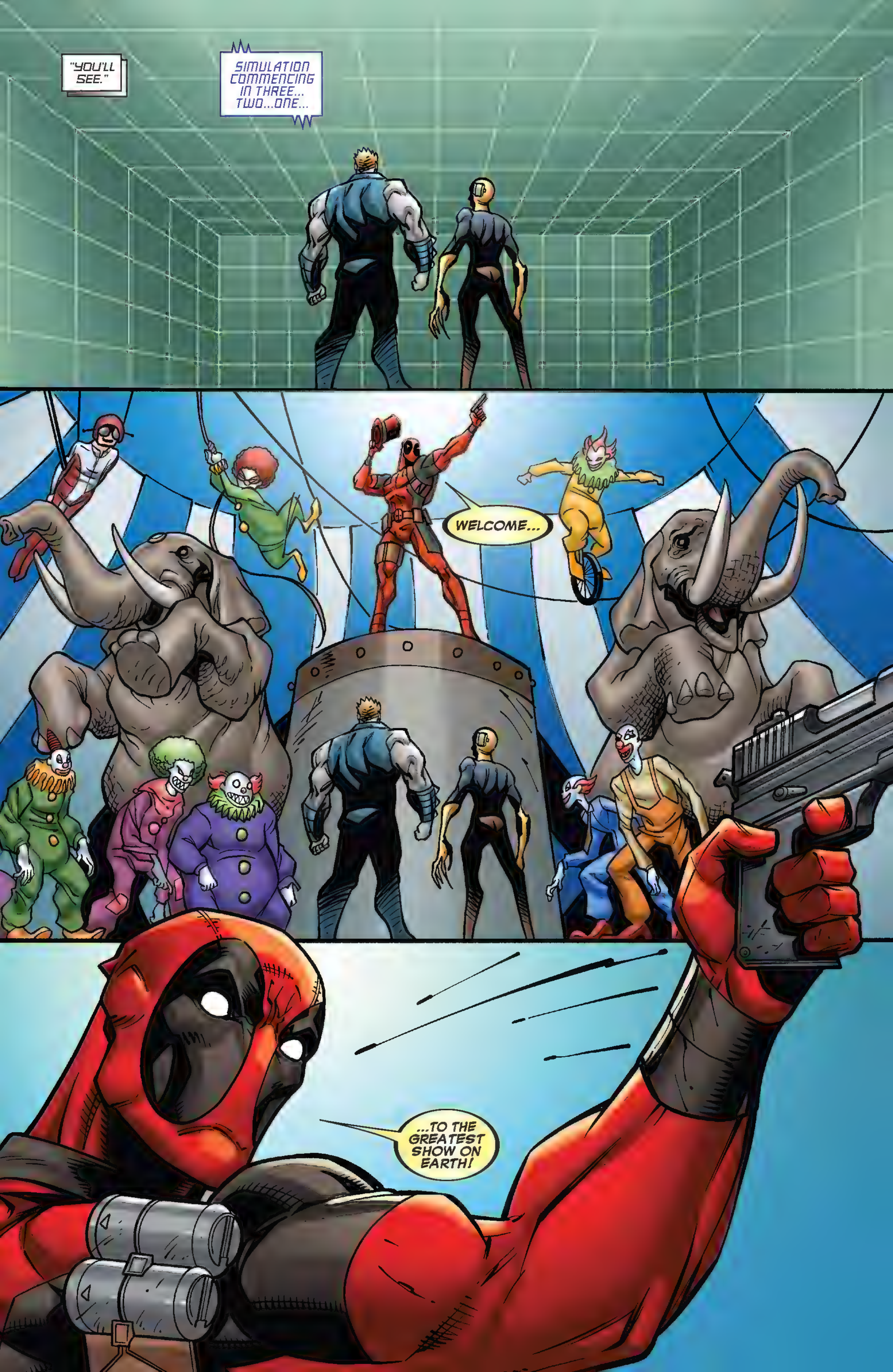

GOOD LORD... PLEASE...
...I... I DON'T KNOW.
SURE YOU DO.
THINK REAL HARD.
Uh...
ARE WE SERIOUSLY POINTING A GUN AT AN OLD LADY'S HEAD?!
OH.
SORRY ABOUT THAT.
JUST... FORGET IT.
...FORGET IT?
FORGET IT?!
YEAH...?
HOW...HOW COULD I POSSIBLY FORGET WHAT JUST HAPPENED TO ME?! AND HOW COULD YOU EVER THINK THAT IT COULD BE FORGIVEN?!
LOOK, LADY, I APOLOGIZED--!
AN APOLOGY ISN'T ENOUGH!

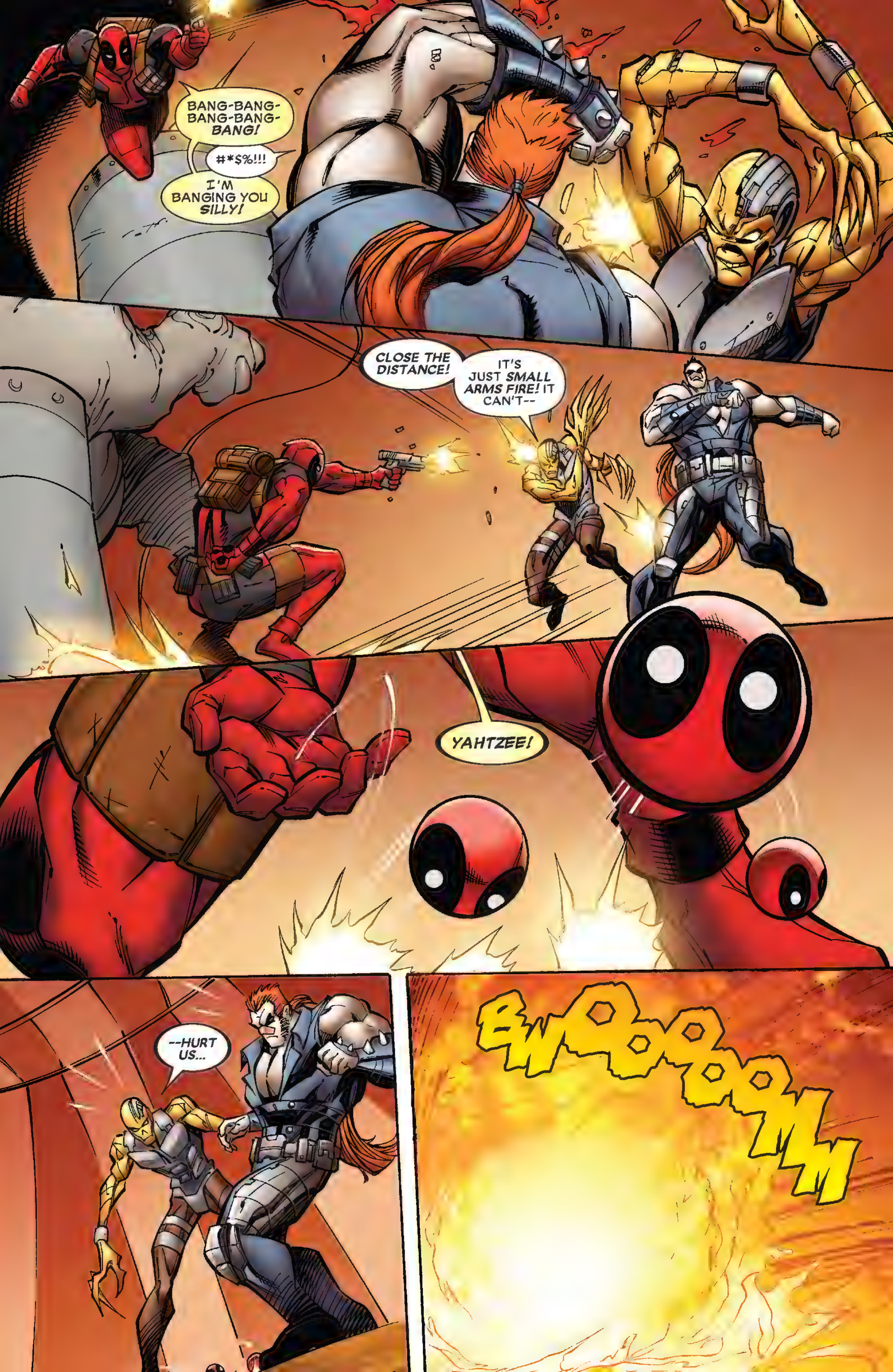

...
IT ISN'T?
THE SALTED EARTH
PART TWO: MORE THAN WORDS

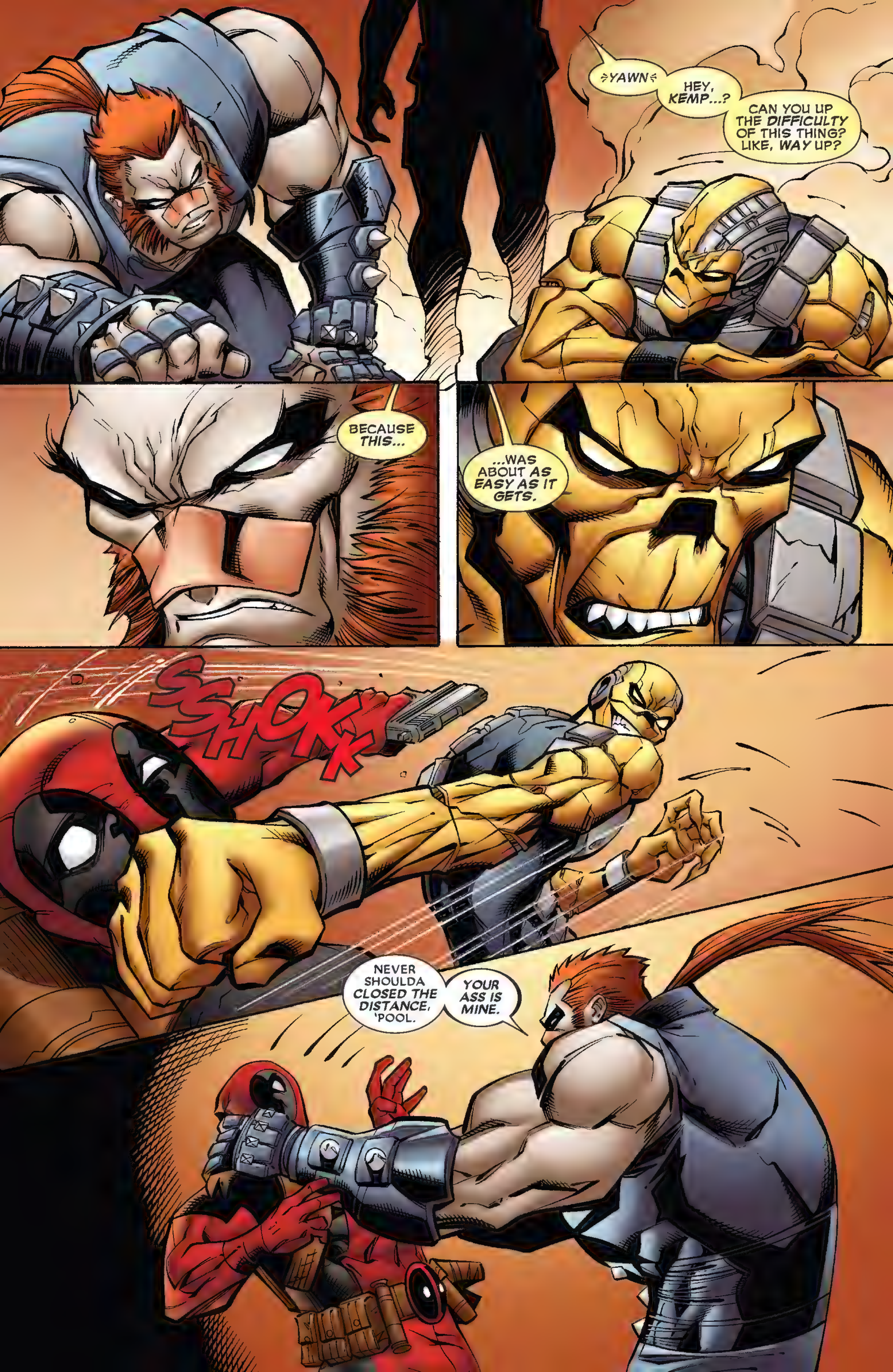

FBI HEADQUARTERS WASHINGTON, D.C.
...AND *HOW* WAS THIS DISCOVERED?
NICHOLAS ROACH DEPUTY DIRECTOR, FBI
WE PINGED IT DURING THE ROUTINE PURGE/SEAL OF HER DIGITAL FILES--THERE WAS AN *UNSENT ENCRYPTED EMAIL* FROM HER COMPUTER SITTING ON ONE OF OUR SERVERS. PROBABLY GOT STUCK THERE WHEN IT WAS DOWN FOR SERVICE.
SHE DID AN *INCREDIBLE* JOB OF HIDING THE TRANSACTIONS...IF WE HADN'T FOUND THAT EMAIL--
CAN WE *UN*-FIND IT?
...SIR?
WHY DON'T WE JUST FIND *HER?*
I MEAN...SHE'S A *TETRAPLEGIC,* SIR--IT'S NOT LIKE SHE CAN *RUN AWAY.*
OVER THE SPAN OF ELEVEN YEARS, *FORMER SPECIAL AGENT ALLISON KEMP* SIPHONED OVER *SEVEN BILLION DOLLARS* FROM THE VARIOUS SLUSH FUNDS OF *NINE DIFFERENT FEDERAL AGENCIES.*
AFTER PLANNING AND EXECUTING THE BIGGEST ROBBERY IN *HISTORY*...
...DO YOU HONESTLY THINK SHE FORGOT THE GETAWAY CAR?!

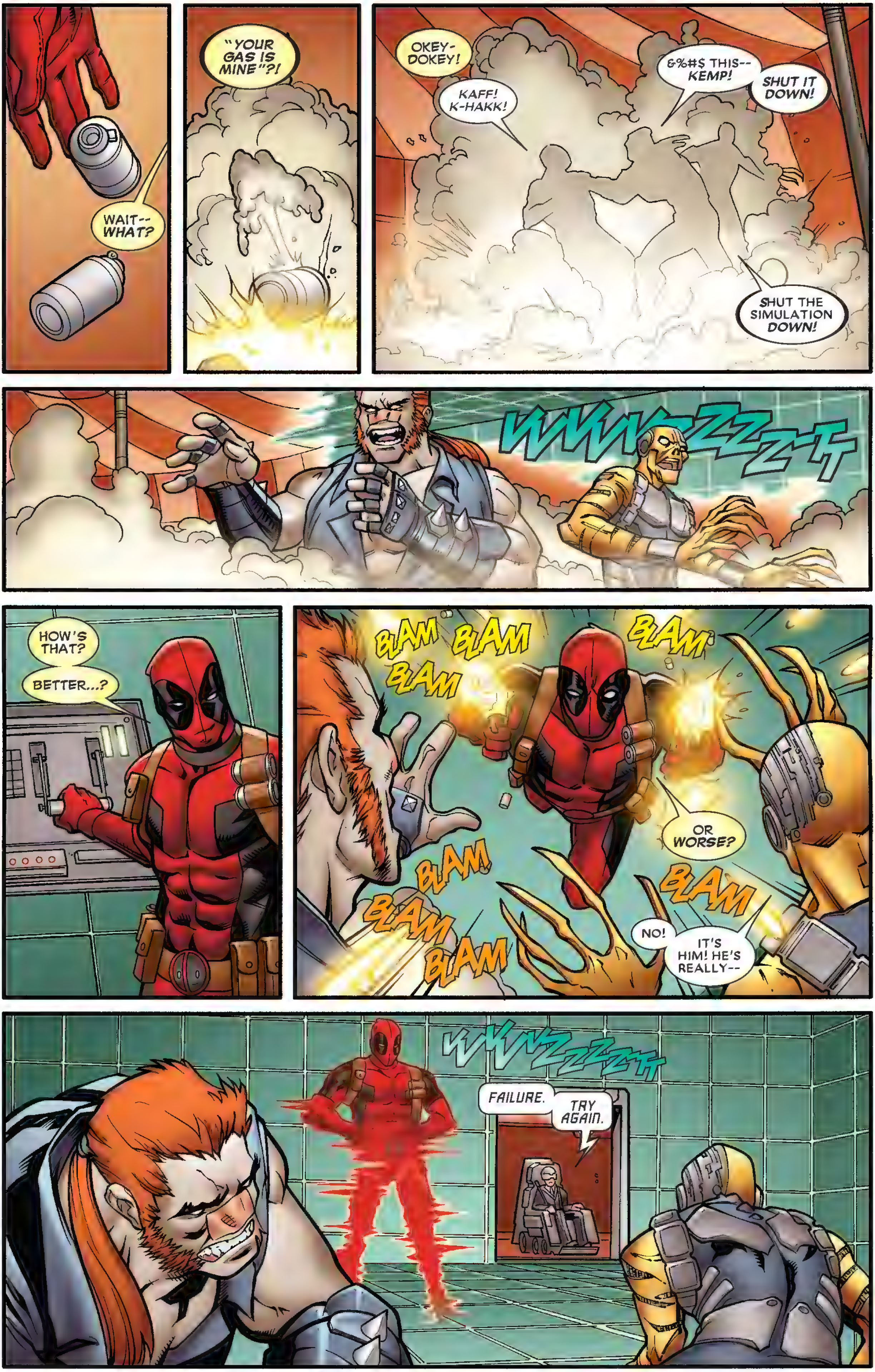

NICE WHEELS, BY THE WAY, AGENT KEMP.
ARE YOU ATTEMPTING TO MAKE LIGHT OF MY PHYSICAL IMPAIRMENT?
NAH, LADY...
...I'M JUST SAYIN'...
...I DIG YOUR RIDE.

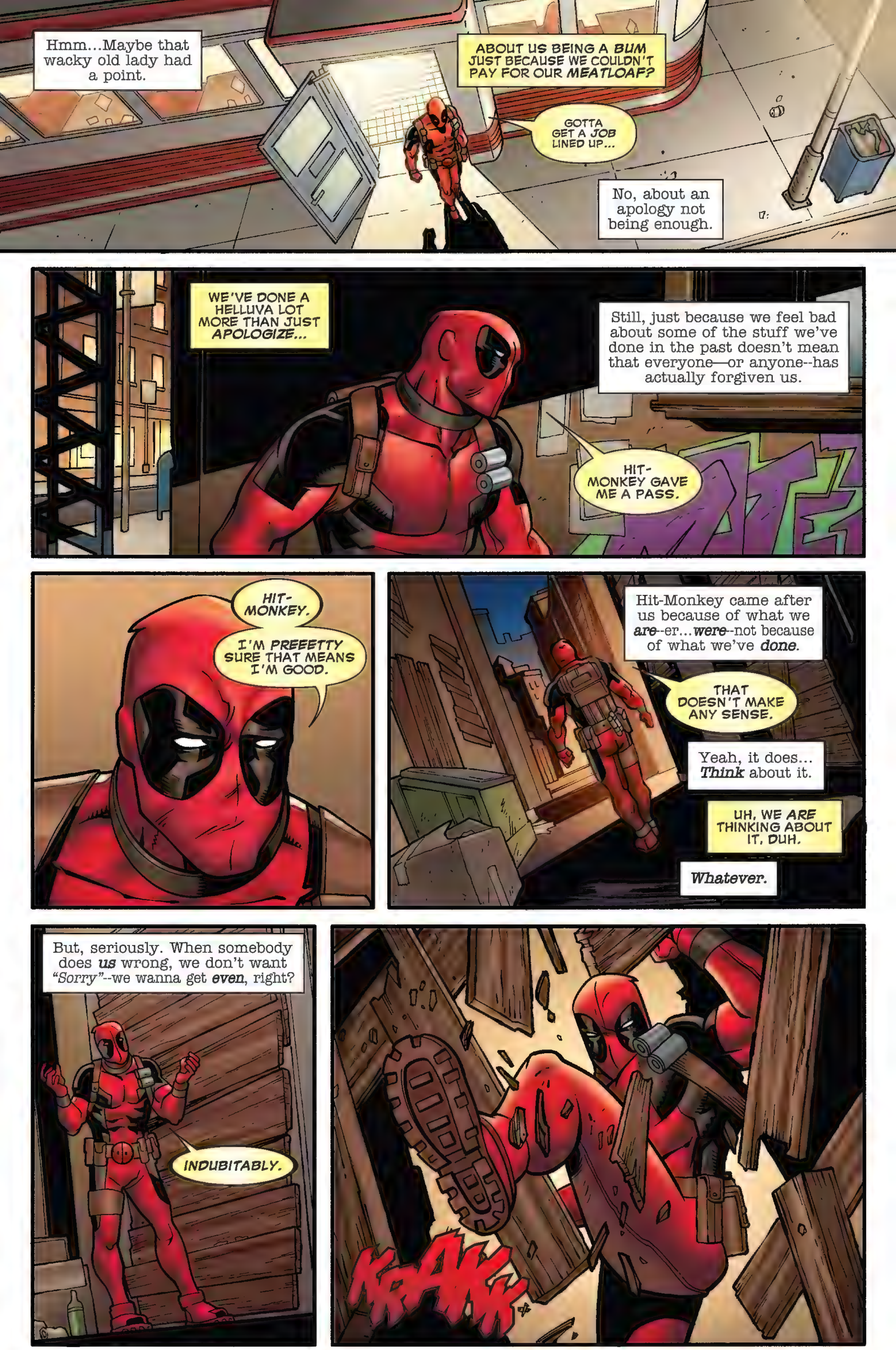

CONSIDERING THE EXPENSE OF THESE "WHEELS," I FIND YOUR APPROVAL... UNDERWHELMING.
AND SPEAKING OF EXPENSE, I HAVE SPENT A CONSIDERABLE FORTUNE TO UPGRADE-- AND, IN YOUR CASE, T-RAY, RESURRECT-- YOU AND YOUR PARTNER. WHEN THE TIME COMES TO USE THESE NEW ENHANCEMENTS, I FULLY EXPECT YOU TO BE PREPARED.
OH, DON'T WORRY... **WE ARE.**
DEADPOOL WON'T KNOW WHAT--
SHOW ME.
...HUH?
THERE IS A VIRTUAL TRAINING FACILITY LOCATED IN THE AFT CARGO BAY. I WANT YOU AND SLAYBACK TO REPORT THERE IMMEDIATELY.
"VIRTUAL TRAINING"?
HEH...LOOK, **DOLL,** ME AN' SLAYBACK GOT ALL THE TRAININ' WE NEED WHEN WE WERE **ON THE JOB,** YA DIG? WE ALREADY KNOW HOW TO DEAL WITH THAT PUNK, **DEADPOOL.**
AND YET, THAT "PUNK" SUMMARILY WIPED THE FLOOR WITH BOTH OF YOU ON EVERY POSSIBLE OCCASION.
I AM THE ONE WHO KNOWS EVERYTHING ABOUT DEADPOOL. I AM THE ONE WHO HAS SPENT OVER A DECADE STUDYING EVERY MOVE HE HAS EVER MADE, EVERY TACTIC HE HAS EVER EMPLOYED.
AND I AM THE ONE WHO AUTHORED THE VIRTUAL TRAINING SCENARIO THAT YOU AND SLAYBACK WILL COMMIT YOURSELVES TO STUDYING, IMMEDIATELY AND UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.
I BROUGHT YOU BACK TO LIFE, T-RAY...BE ASSURED THAT I CAN AND WILL REVERSE THAT PROCESS IF NECESSARY.
YER OUTTA YER FREAKIN' **MIND,** Y'KNOW THAT?
YES.
IT IS A CONDITION BORN OF CHOICE, NOT CIRCUMSTANCE, BUT WHICH IS NONETHELESS NECESSARY, GIVEN OUR TARGET.
WHAT THE HELL'S **THAT** MEAN?!

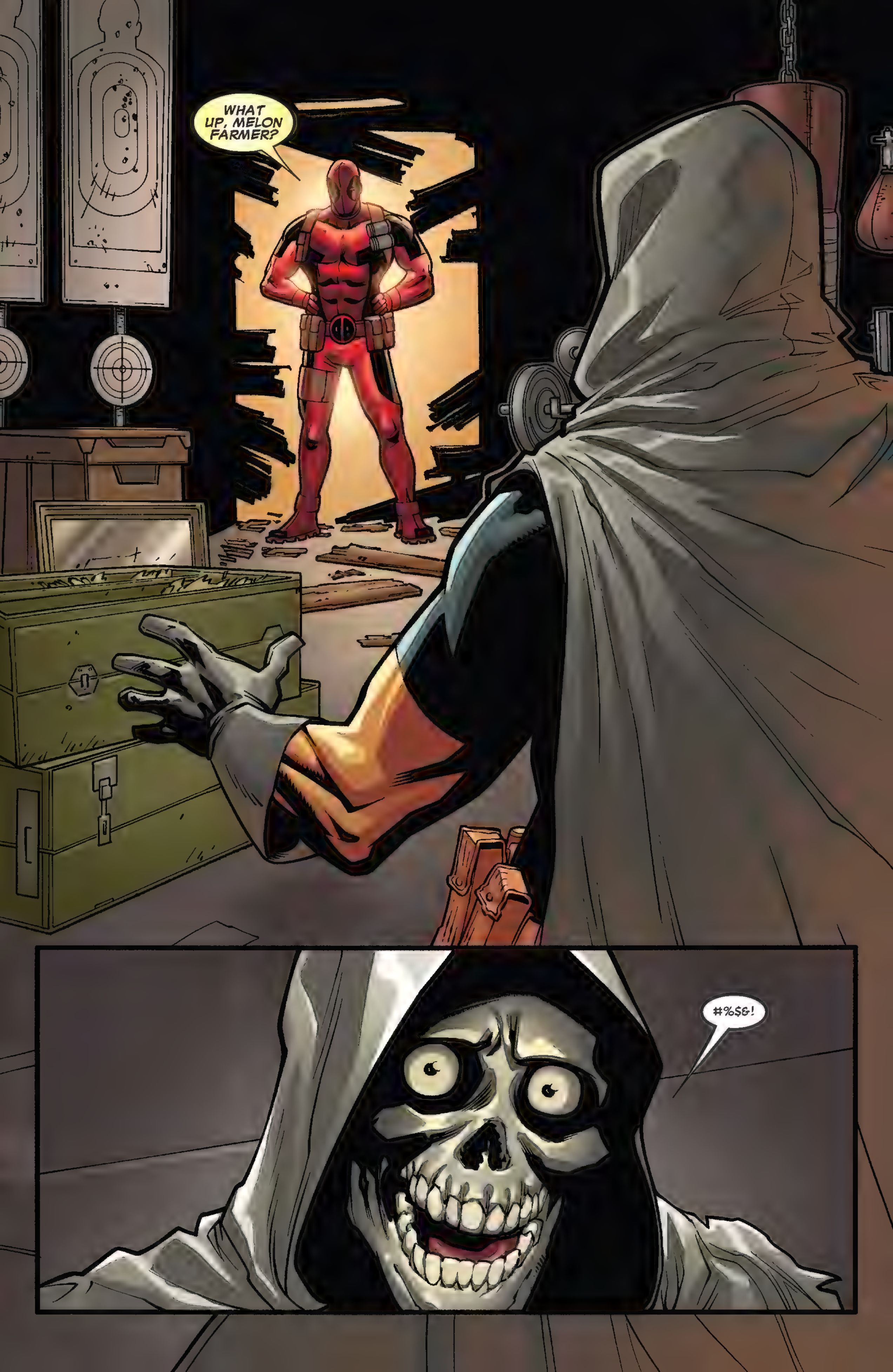

"YOU'LL SEE."
SIMULATION COMMENCING IN THREE... TWO...ONE...
WELCOME...
...TO THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH!

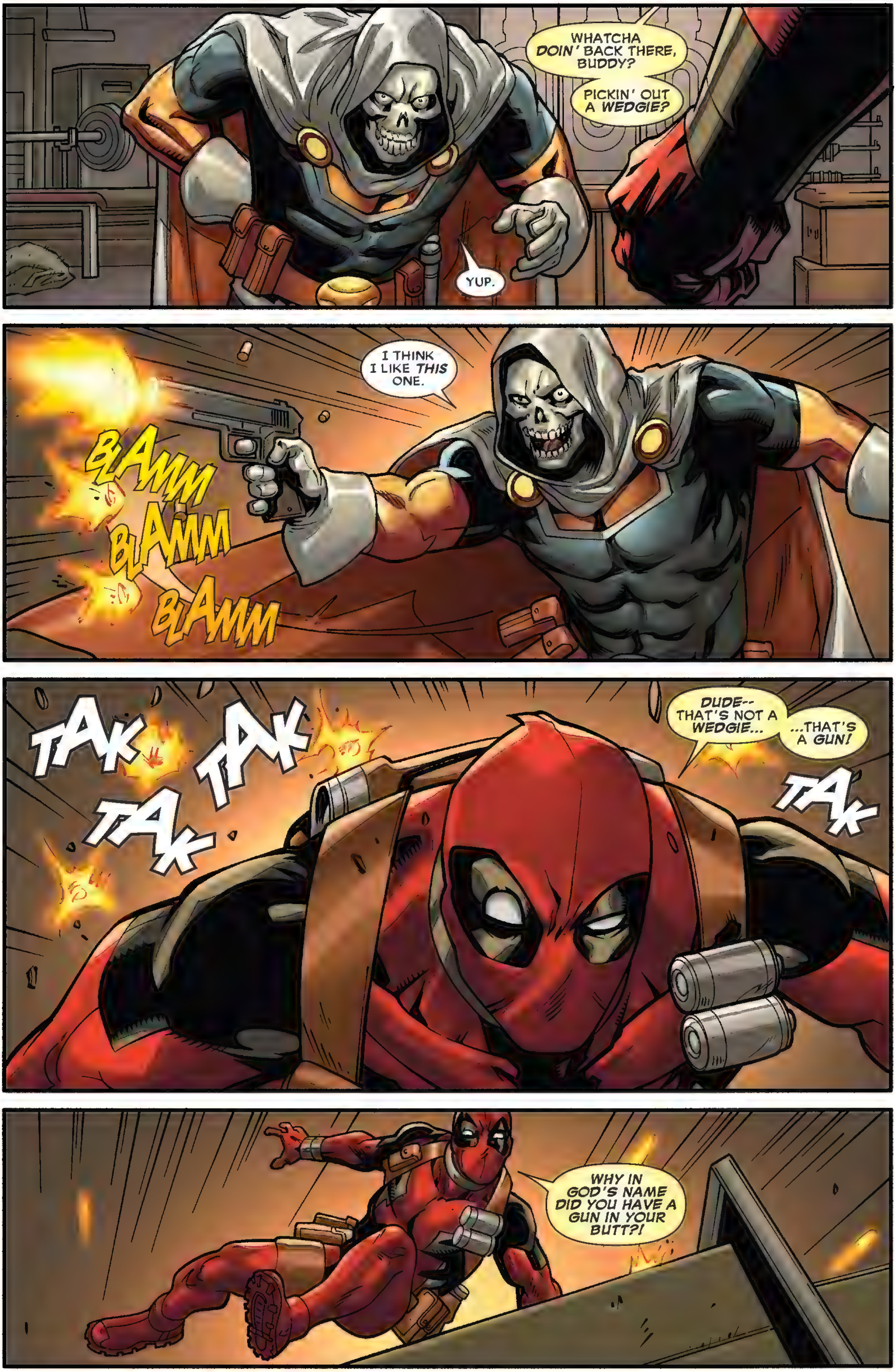

BANG-BANG-BANG-BANG-BANG!
#*$%!!!
I'M BANGING YOU SILLY!
CLOSE THE DISTANCE!
IT'S JUST SMALL ARMS FIRE! IT CAN'T--
YAHTZEE!
--HURT US...
BWOOOOOM

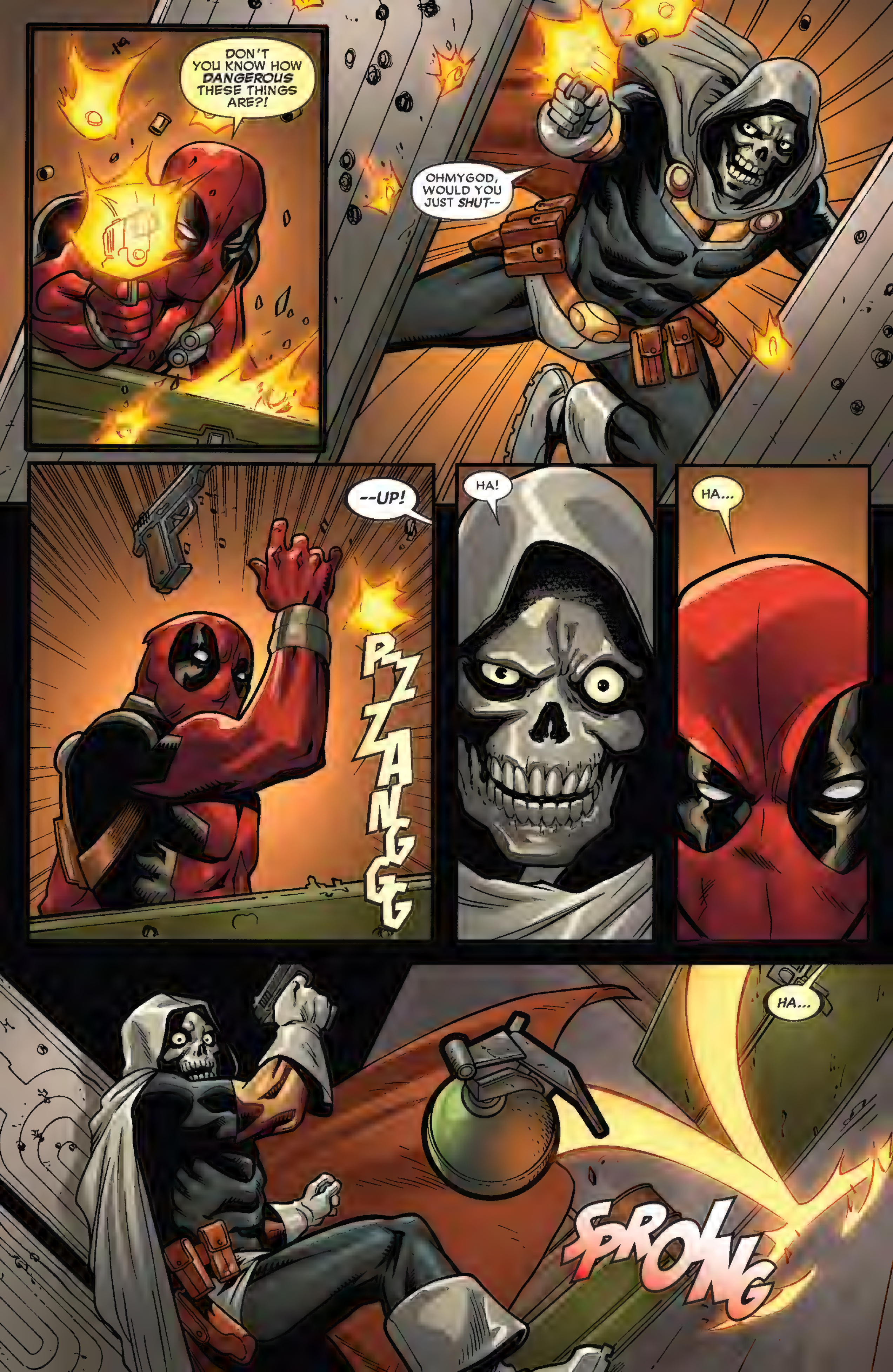

YAWN
HEY, KEMP...?
CAN YOU UP THE DIFFICULTY OF THIS THING? LIKE, WAY UP?
BECAUSE THIS...
...WAS ABOUT AS EASY AS IT GETS.
SSHOKK
NEVER SHOULDA CLOSED THE DISTANCE, 'POOL.
YOUR ASS IS MINE.

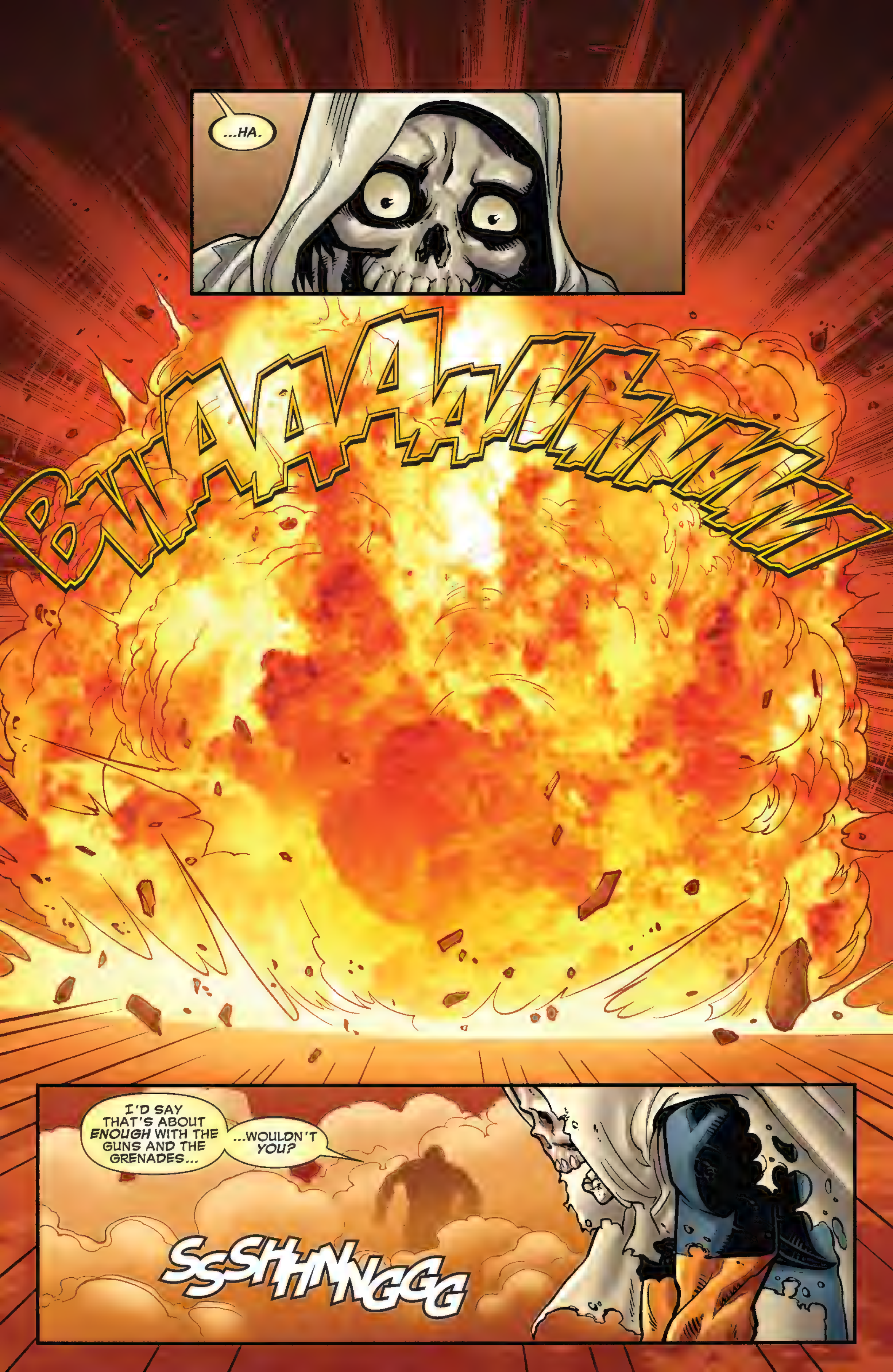

WAIT-- WHAT?
"YOUR GAS IS MINE"?!
OKEY-DOKEY!
KAFF! K-HAKK!
&%#$ THIS-- KEMP!
SHUT IT DOWN!
SHUT THE SIMULATION DOWN!
WWWWZZZZ-T
HOW'S THAT?
BETTER...?
BLAM BLAM BLAM
BLAM
OR WORSE?
BLAM BLAM BLAM
BLAM
NO!
IT'S HIM! HE'S REALLY--
WWWZZZZT
FAILURE.
TRY AGAIN.

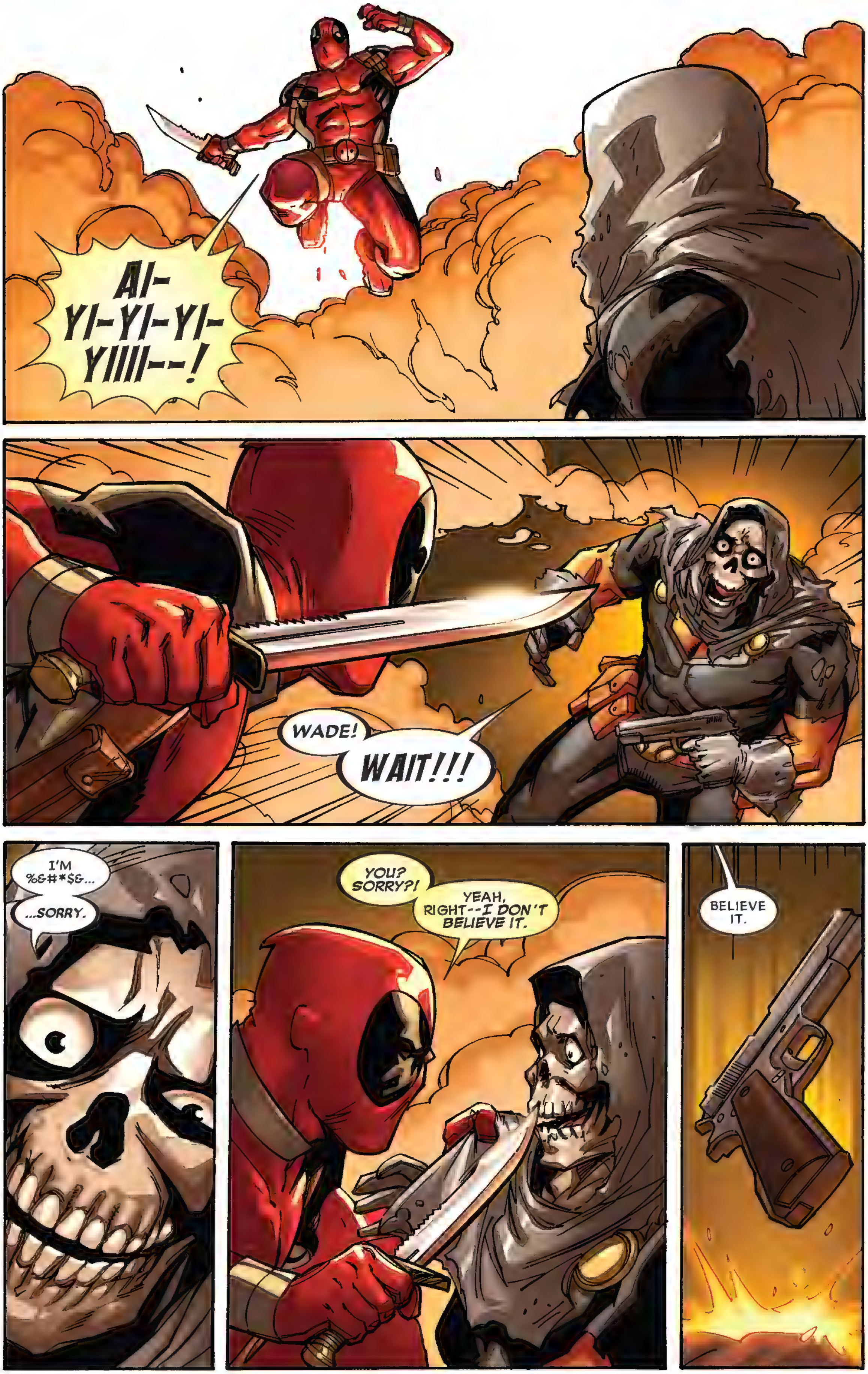

Hmm...Maybe that wacky old lady had a point.
ABOUT US BEING A *BUM* JUST BECAUSE WE COULDN'T PAY FOR OUR *MEATLOAF?*
GOTTA GET A *JOB* LINED UP...
No, about an apology not being enough.
WE'VE DONE A HELLUVA LOT MORE THAN JUST *APOLOGIZE...*
Still, just because we feel bad about some of the stuff we've done in the past doesn't mean that everyone—or anyone--has actually forgiven us.
HIT-MONKEY GAVE ME A PASS.
HIT-MONKEY.
I'M *PREEETTY* SURE THAT MEANS I'M GOOD.
Hit-Monkey came after us because of what we ***are***--er...***were***--not because of what we've ***done***.
THAT DOESN'T MAKE ANY SENSE.
Yeah, it does... ***Think*** about it.
UH, WE *ARE* THINKING ABOUT IT, DUH.
Whatever.
But, seriously. When somebody does ***us*** wrong, we don't want *"Sorry"*--we wanna get ***even***, right?
INDUBITABLY.

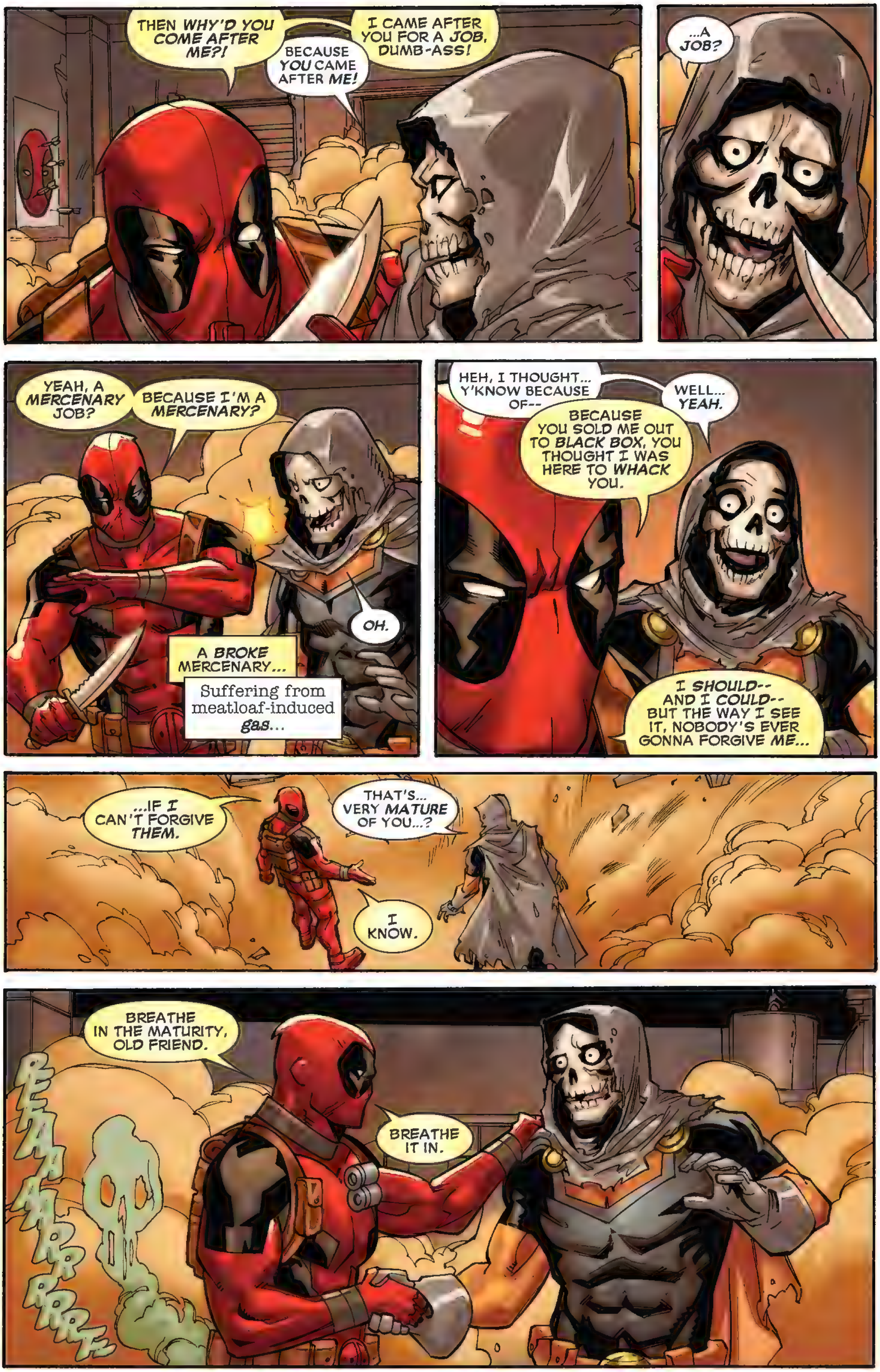

WHAT UP, MELON FARMER?
#%$&!

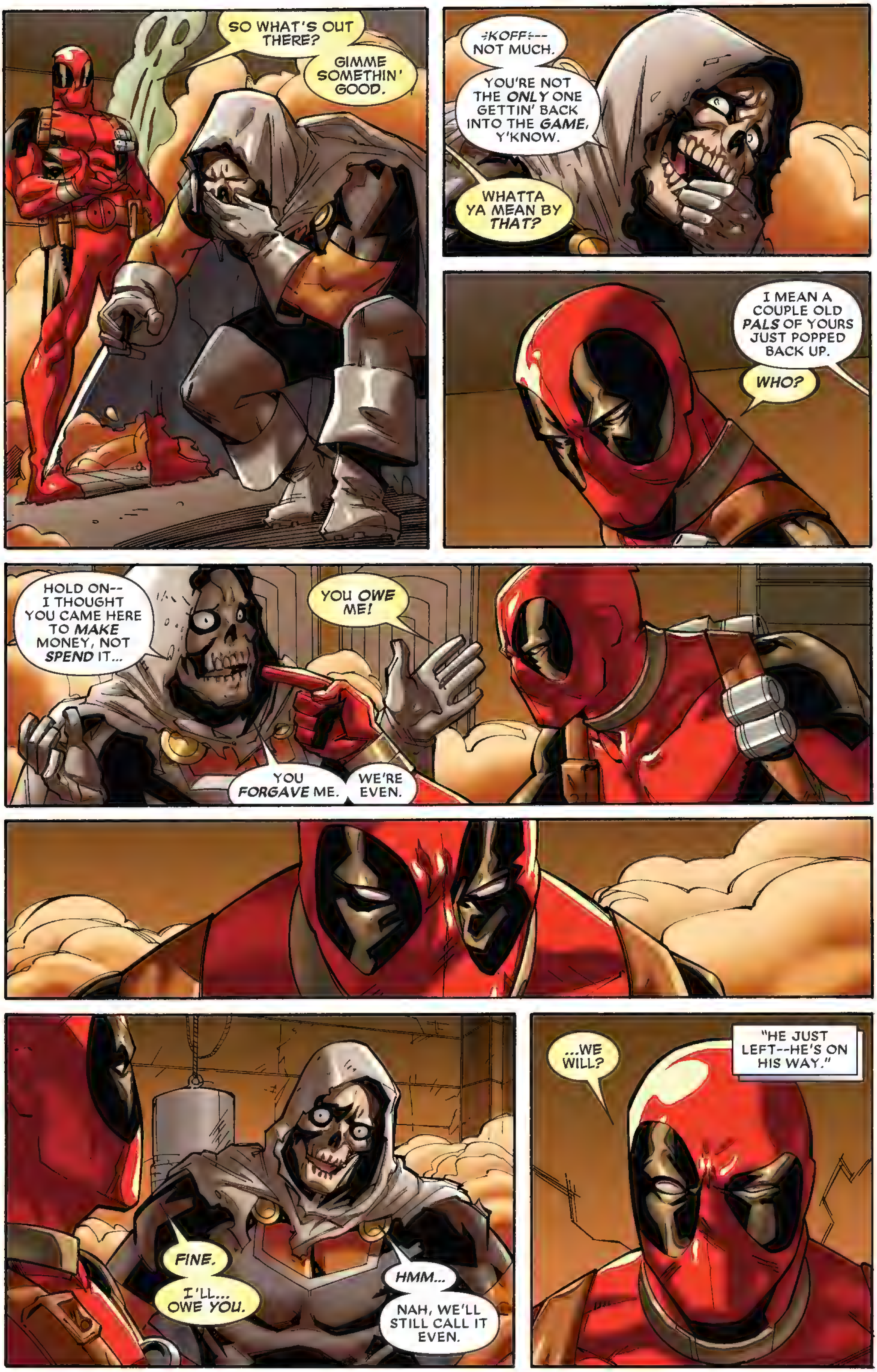

WHATCHA *DOIN'* BACK THERE, BUDDY?
PICKIN' OUT A *WEDGIE?*
YUP.
I THINK I LIKE *THIS* ONE.
BLAMM
BLAMM
BLAMM
TAK
TAK
TAK
DUDE-- THAT'S NOT A *WEDGIE...*
...THAT'S A *GUN!*
TAK
WHY IN GOD'S NAME DID YOU HAVE A GUN IN YOUR BUTT?!

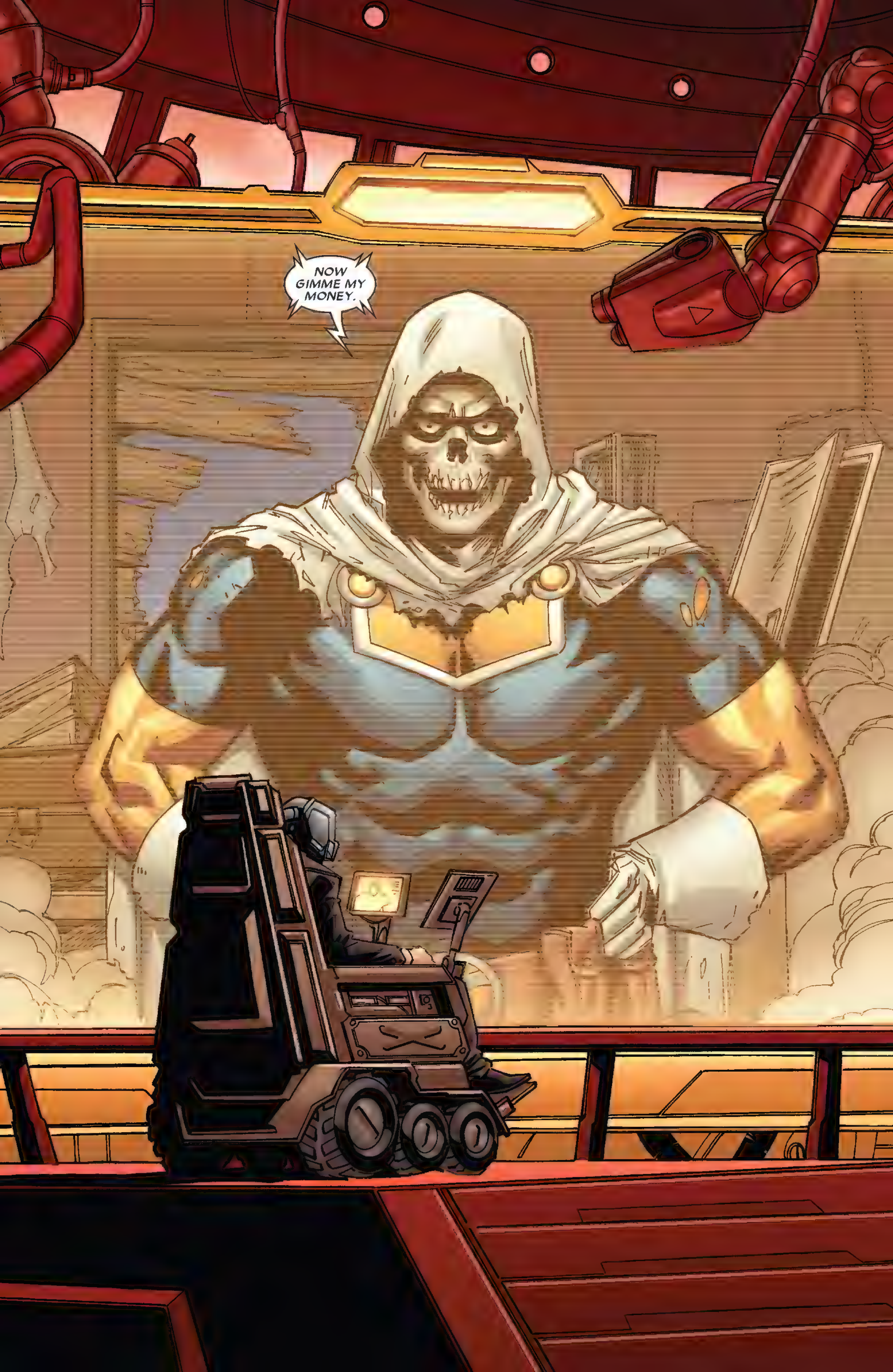

DON'T YOU KNOW HOW *DANGEROUS* THESE THINGS ARE?!
OHMYGOD, WOULD YOU JUST *SHUT*--
--UP!
PZZANGG
HA!
HA...
HA...
SPRONG


...HA.
BWAAAMMMM
I'D SAY THAT'S ABOUT *ENOUGH* WITH THE GUNS AND THE GRENADES...
...WOULDN'T *YOU?*
SSSHHNNGGG


AI- YI-YI-YI- YIIII--!
WADE!
WAIT!!!
I'M %&#*$&...
...SORRY.
YOU? SORRY?!
YEAH, RIGHT--I DON'T BELIEVE IT.
BELIEVE IT.

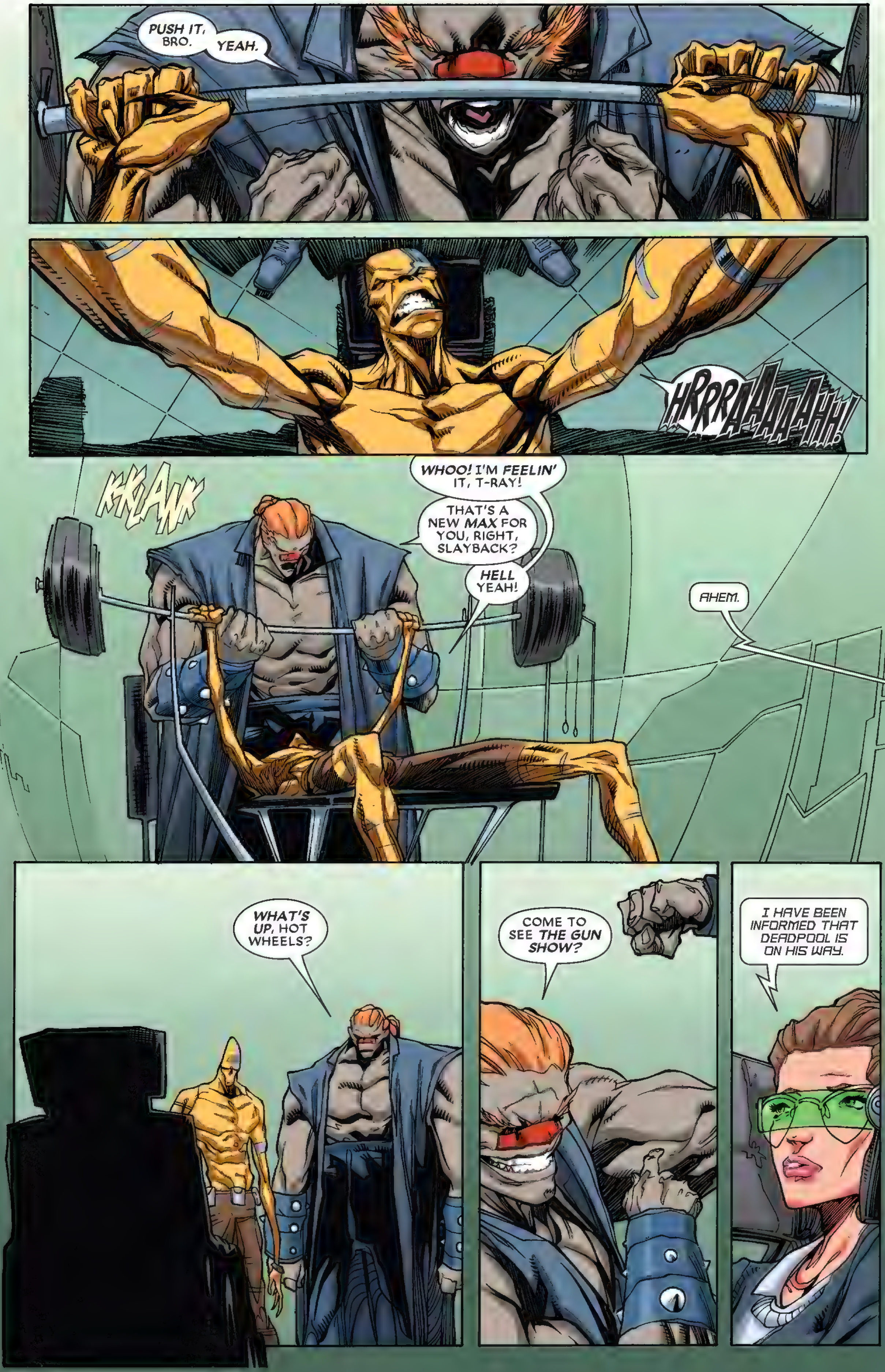

THEN *WHY'D YOU COME AFTER ME?!*
BECAUSE *YOU* CAME AFTER *ME!*
I CAME AFTER YOU FOR A *JOB,* DUMB-ASS!
...A *JOB?*
YEAH, A *MERCENARY* JOB?
BECAUSE I'M A *MERCENARY?*
OH.
A *BROKE* MERCENARY...
Suffering from meatloaf-induced *gas*...
HEH, I THOUGHT... Y'KNOW BECAUSE OF--
WELL... *YEAH.*
BECAUSE YOU SOLD ME OUT TO *BLACK BOX,* YOU THOUGHT I WAS HERE TO *WHACK* YOU.
I *SHOULD*--AND I *COULD*--BUT THE WAY I SEE IT, NOBODY'S EVER GONNA FORGIVE *ME...*
...IF I CAN'T FORGIVE *THEM.*
THAT'S... VERY *MATURE* OF YOU...?
I KNOW.
BREATHE IN THE MATURITY, OLD FRIEND.
BREATHE IT IN.
BRAAAARRRRT

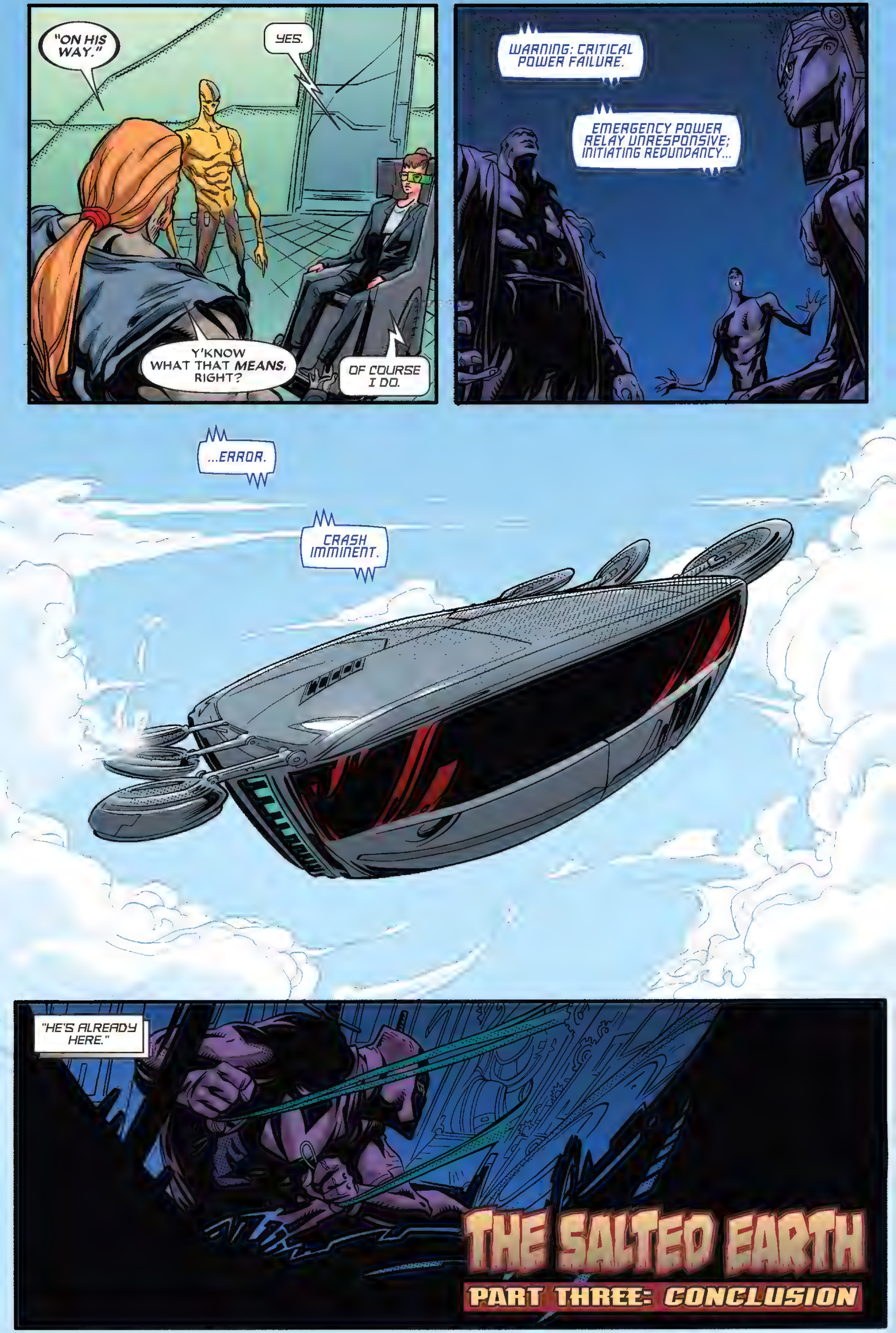

SO WHAT'S OUT THERE?
GIMME SOMETHIN' GOOD.
=KOFF=-- NOT MUCH.
YOU'RE NOT THE *ONLY* ONE GETTIN' BACK INTO THE *GAME*, Y'KNOW.
WHATTA YA MEAN BY *THAT?*
I MEAN A COUPLE OLD *PALS* OF YOURS JUST POPPED BACK UP.
WHO?
HOLD ON-- I THOUGHT YOU CAME HERE TO *MAKE* MONEY, NOT *SPEND* IT...
YOU *OWE* ME!
YOU *FORGAVE* ME.
WE'RE EVEN.
FINE.
I'LL... OWE *YOU.*
HMM...
NAH, WE'LL STILL CALL IT EVEN.
...WE WILL?
"HE JUST LEFT--HE'S ON HIS WAY."

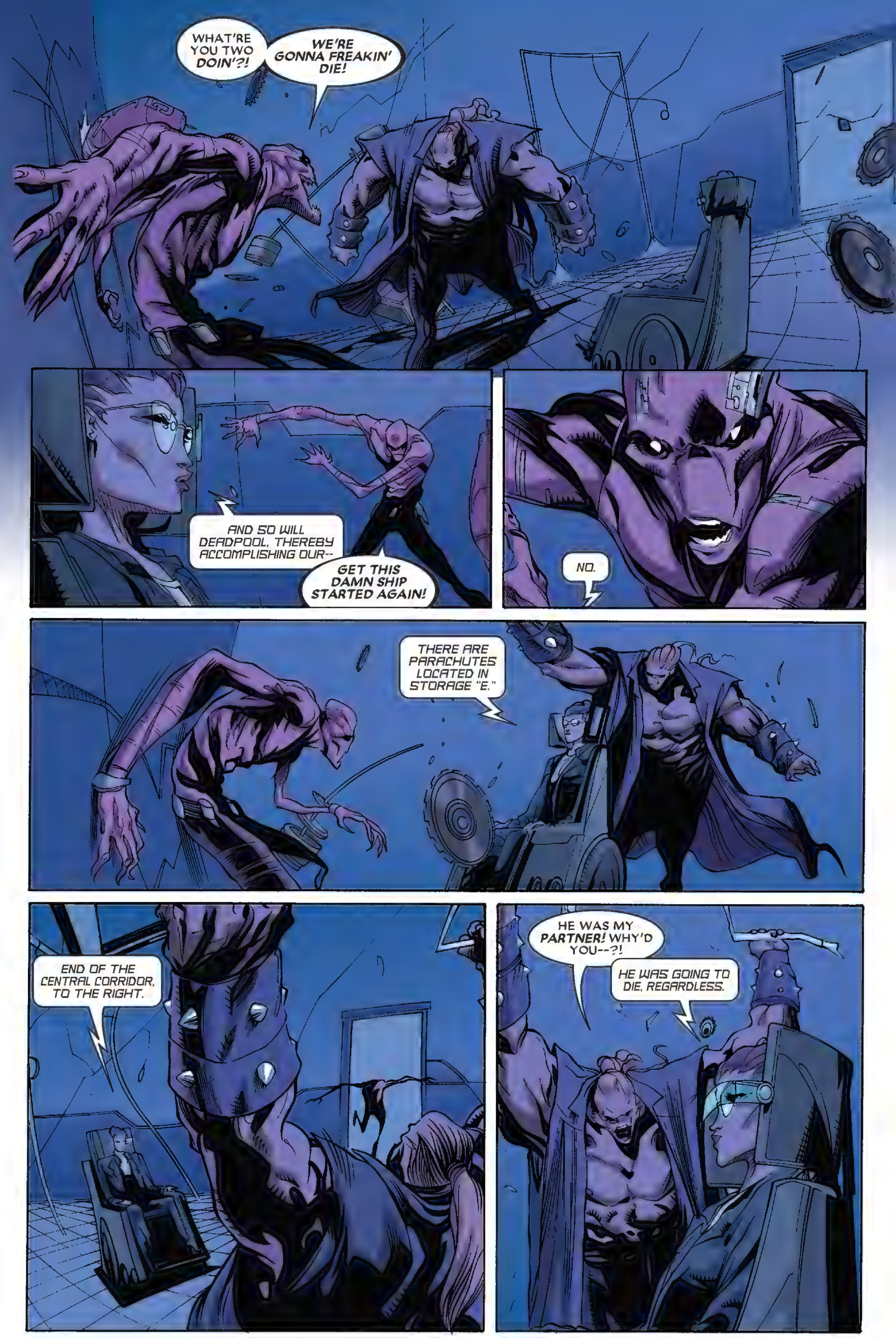

NOW GIMME MY MONEY.

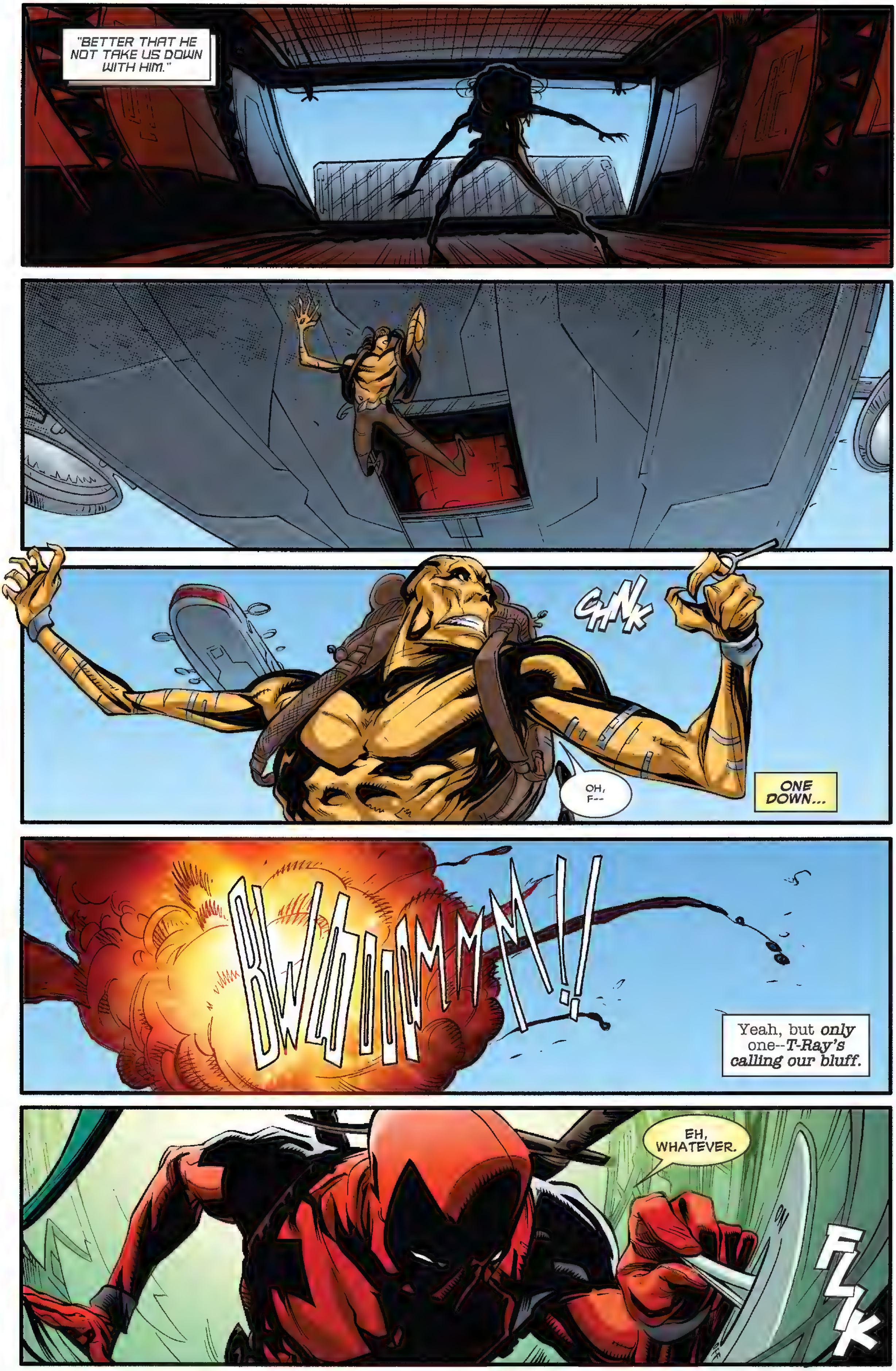
63

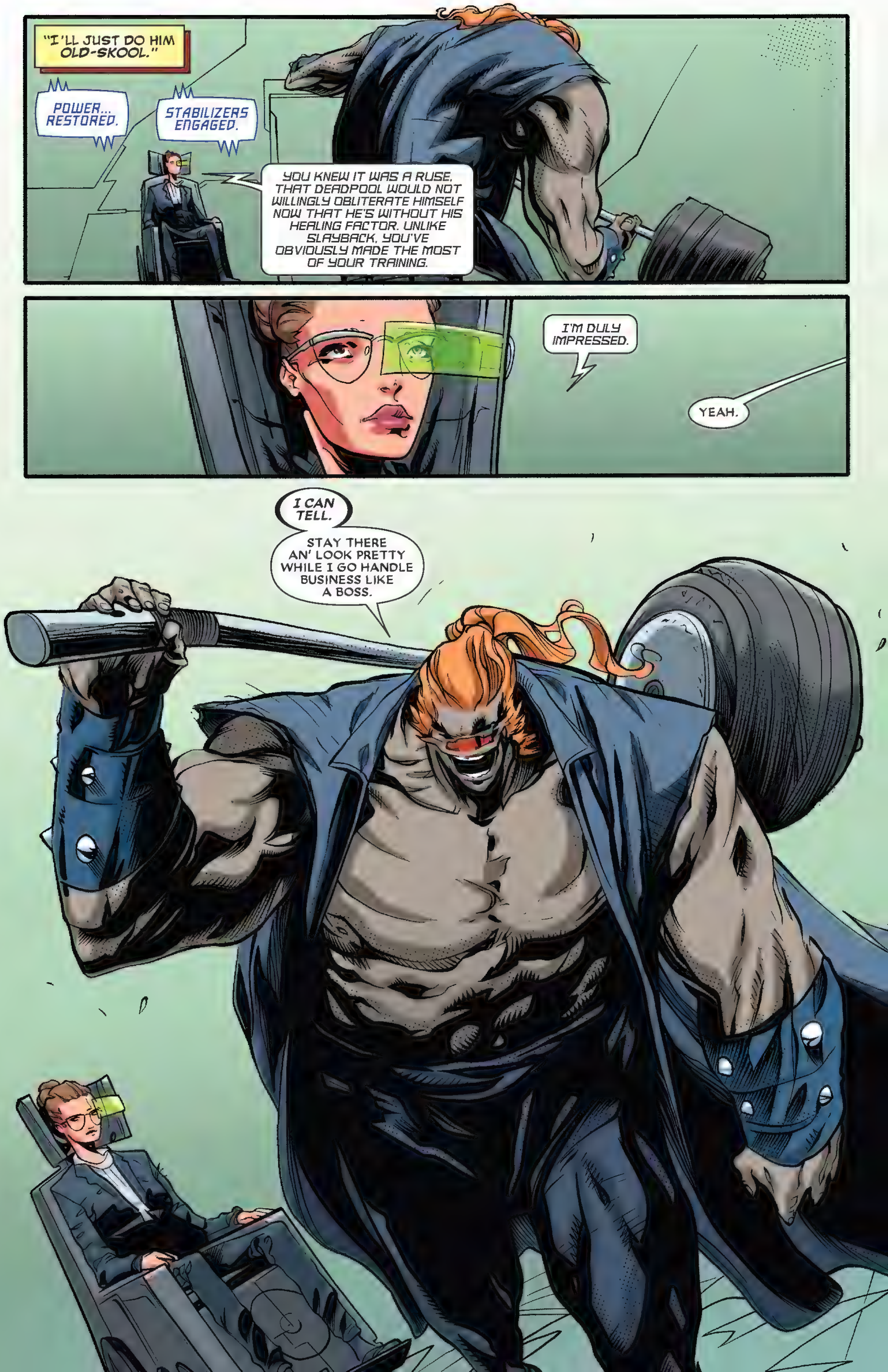
DEADPOOL
JOHNSON
It's BEEN FUN

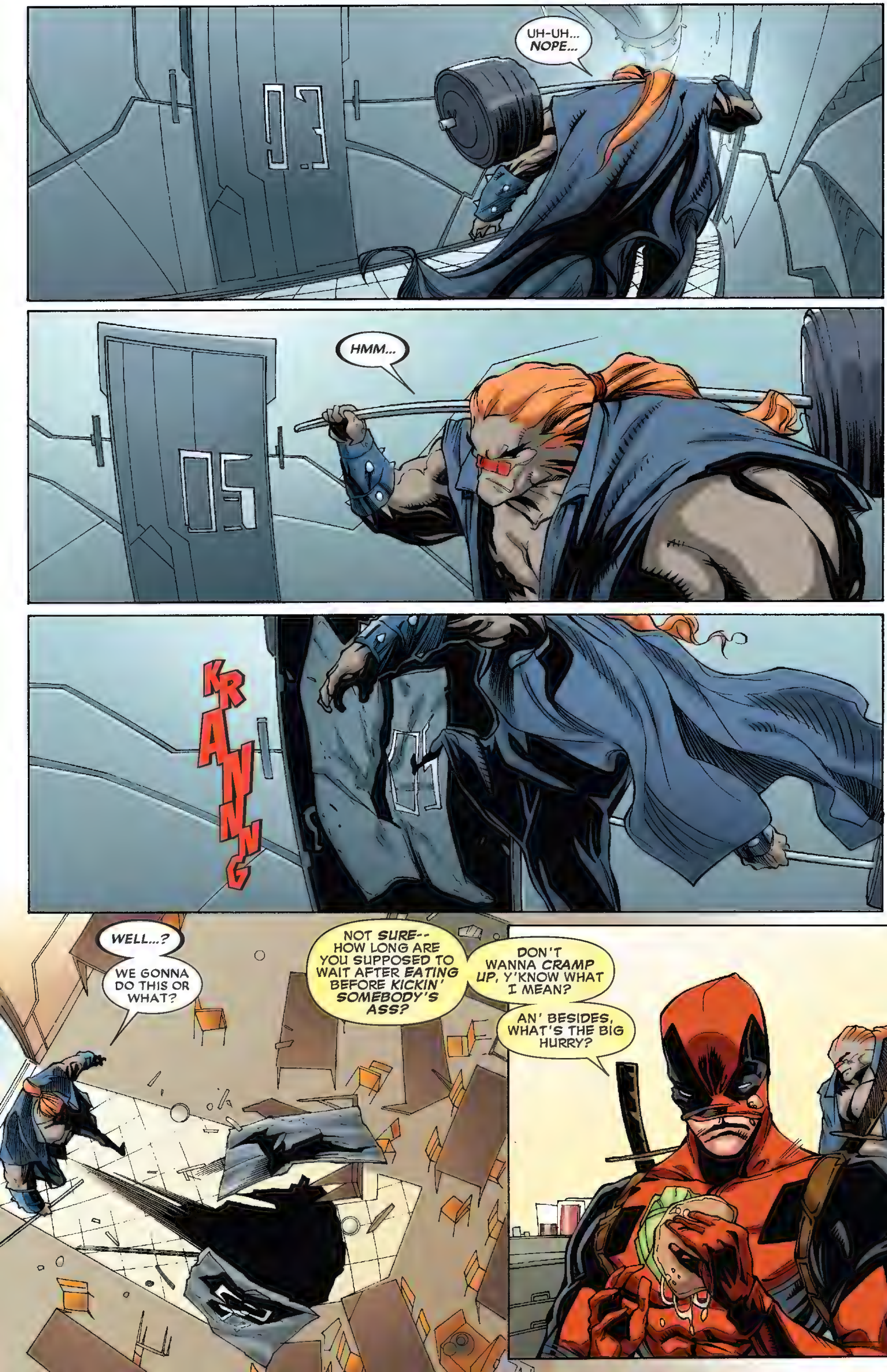

PUSH IT, BRO.
YEAH.
HRRRAAAAAAHH!
K-KLANK
WHOO! I'M FEELIN' IT, T-RAY!
THAT'S A NEW MAX FOR YOU, RIGHT, SLAYBACK?
HELL YEAH!
AHEM.
WHAT'S UP, HOT WHEELS?
COME TO SEE THE GUN SHOW?
I HAVE BEEN INFORMED THAT DEADPOOL IS ON HIS WAY.

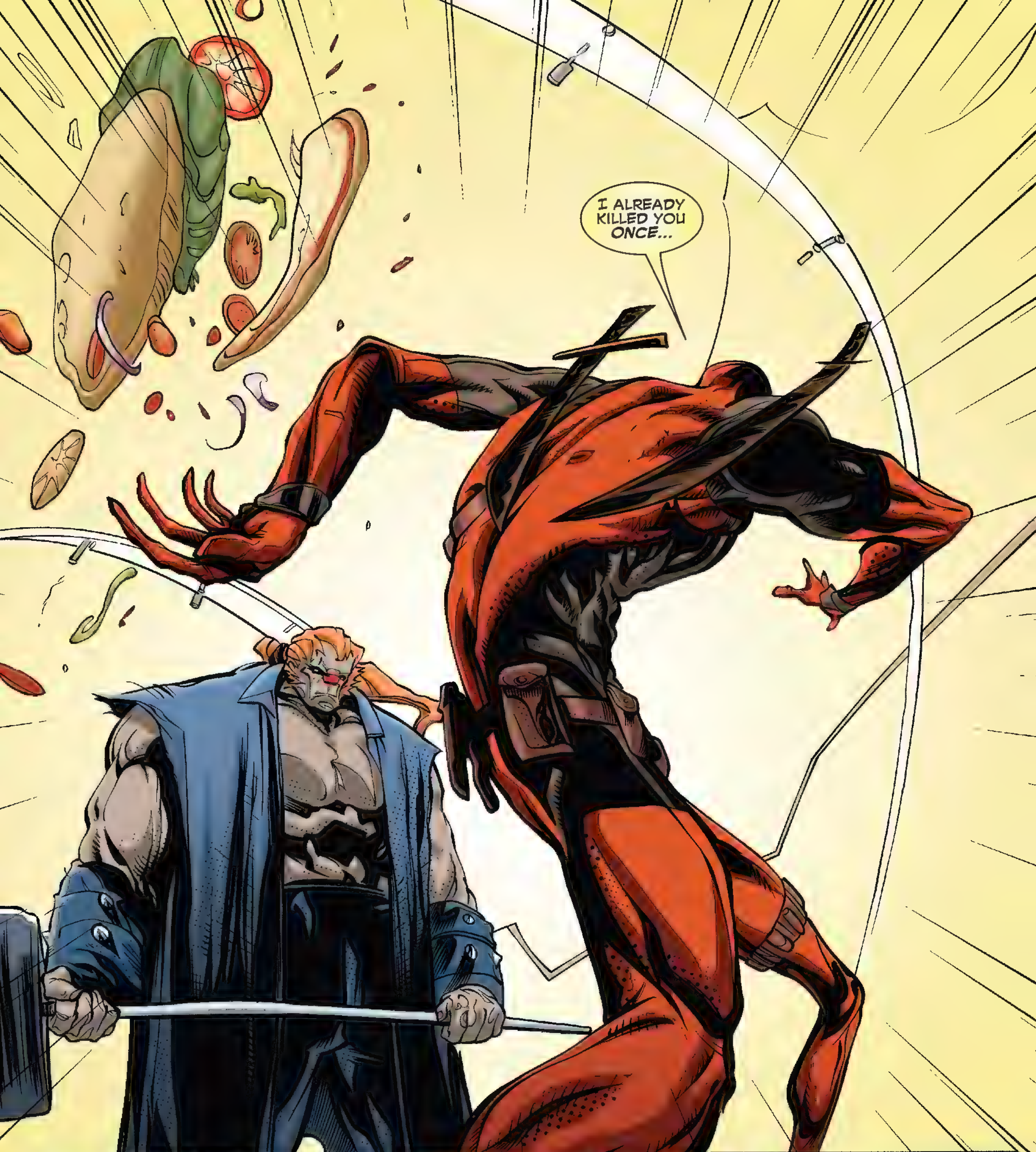

"ON HIS WAY."
YES.
Y'KNOW WHAT THAT *MEANS*, RIGHT?
OF COURSE I DO.
WARNING: CRITICAL POWER FAILURE.
EMERGENCY POWER RELAY UNRESPONSIVE; INITIATING REDUNDANCY...
...ERROR.
CRASH IMMINENT.
"HE'S ALREADY HERE."
THE SALTED EARTH
PART THREE: CONCLUSION

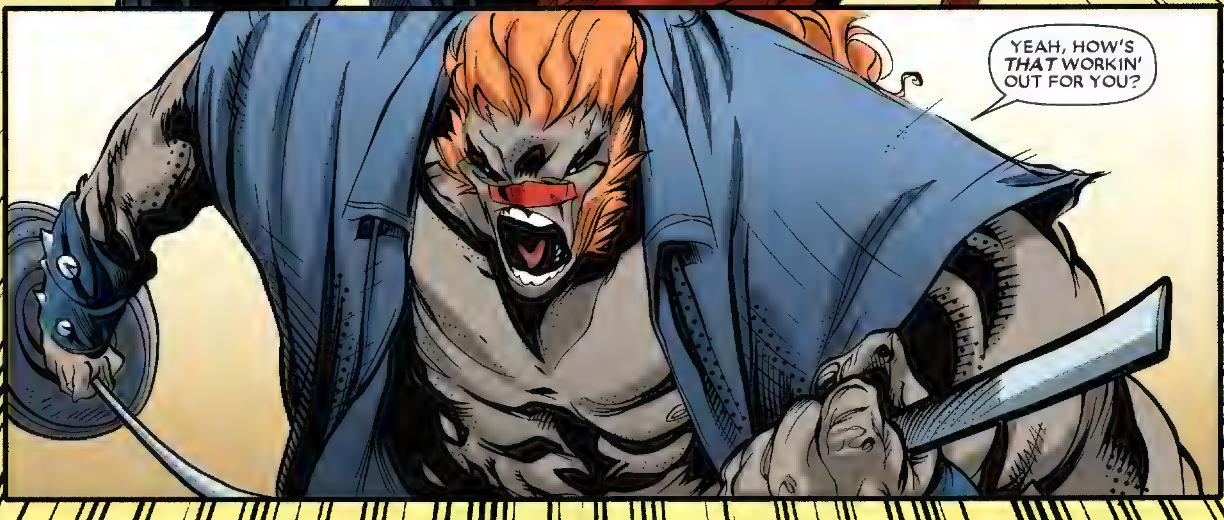

WHAT'RE YOU TWO DOIN'?!
WE'RE GONNA FREAKIN' DIE!
AND SO WILL DEADPOOL, THEREBY ACCOMPLISHING OUR--
GET THIS DAMN SHIP STARTED AGAIN!
NO.
THERE ARE PARACHUTES LOCATED IN STORAGE "E."
END OF THE CENTRAL CORRIDOR, TO THE RIGHT.
HE WAS MY PARTNER! WHY'D YOU--?!
HE WAS GOING TO DIE, REGARDLESS.

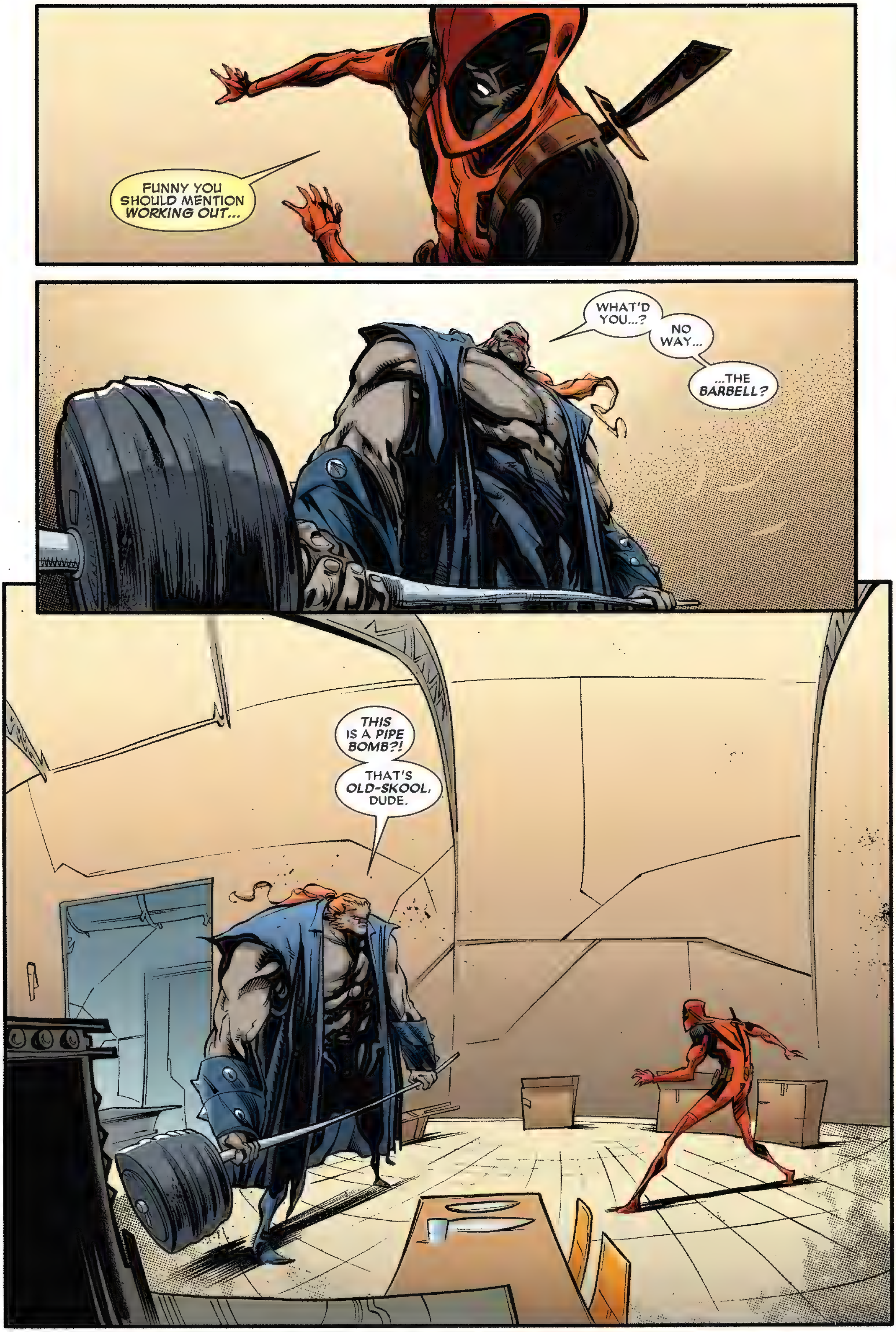

"BETTER THAT HE NOT TAKE US DOWN WITH HIM."
CHNK
OH, F--
ONE DOWN...
BWOOOMMM!!
Yeah, but only one--T-Ray's calling our bluff.
EH, WHATEVER.
FLIK

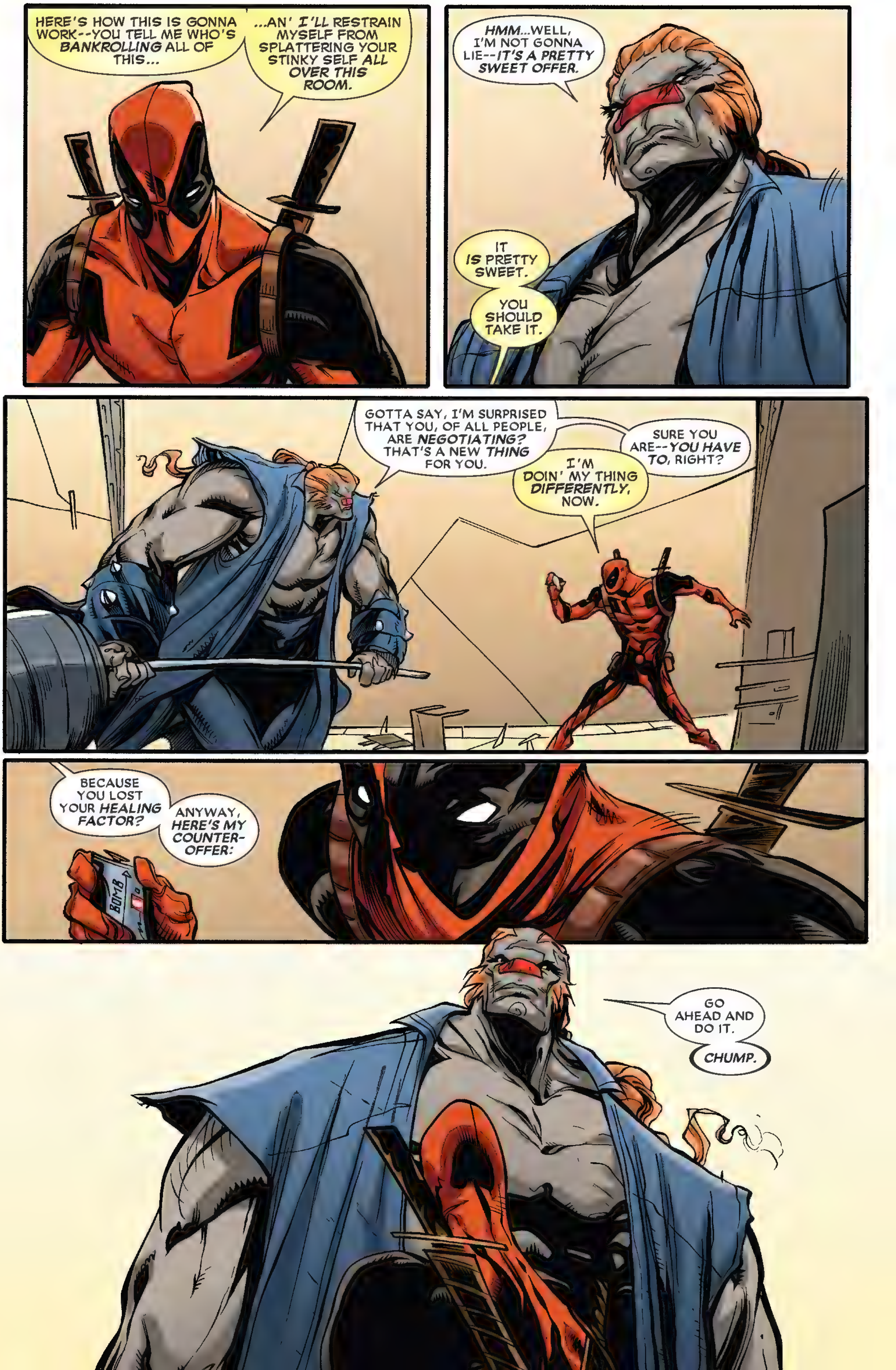

"I'LL JUST DO HIM OLD-SKOOL."
POWER... RESTORED.
STABILIZERS ENGAGED.
YOU KNEW IT WAS A RUSE, THAT DEADPOOL WOULD NOT WILLINGLY OBLITERATE HIMSELF NOW THAT HE'S WITHOUT HIS HEALING FACTOR. UNLIKE SLAYBACK, YOU'VE OBVIOUSLY MADE THE MOST OF YOUR TRAINING.
I'M DULY IMPRESSED.
YEAH.
I CAN TELL.
STAY THERE AN' LOOK PRETTY WHILE I GO HANDLE BUSINESS LIKE A BOSS.

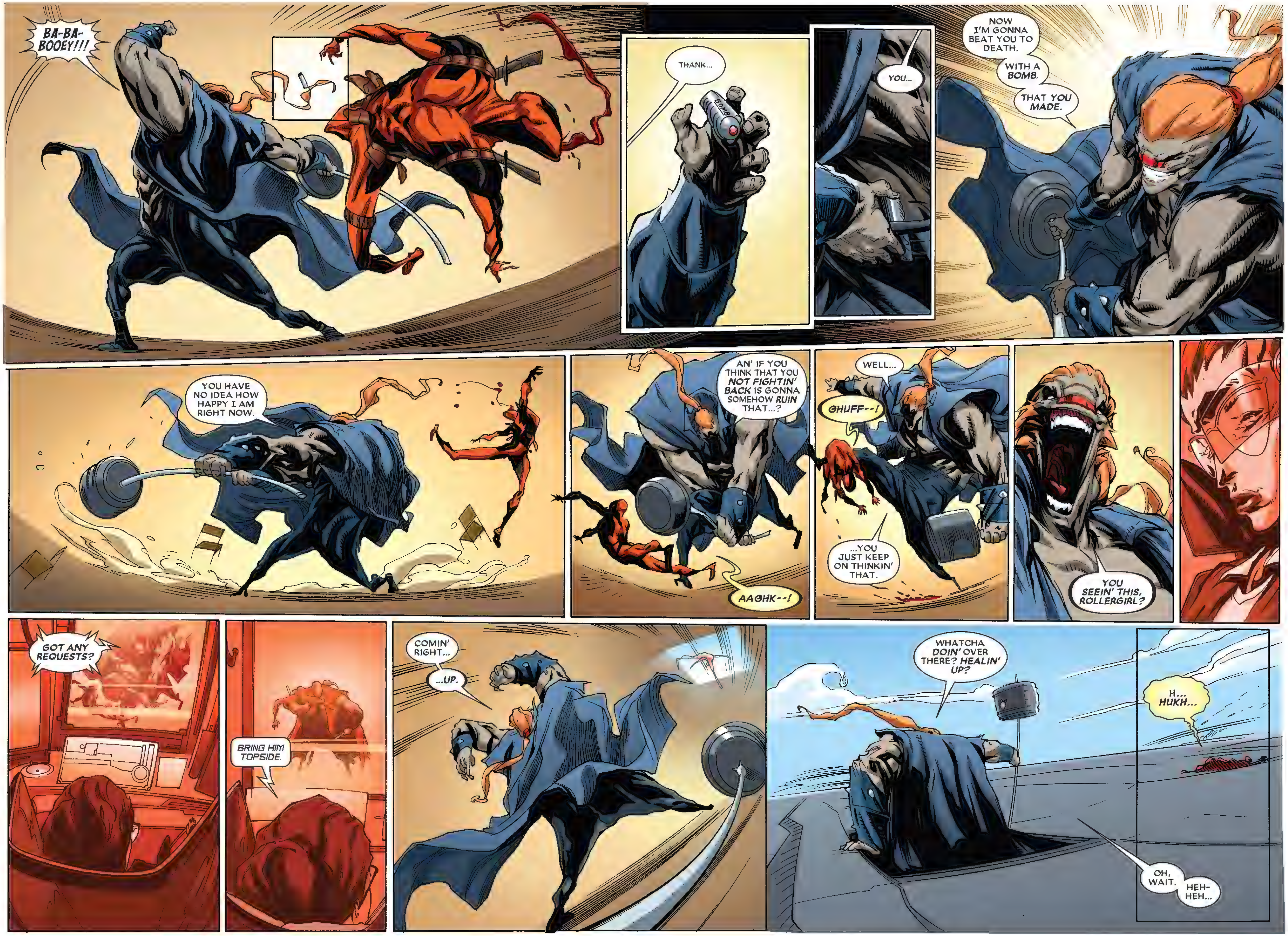

UH-UH... NOPE...
03
HMM...
05
KRANNG
WELL...?
WE GONNA DO THIS OR WHAT?
NOT SURE-- HOW LONG ARE YOU SUPPOSED TO WAIT AFTER EATING BEFORE KICKIN' SOMEBODY'S ASS?
DON'T WANNA CRAMP UP, Y'KNOW WHAT I MEAN?
AN' BESIDES, WHAT'S THE BIG HURRY?

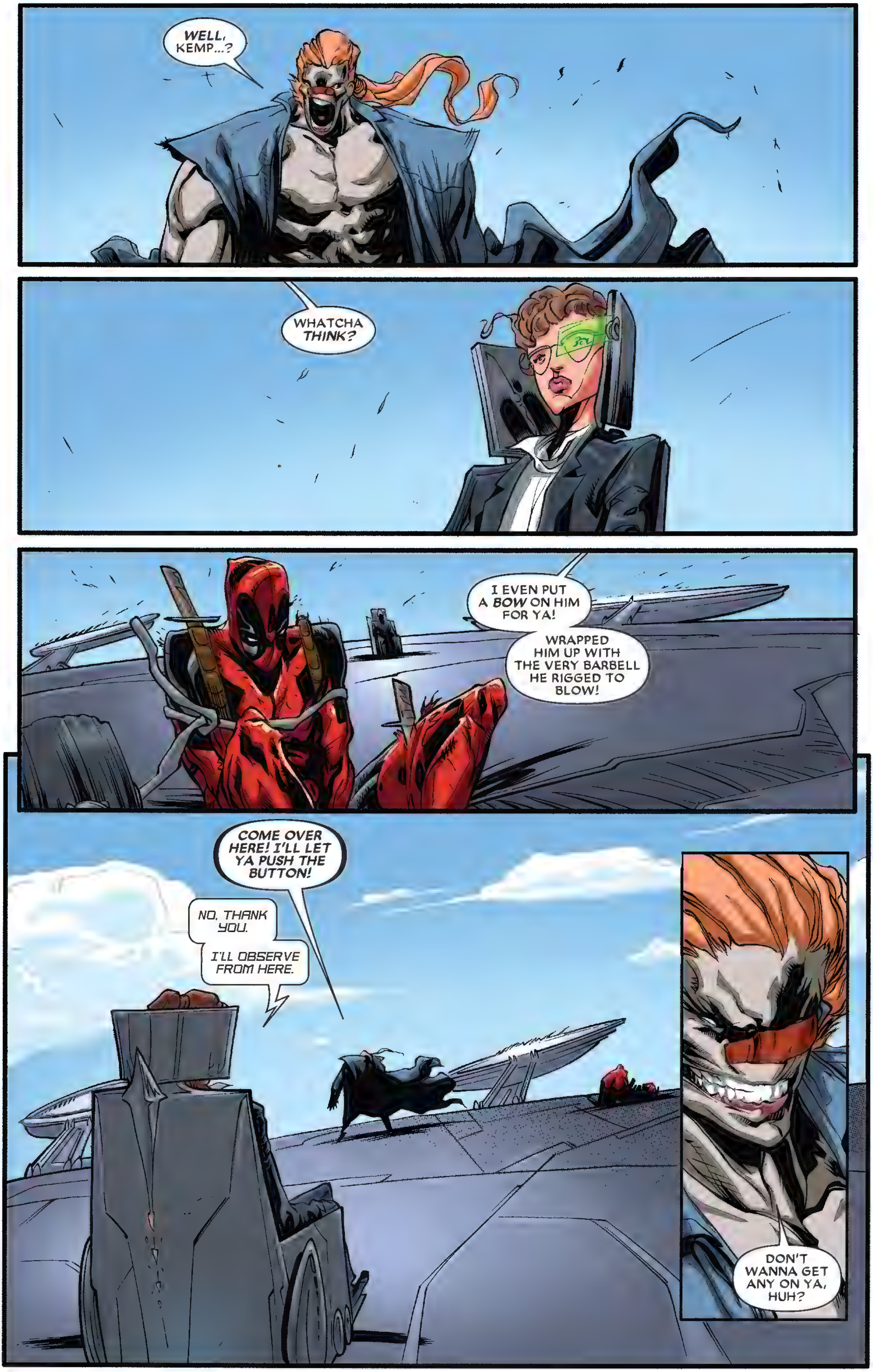

I ALREADY KILLED YOU *ONCE*...

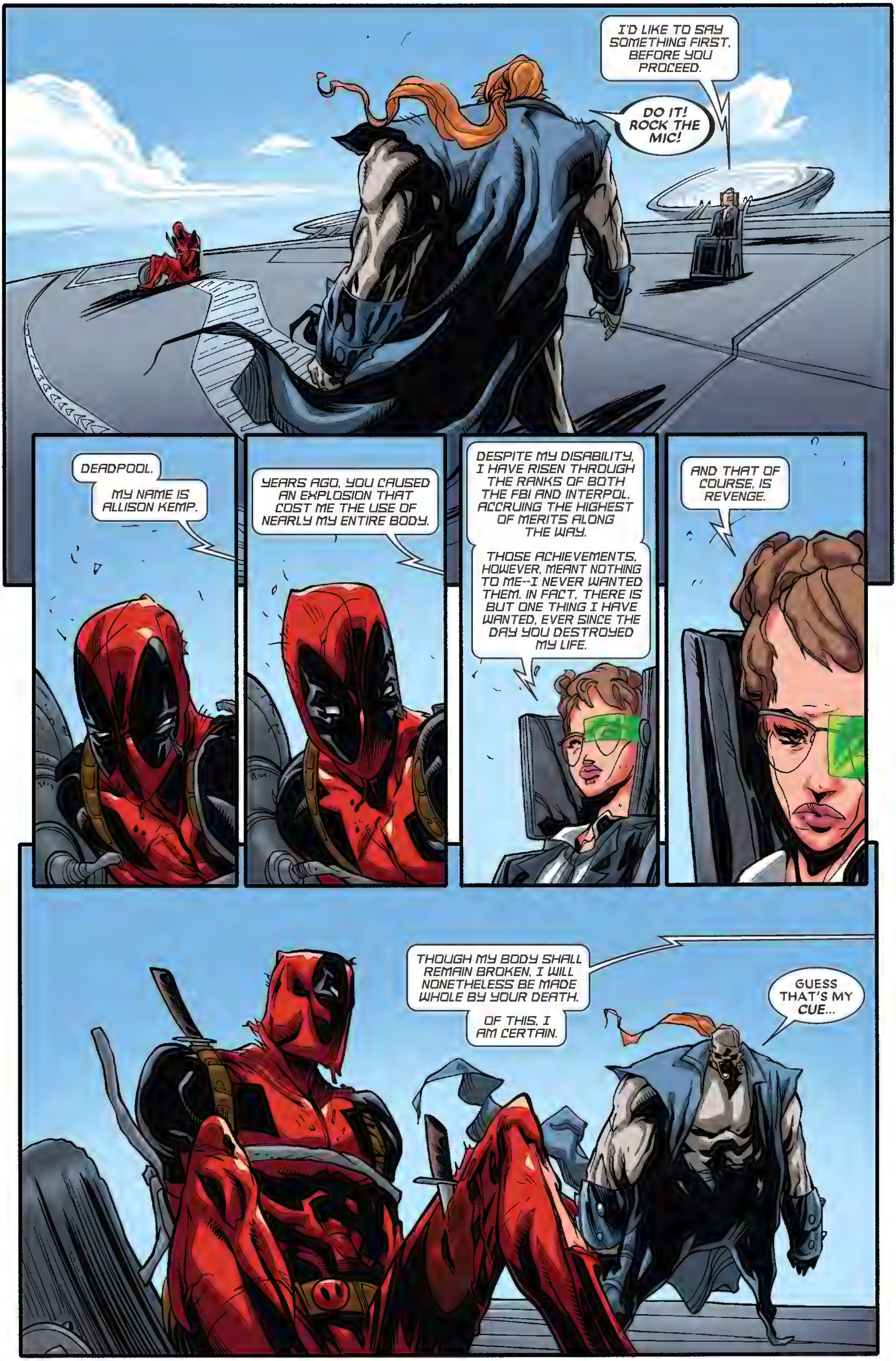

YEAH, HOW'S *THAT* WORKIN' OUT FOR YOU?

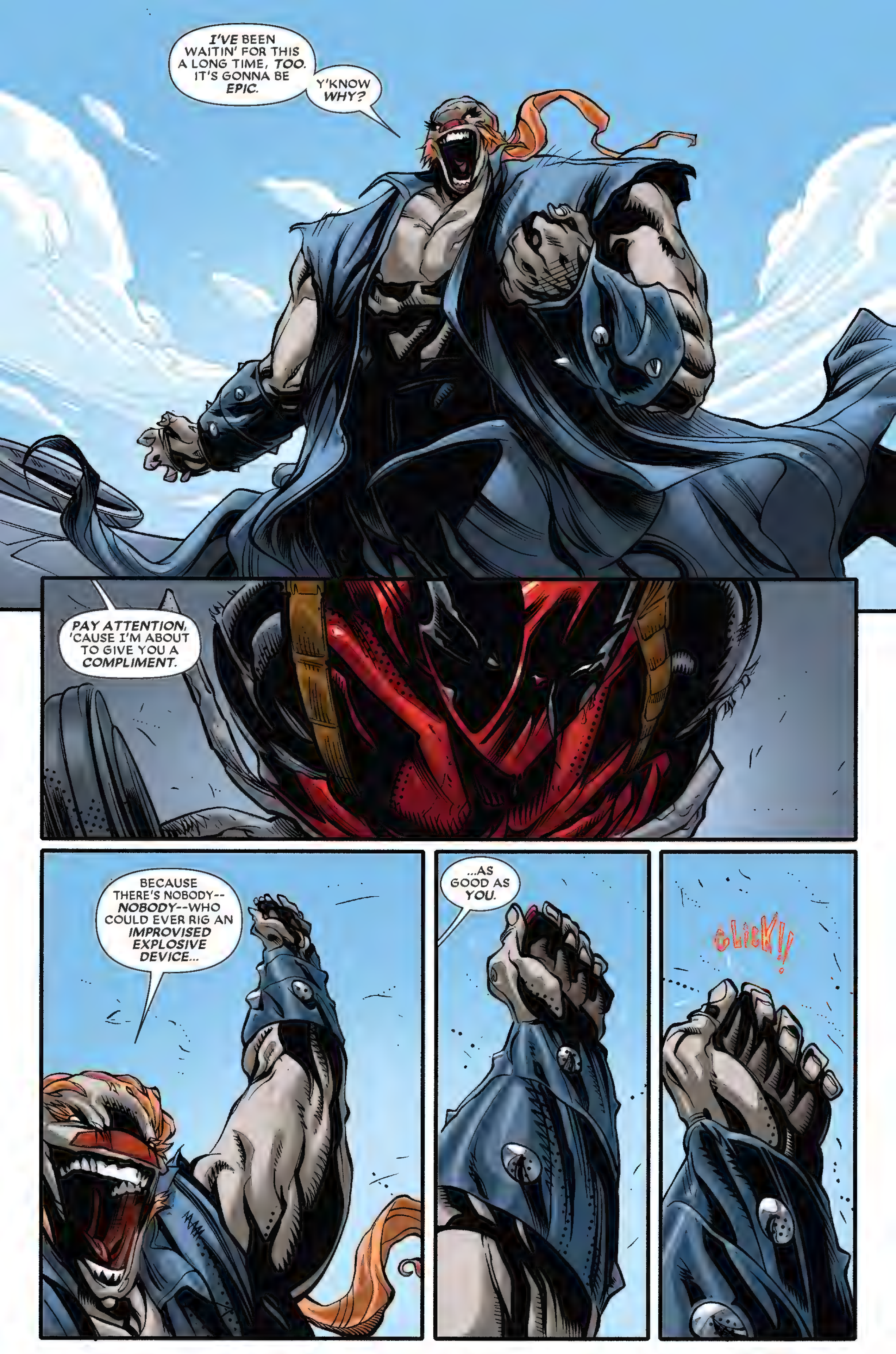

FUNNY YOU SHOULD MENTION *WORKING OUT...*
WHAT'D YOU...?
NO WAY...
...THE *BARBELL?*
THIS IS A *PIPE BOMB?!*
THAT'S *OLD-SKOOL,* DUDE.

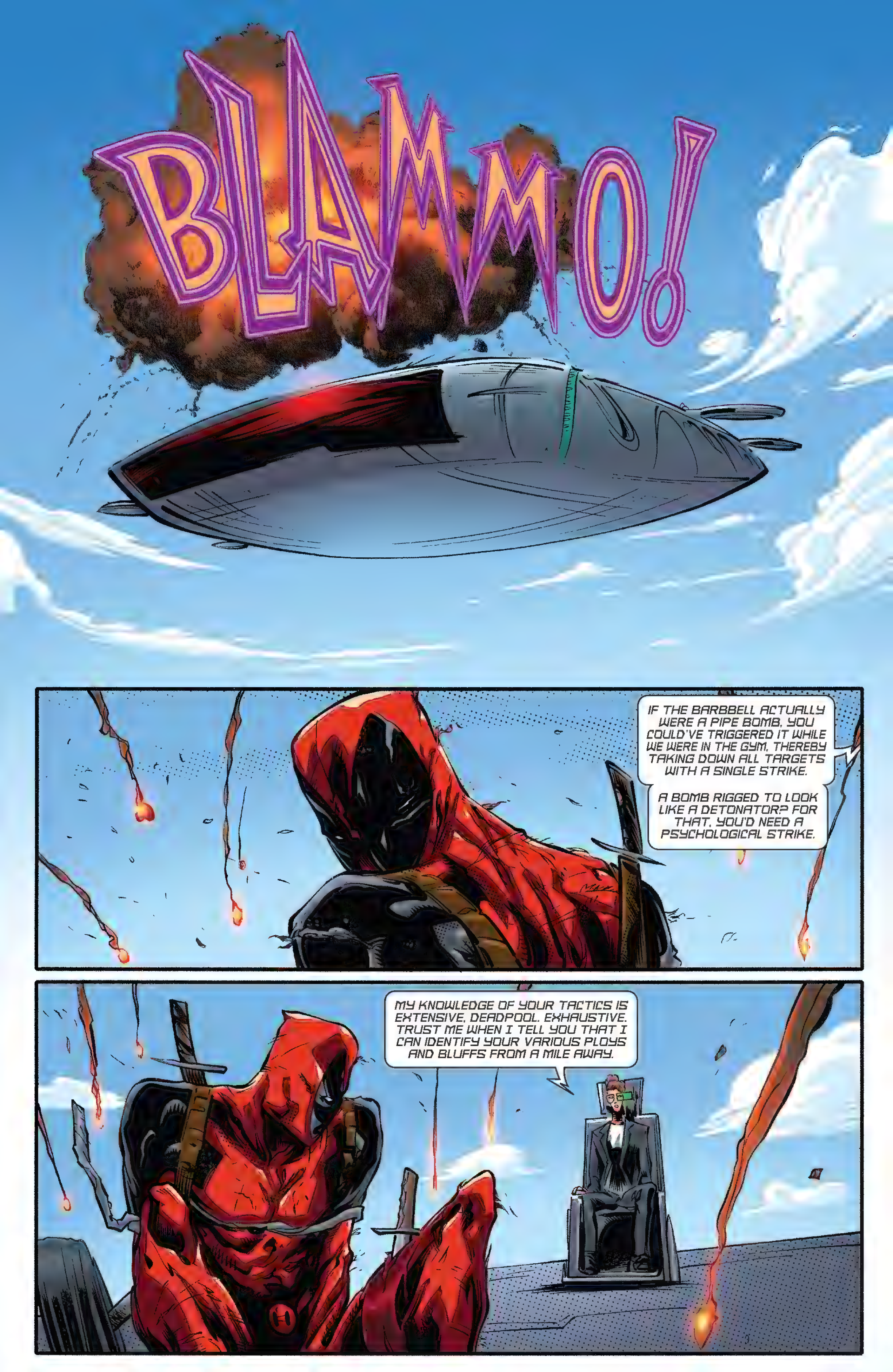

HERE'S HOW THIS IS GONNA WORK--YOU TELL ME WHO'S BANKROLLING ALL OF THIS...
...AN' I'LL RESTRAIN MYSELF FROM SPLATTERING YOUR STINKY SELF ALL OVER THIS ROOM.
HMM...WELL, I'M NOT GONNA LIE--IT'S A PRETTY SWEET OFFER.
IT IS PRETTY SWEET.
YOU SHOULD TAKE IT.
GOTTA SAY, I'M SURPRISED THAT YOU, OF ALL PEOPLE, ARE NEGOTIATING? THAT'S A NEW THING FOR YOU.
I'M DOIN' MY THING DIFFERENTLY, NOW.
SURE YOU ARE--YOU HAVE TO, RIGHT?
BECAUSE YOU LOST YOUR HEALING FACTOR?
ANYWAY, HERE'S MY COUNTER-OFFER:
BOMB
GO AHEAD AND DO IT.
CHUMP.

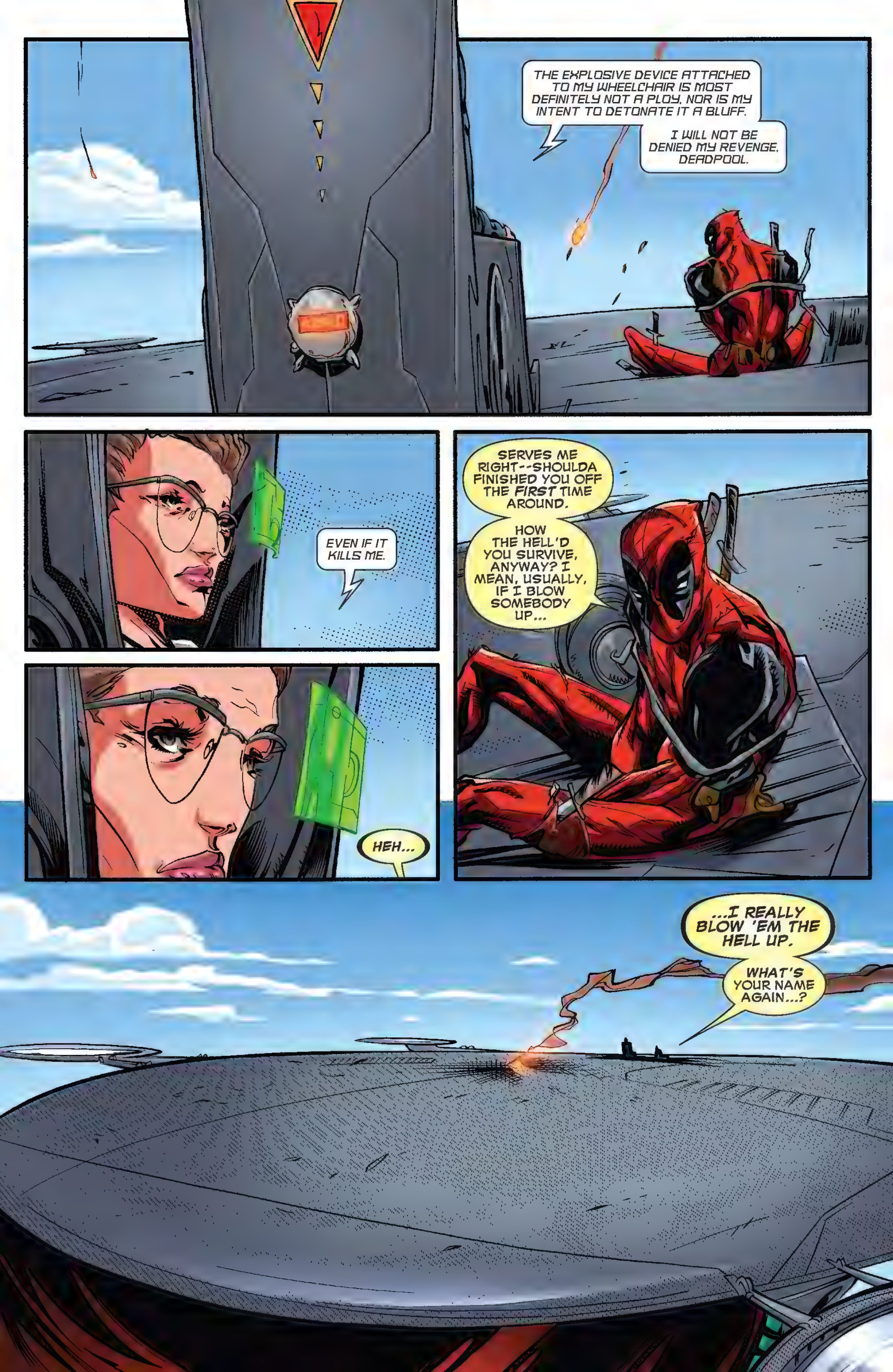

BA-BA-BOOEY!!!
THANK...
BOMB
YOU...
NOW I'M GONNA BEAT YOU TO DEATH.
WITH A *BOMB.*
THAT *YOU* *MADE.*
YOU HAVE NO IDEA HOW HAPPY I AM RIGHT NOW.
AN' IF YOU THINK THAT YOU *NOT FIGHTIN' BACK* IS GONNA SOMEHOW *RUIN* THAT...?
AAGHK--!
WELL...
GHUFF--!
...YOU JUST KEEP ON THINKIN' THAT.
YOU SEEIN' THIS, ROLLERGIRL?
GOT ANY REQUESTS?
BRING HIM TOPSIDE.
COMIN' RIGHT...
...UP.
WHATCHA *DOIN'* OVER THERE? *HEALIN' UP?*
H... HUKH...
OH, WAIT.
HEH-HEH...

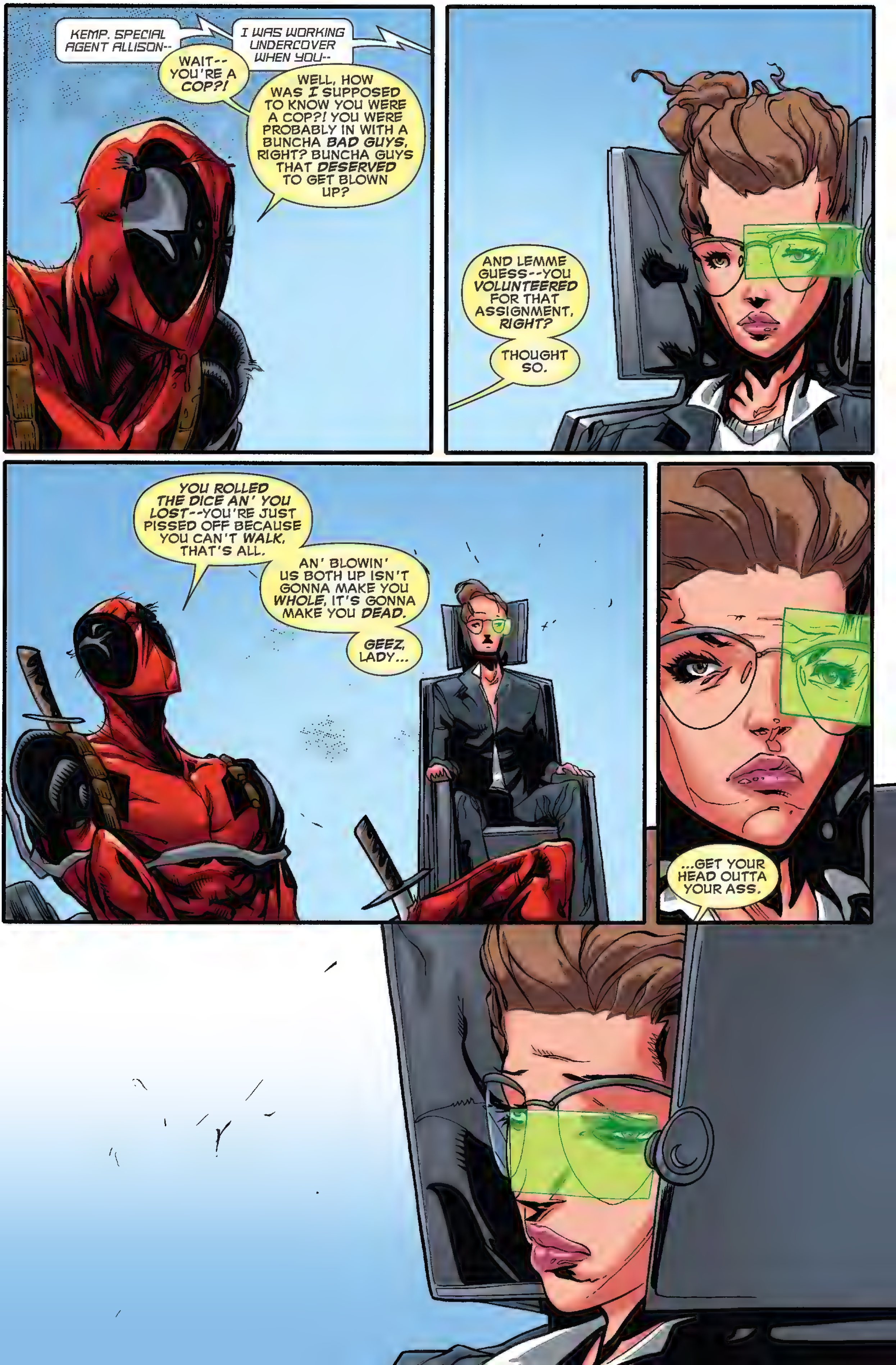

WELL, KEMP...?
WHATCHA THINK?
I EVEN PUT A BOW ON HIM FOR YA!
WRAPPED HIM UP WITH THE VERY BARBELL HE RIGGED TO BLOW!
COME OVER HERE! I'LL LET YA PUSH THE BUTTON!
NO, THANK YOU.
I'LL OBSERVE FROM HERE.
DON'T WANNA GET ANY ON YA, HUH?

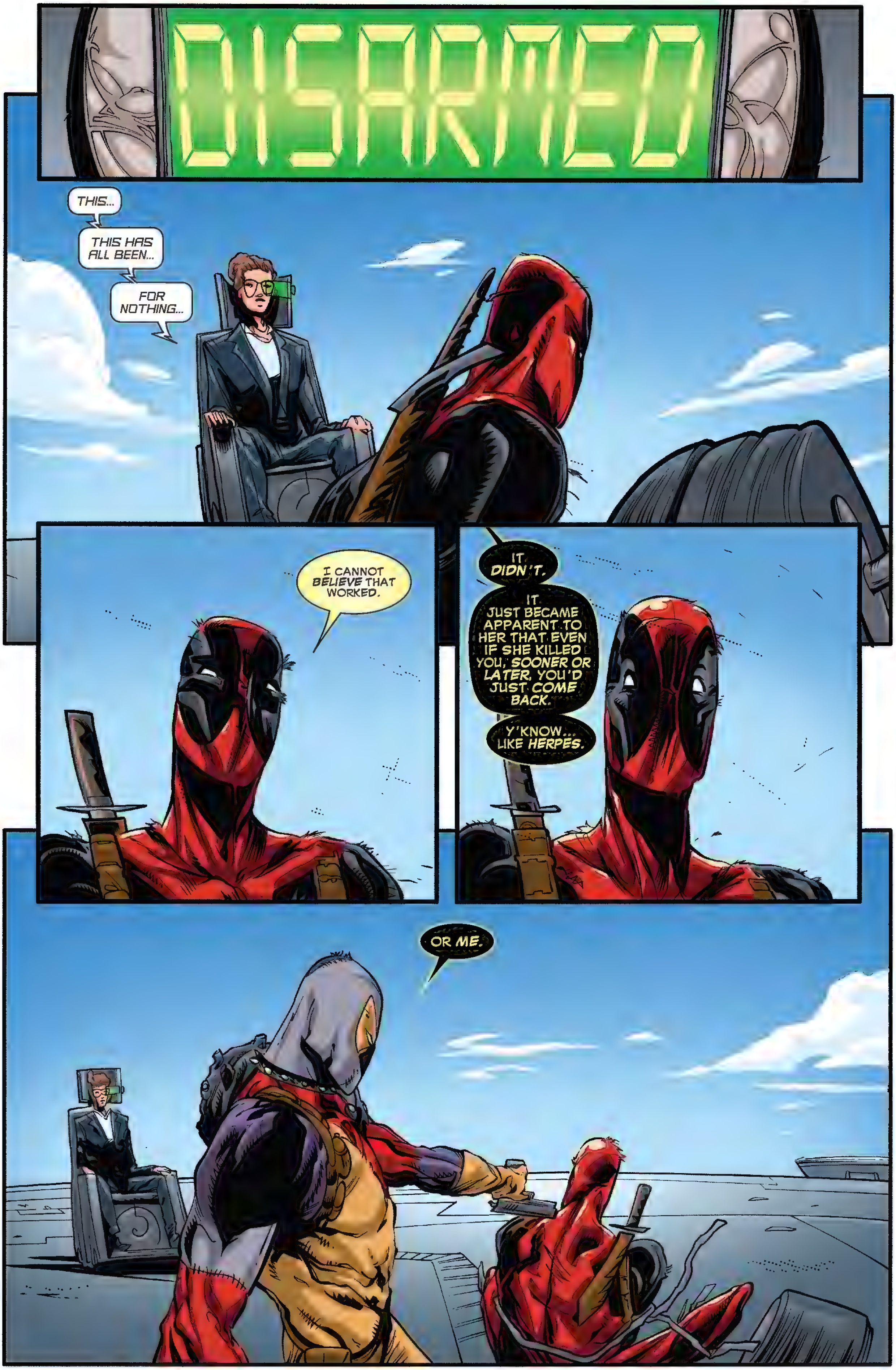

I'D LIKE TO SAY SOMETHING FIRST, BEFORE YOU PROCEED.
DO IT! ROCK THE MIC!
DEADPOOL.
MY NAME IS ALLISON KEMP.
YEARS AGO, YOU CAUSED AN EXPLOSION THAT COST ME THE USE OF NEARLY MY ENTIRE BODY.
DESPITE MY DISABILITY, I HAVE RISEN THROUGH THE RANKS OF BOTH THE FBI AND INTERPOL, ACCRUING THE HIGHEST OF MERITS ALONG THE WAY.
THOSE ACHIEVEMENTS, HOWEVER, MEANT NOTHING TO ME--I NEVER WANTED THEM. IN FACT, THERE IS BUT ONE THING I HAVE WANTED, EVER SINCE THE DAY YOU DESTROYED MY LIFE.
AND THAT OF COURSE, IS REVENGE.
THOUGH MY BODY SHALL REMAIN BROKEN, I WILL NONETHELESS BE MADE WHOLE BY YOUR DEATH.
OF THIS, I AM CERTAIN.
GUESS THAT'S MY CUE...

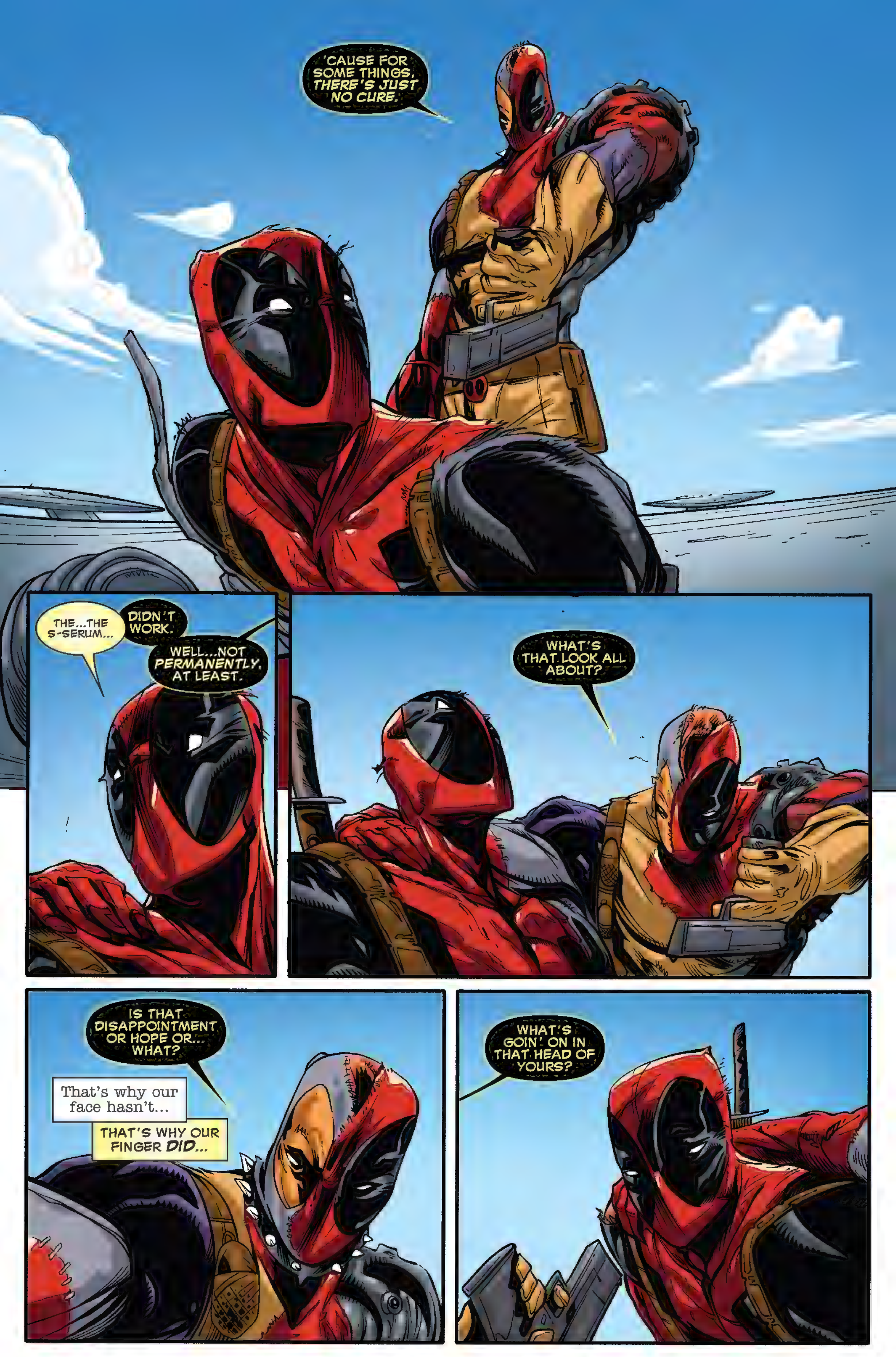

I'VE BEEN WAITIN' FOR THIS A LONG TIME, TOO. IT'S GONNA BE EPIC.
Y'KNOW WHY?
PAY ATTENTION, 'CAUSE I'M ABOUT TO GIVE YOU A COMPLIMENT.
BECAUSE THERE'S NOBODY--NOBODY--WHO COULD EVER RIG AN IMPROVISED EXPLOSIVE DEVICE...
...AS GOOD AS YOU.
CLICK!!

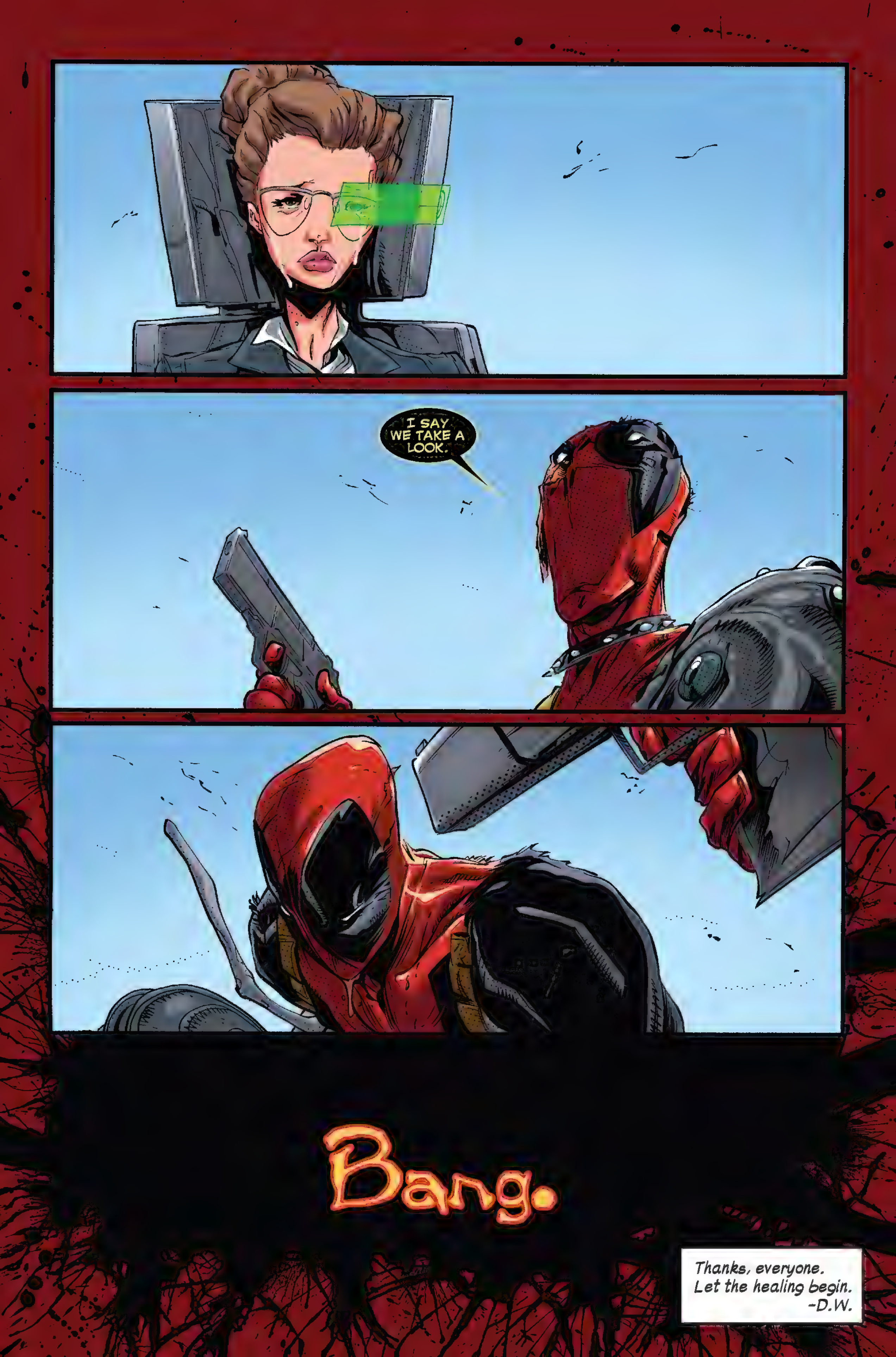

BLAMMO!
IF THE BARBBELL ACTUALLY WERE A PIPE BOMB, YOU COULD'VE TRIGGERED IT WHILE WE WERE IN THE GYM, THEREBY TAKING DOWN ALL TARGETS WITH A SINGLE STRIKE.
A BOMB RIGGED TO LOOK LIKE A DETONATOR? FOR THAT, YOU'D NEED A PSYCHOLOGICAL STRIKE.
MY KNOWLEDGE OF YOUR TACTICS IS EXTENSIVE, DEADPOOL. EXHAUSTIVE. TRUST ME WHEN I TELL YOU THAT I CAN IDENTIFY YOUR VARIOUS PLOYS AND BLUFFS FROM A MILE AWAY.


THE EXPLOSIVE DEVICE ATTACHED TO MY WHEELCHAIR IS MOST DEFINITELY NOT A PLOY, NOR IS MY INTENT TO DETONATE IT A BLUFF.
I WILL NOT BE DENIED MY REVENGE, DEADPOOL.
EVEN IF IT KILLS ME.
HEH...
SERVES ME RIGHT--SHOULDA FINISHED YOU OFF THE *FIRST* TIME AROUND.
HOW THE HELL'D YOU SURVIVE, ANYWAY? I MEAN, USUALLY, IF I BLOW SOMEBODY UP...
...I REALLY BLOW 'EM THE HELL UP.
WHAT'S YOUR NAME AGAIN...?


KEMP. SPECIAL AGENT ALLISON--
I WAS WORKING UNDERCOVER WHEN YOU--
WAIT-- YOU'RE A *COP?!*
WELL, HOW WAS *I* SUPPOSED TO KNOW YOU WERE A COP?! YOU WERE PROBABLY IN WITH A BUNCHA *BAD GUYS,* RIGHT? BUNCHA GUYS THAT *DESERVED* TO GET BLOWN UP?
AND LEMME GUESS--YOU *VOLUNTEERED* FOR THAT ASSIGNMENT, *RIGHT?*
THOUGHT SO.
YOU ROLLED THE DICE AN' YOU LOST--YOU'RE JUST PISSED OFF BECAUSE YOU CAN'T *WALK,* THAT'S ALL.
AN' BLOWIN' US BOTH UP ISN'T GONNA MAKE YOU *WHOLE,* IT'S GONNA MAKE YOU *DEAD.*
GEEZ, LADY...
...GET YOUR HEAD OUTTA YOUR ASS.


DISARMED
THIS...
THIS HAS ALL BEEN...
FOR NOTHING...
I CANNOT BELIEVE THAT WORKED.
IT DIDN'T.
IT JUST BECAME APPARENT TO HER THAT EVEN IF SHE KILLED YOU, SOONER OR LATER, YOU'D JUST COME BACK.
Y'KNOW... LIKE HERPES.
OR ME.


'CAUSE FOR SOME THINGS, THERE'S JUST NO CURE.
THE...THE S-SERUM...
DIDN'T WORK.
WELL...NOT *PERMANENTLY*, AT LEAST.
WHAT'S THAT LOOK ALL ABOUT?
IS THAT DISAPPOINTMENT OR HOPE OR... WHAT?
That's why our face hasn't...
THAT'S WHY OUR FINGER *DID*...
WHAT'S GOIN' ON IN THAT HEAD OF YOURS?


I SAY WE TAKE A LOOK.
Bang.
Thanks, everyone. Let the healing begin. -D.W.

"Hey, man. So, ah, listen...Deadpool."

That's essentially how it started, with Axel Alonso calling me up and telling me that the door was open for a new Deadpool series. Unfortunately, it was at a time when the character's profile had dropped to a record low. Though the character has always carried with it a small but intensely loyal fanbase, it had never before been this small. This would end up being, in my humble opinion, the biggest contributor to this series' success.

No one was waiting for a new Deadpool series. Expectations were zero. In other words, I was free to do anything I wanted... because no one really cared. No one, that is, except myself, Axel and my first editor on the book, John Barber. We knew that we had something. The challenge was to figure out how to let everyone else know.

And that's when it occurred to me that Deadpool and I had a common interest. As much as I wanted attention on this new series, Deadpool wanted it more. He'd been pushed to the margins of the Marvel Universe for long enough. It was time for everyone to get out of his way, hang back and just let him do his thing because a star's gonna shine no matter what.

Coincidentally, this is also when my already tenuous grasp on reality really began to slip.

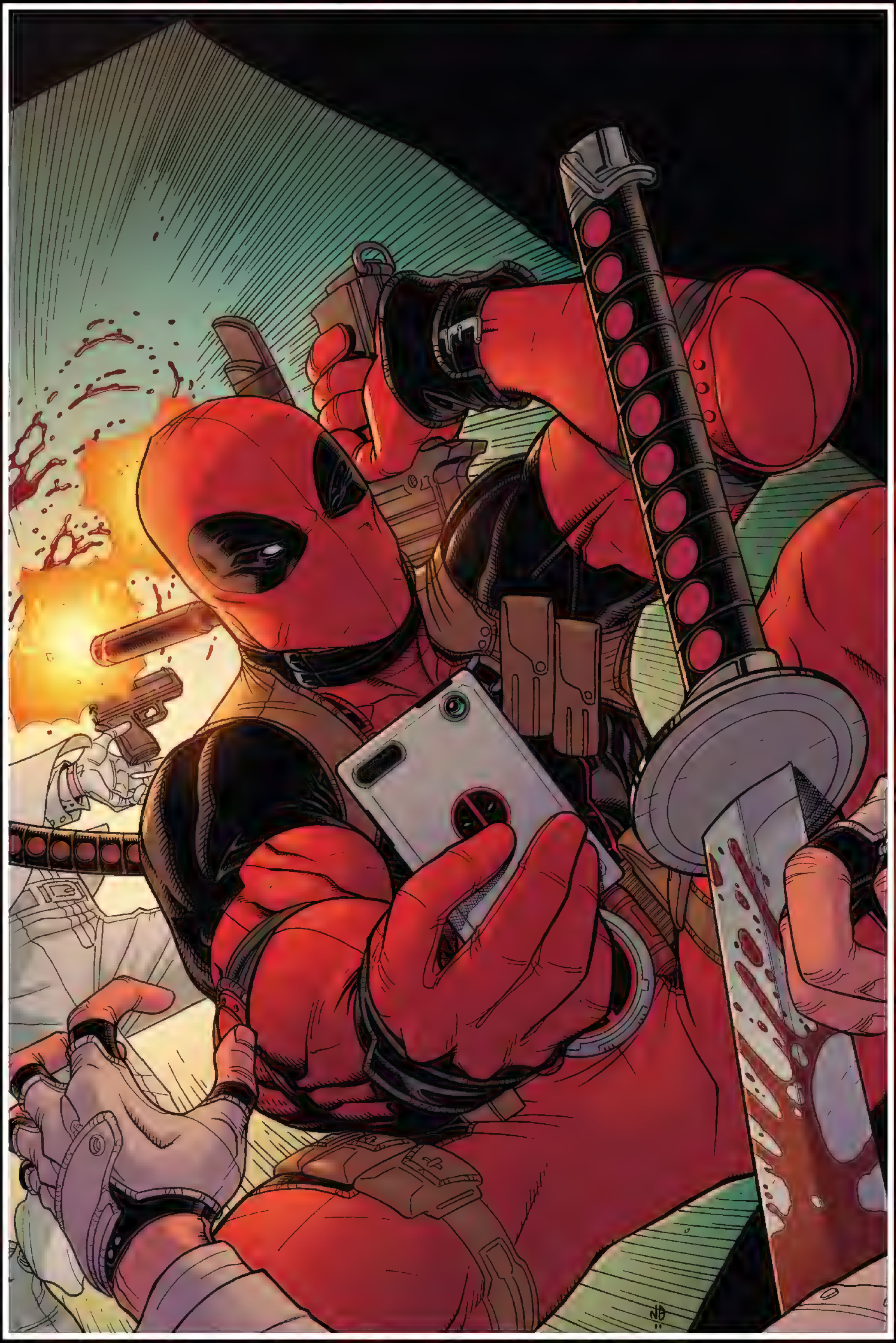
From our soft opening in Wolverine: Origins to our grand entrance during Secret Invasion until now, 65 issues later (yes, 65—don't forget about our TWO "Point One" issues), the mission has remained the same: make as much noise as we can, cause as much chaos as possible, all with the simple intent of getting you, the readers, to look. Once we had that, all that was required was to swing the spotlight over to our boy Wade. Whether you were trying to make sense of what you were seeing or you were content to simply revel in the insanity of it all, the result was the same: We gotcha.

And you liked it. Admit it.

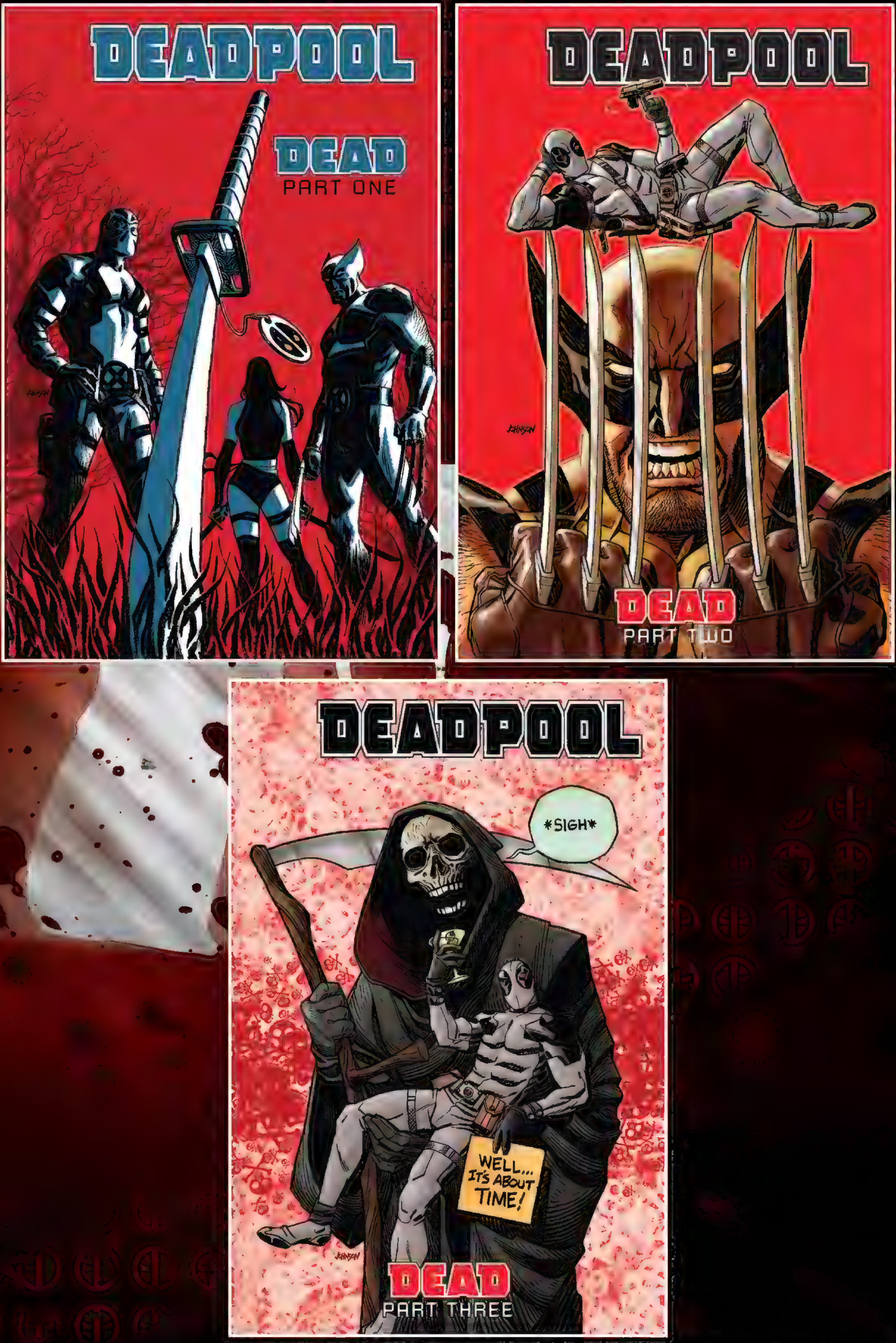
I know I did. Loved it, as a matter of fact. But now it's time for me to rejoin you, the fans. No one is looking forward to what Brian Posehn, Gerry Duggan and Tony Moore have coming up next more than I am. I cannot wait to once again pick up an issue of Deadpool and, just like you, have absolutely no idea what's going to happen. Guys? You have my attention.

Abuse it.

- Daniel Way
September 28,
2012

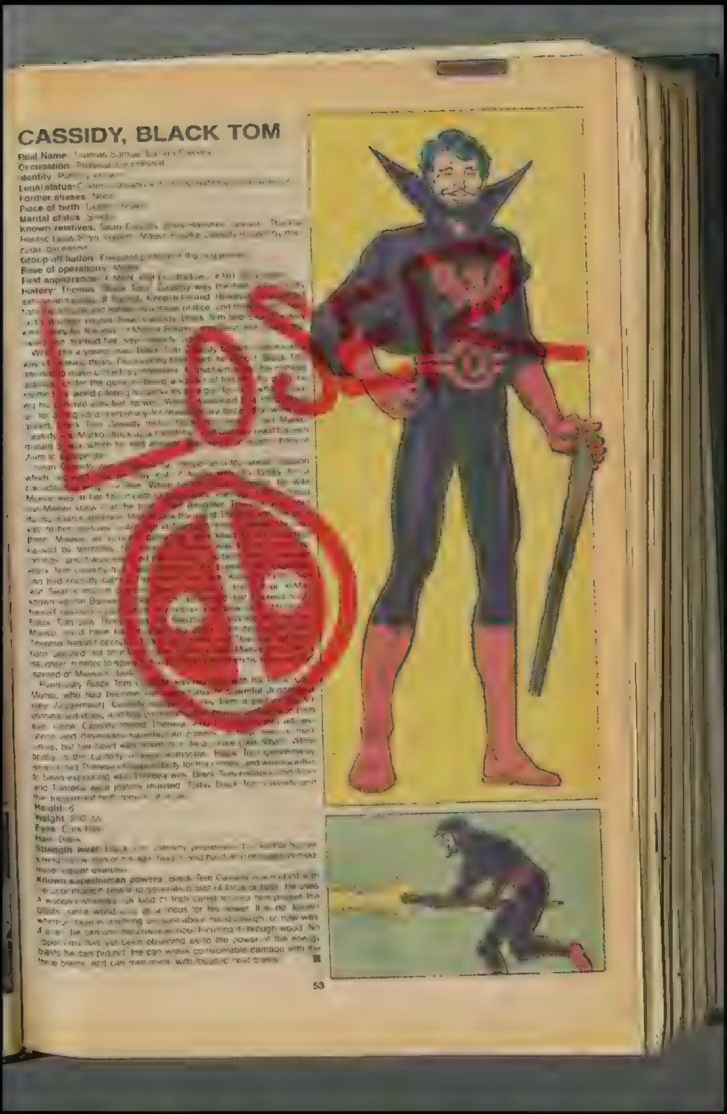


***DEADPOOL #50* VARIANT**
by Nick Bradshaw & Jim Charalampidis


DEADPOOL
DEAD
PART ONE
JOHNSON
DEADPOOL
JOHNSON
DEAD
PART TWO
DEADPOOL
SIGH
WELL... IT'S ABOUT TIME!
JOHNSON
DEAD
PART THREE

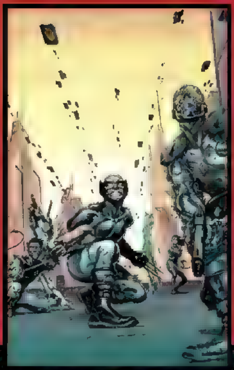
***DEADPOOL* #50-52 2ND PRINTING VARIANTS**
by Dave Johnson

NEXT MONTH

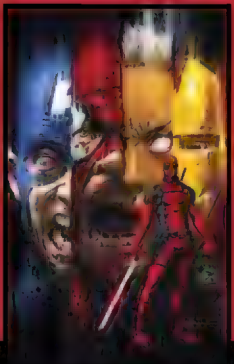

CASSIDY, BLACK TOM
LOSER
53

SOME GUY WITH A STICK!

MORE 'POOL!



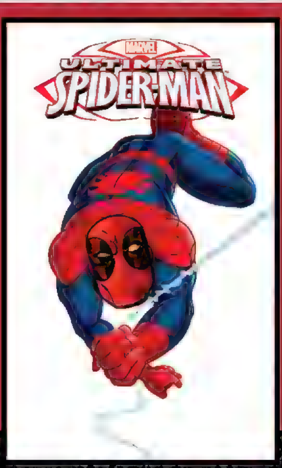
UNCANNY X-FORCE #28



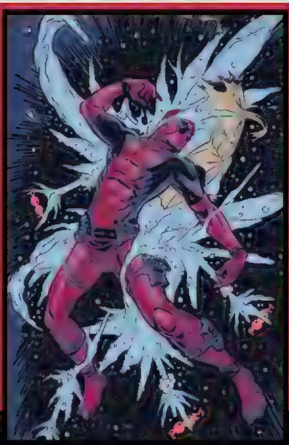
DEADPOOL KILLS THE MARVEL UNIVERSE #1

WADE WILSON'S TOILET READER #1

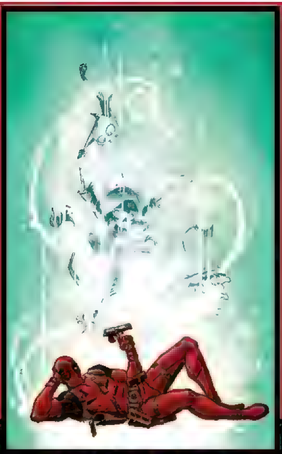
DEADPOOL #59 **MOCK COVER FROM PREVIEW PAGE OF** ***DEADPOOL #58***


MARVEL
ULTIMATE
SPIDER-MAN

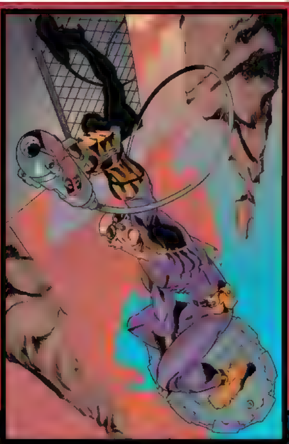
ULTIMATE SPIDER-MAN #3



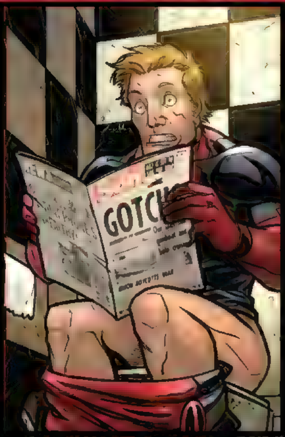
GIANT AMOEBA LOVES DEADPOOL #1



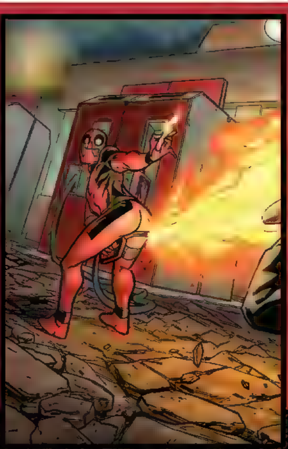
DOROTHY & THE WIZARD OF OZ #8



THE EVER-SURFIN' TRAPSTER #1

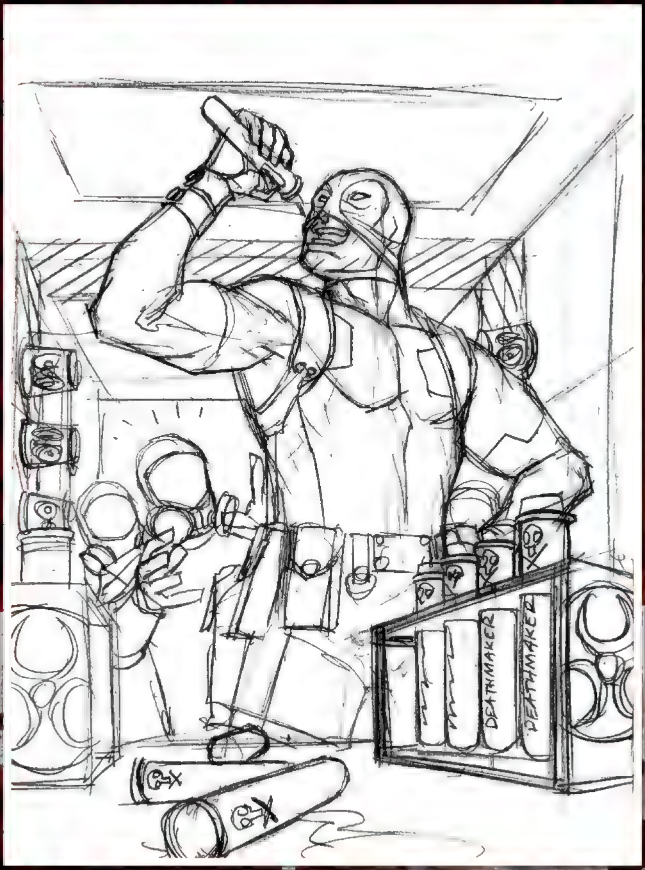


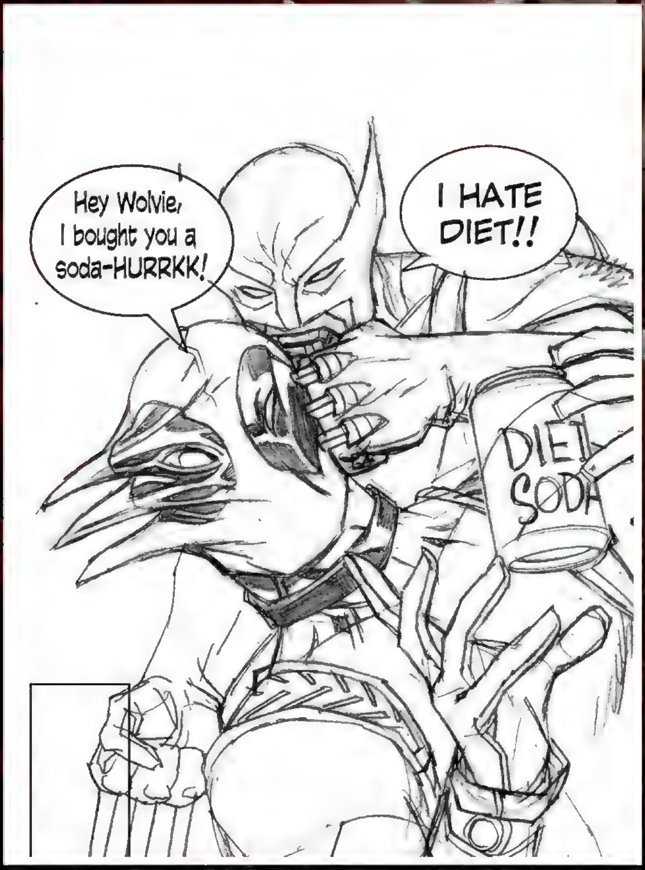
WADE WILSON'S TOILET READER #1



THE HUMAN FLAMETHROWER #1

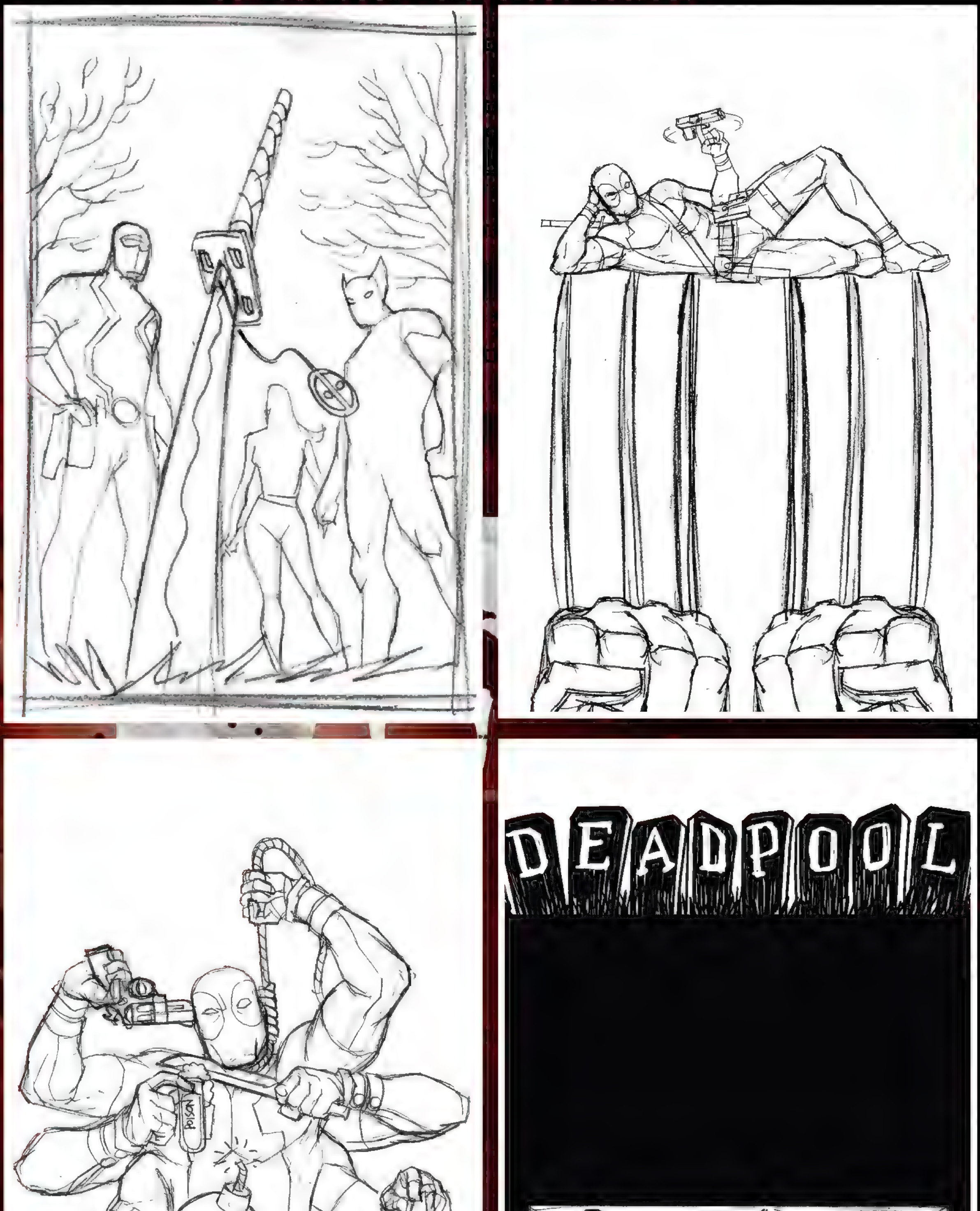
PARODY ADS FOR "UPCOMING DEADPOOL COMICS," FROM *DEADPOOL #55-56, #58* & *#60* PREVIEW PAGES


DEATHMAKER
DEATHMAKER


Hey Wolvie, I bought you a soda-HURRKK!
I HATE DIET!!
DIET SODA

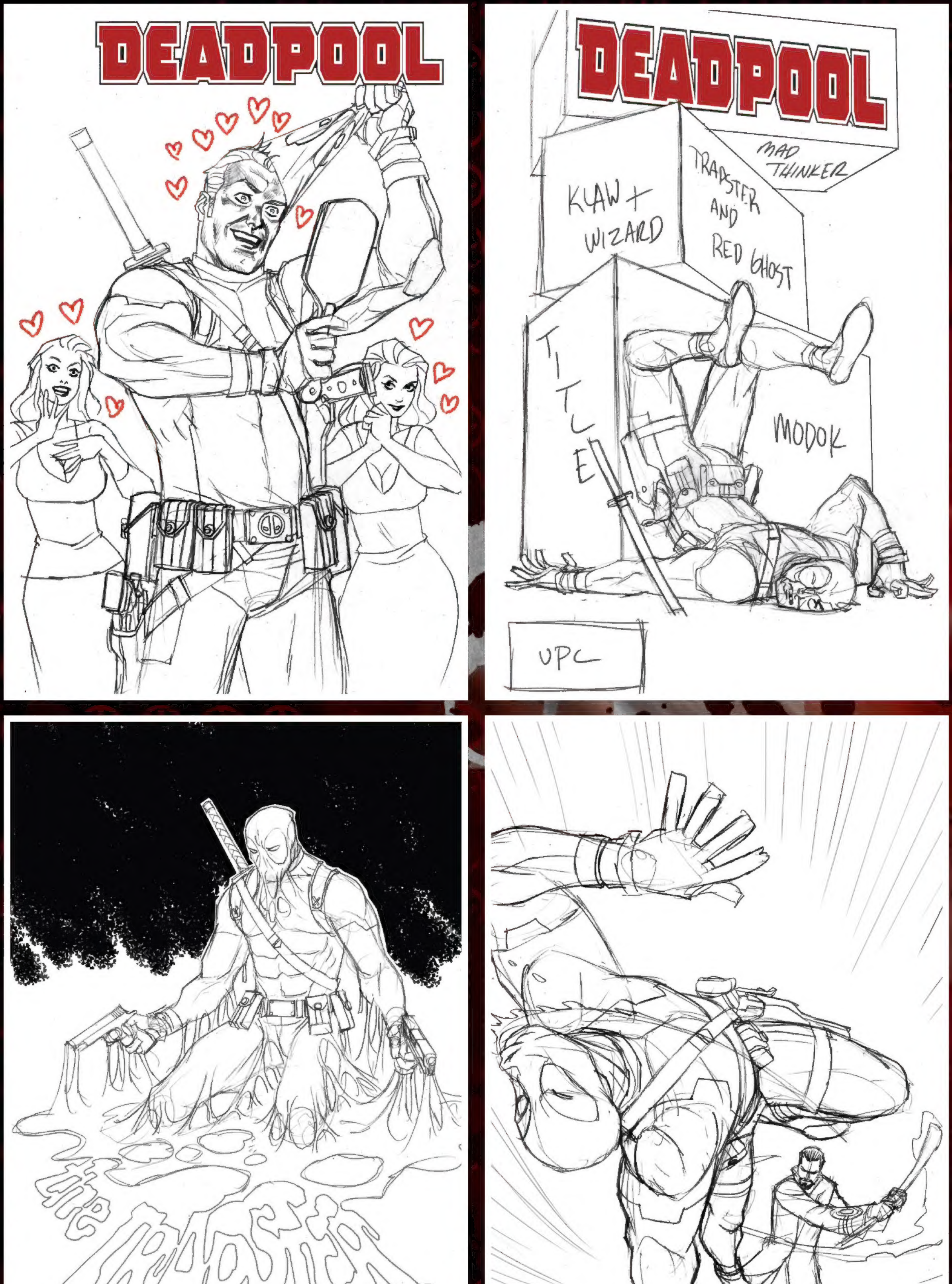
DEADPOOL #50-51 UNUSED COVER SKETCHES

by Dave Johnson

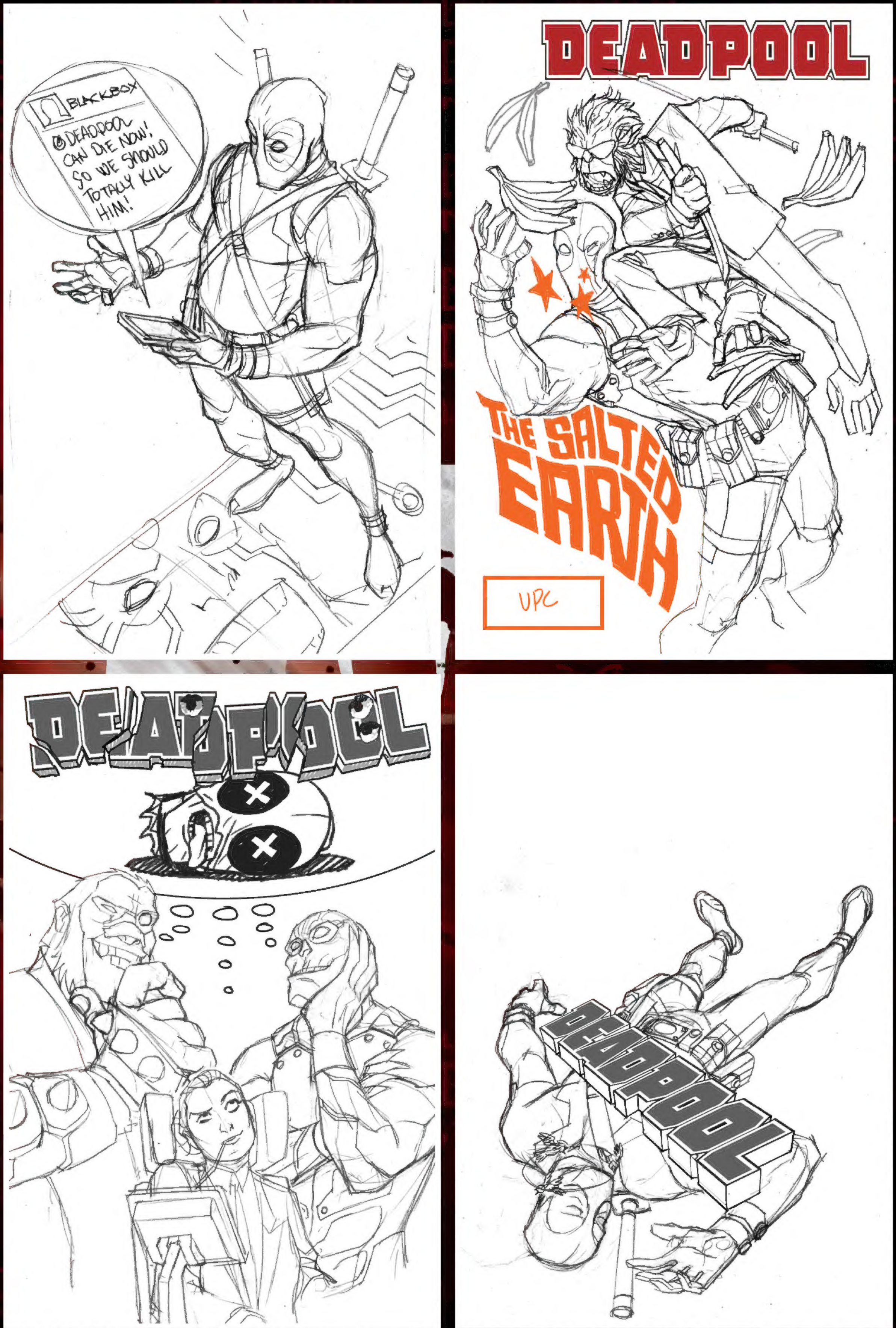

POISON
T.N.T.
LARD BURGER!
DEADPOOL
GIRLS
GIRLS
GIRLS

DEADPOOL #50-51 & #53-54 COVER SKETCHES

by Dave Johnson

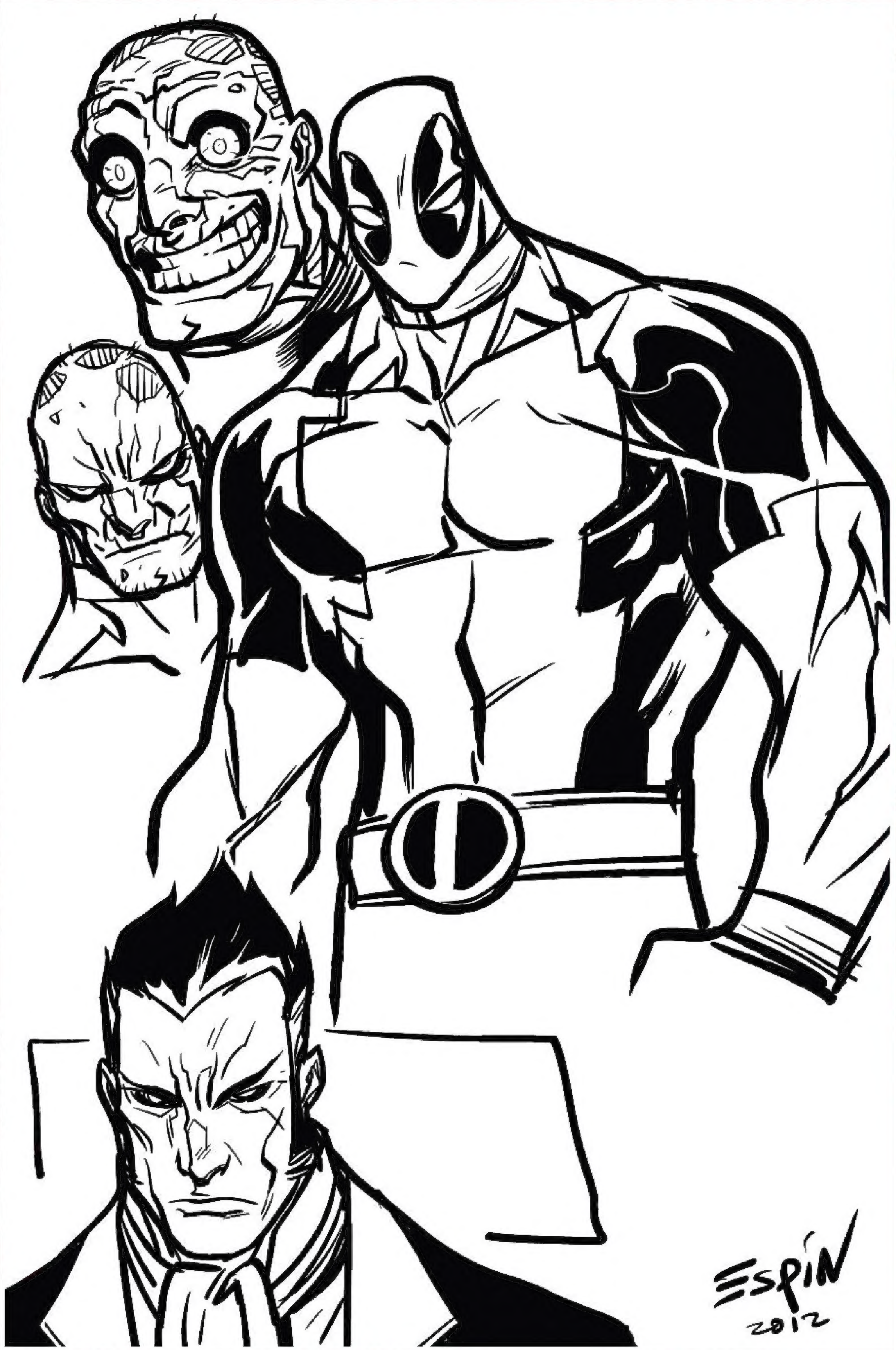

DEADPOOL
DEADPOOL
MAD THINKER
KLAW + WIZARD
TRAPSTER AND RED GHOST
TITLE
MODOK
UPC
the TRAPSTER

***DEADPOOL #55-57* & *#59* COVER SKETCHES**
by Dave Johnson


BLACKBOX
@DEADPOOL CAN DIE NOW! SO WE SHOULD TOTALLY KILL HIM!
DEADPOOL
THE SALTED EARTH
UPC
DEADPOOL
DEADPOOL

DEADPOOL #60-63 COVER SKETCHES

by Dave Johnson



CHARACTER SKETCHES
by Salva Espin

DEADPOOL'S DEATH WISH — FULFILLED!

Deadpool is desperate to end it all. Unfortunately for him, his healing factor makes dying a near-impossibility. But when Wade finds the one thing in the world that can kill him — a serum that permanently disables his regenerative abilities — his newfound ability to die makes him feel more alive than ever. Deadpool's sudden lust for life gets him in hot water with everyone he crosses — including crime bosses, super villains, his fellow mercenaries and even a dual-Beretta-wielding monkey! Can the Merc with a Mouth escape his pursuers and his pattern of insanity-fueled self-destruction, and finally live life to the fullest? Guest-starring the Uncanny X-Force, Daken, Kingpin, the Intelligencia and more — all of whom want to ensure that Deadpool finally meets his maker!

Collecting *Deadpool(2008) #50-63*
— written by Daniel Way; and
illustrated by Carlo Barberi,
Ale Garza, Shawn Crystal,
Salva Espin and Filipe Andrade.

MARVEL
PARENTAL ADVISORY